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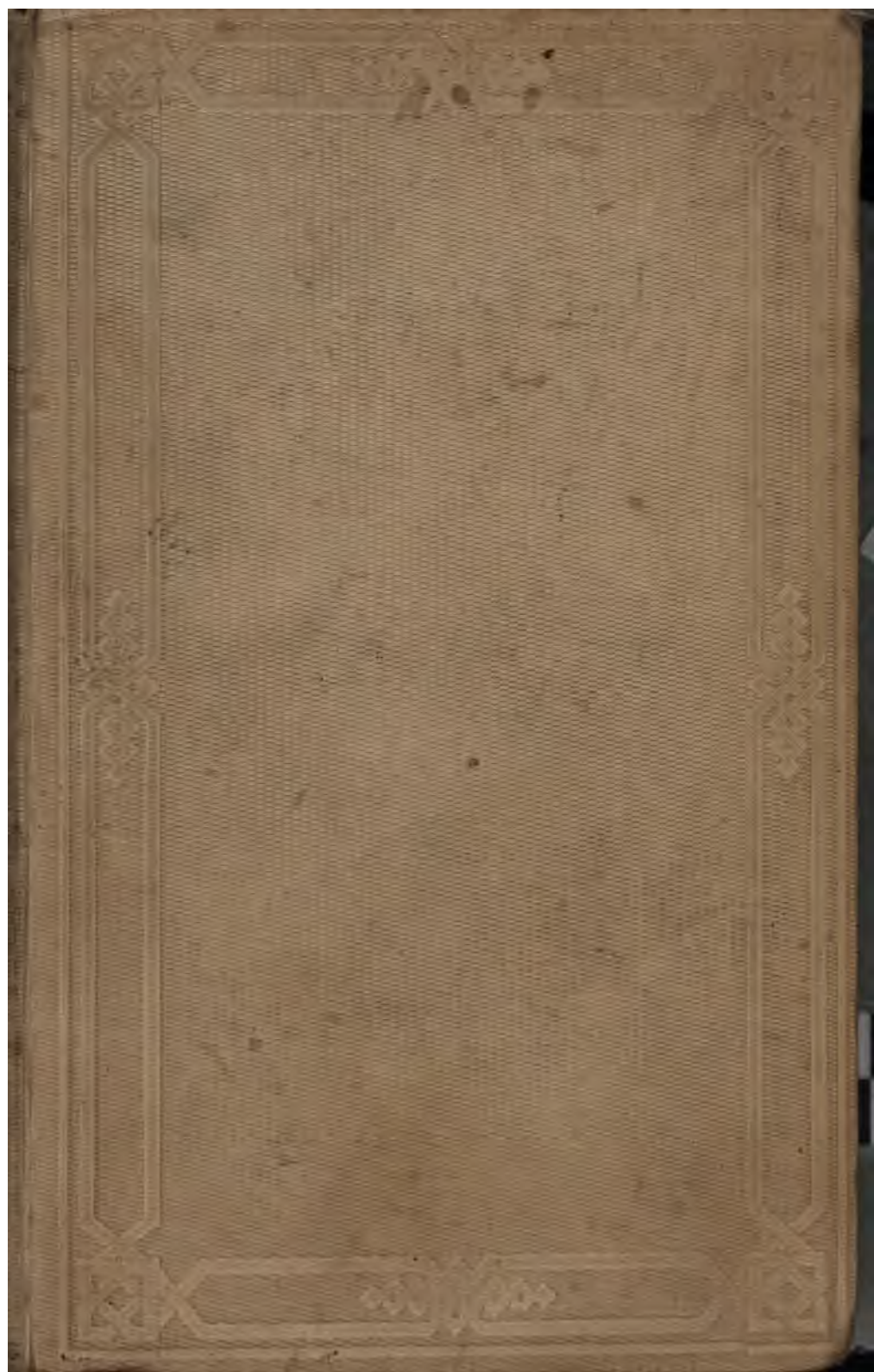
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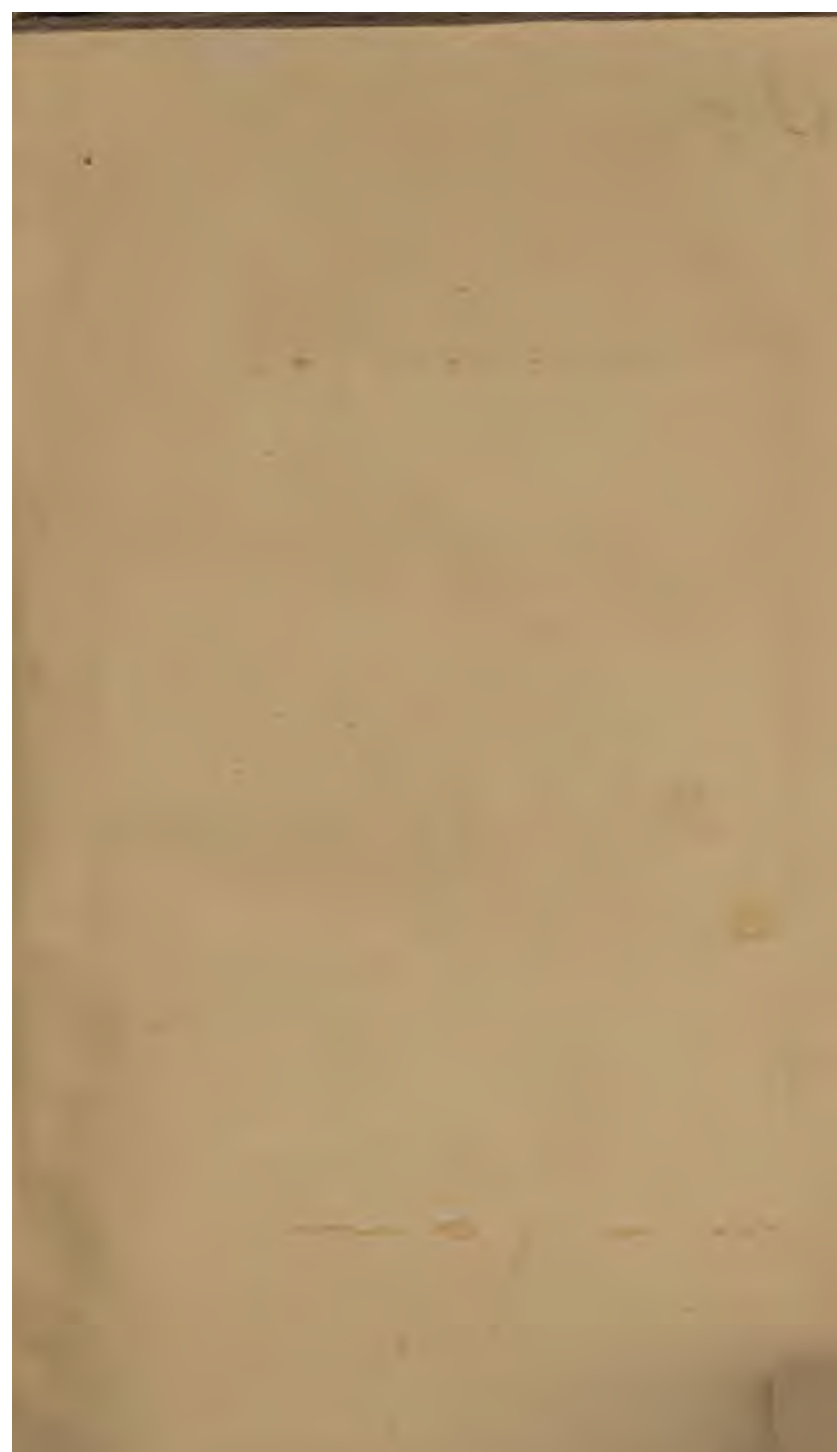
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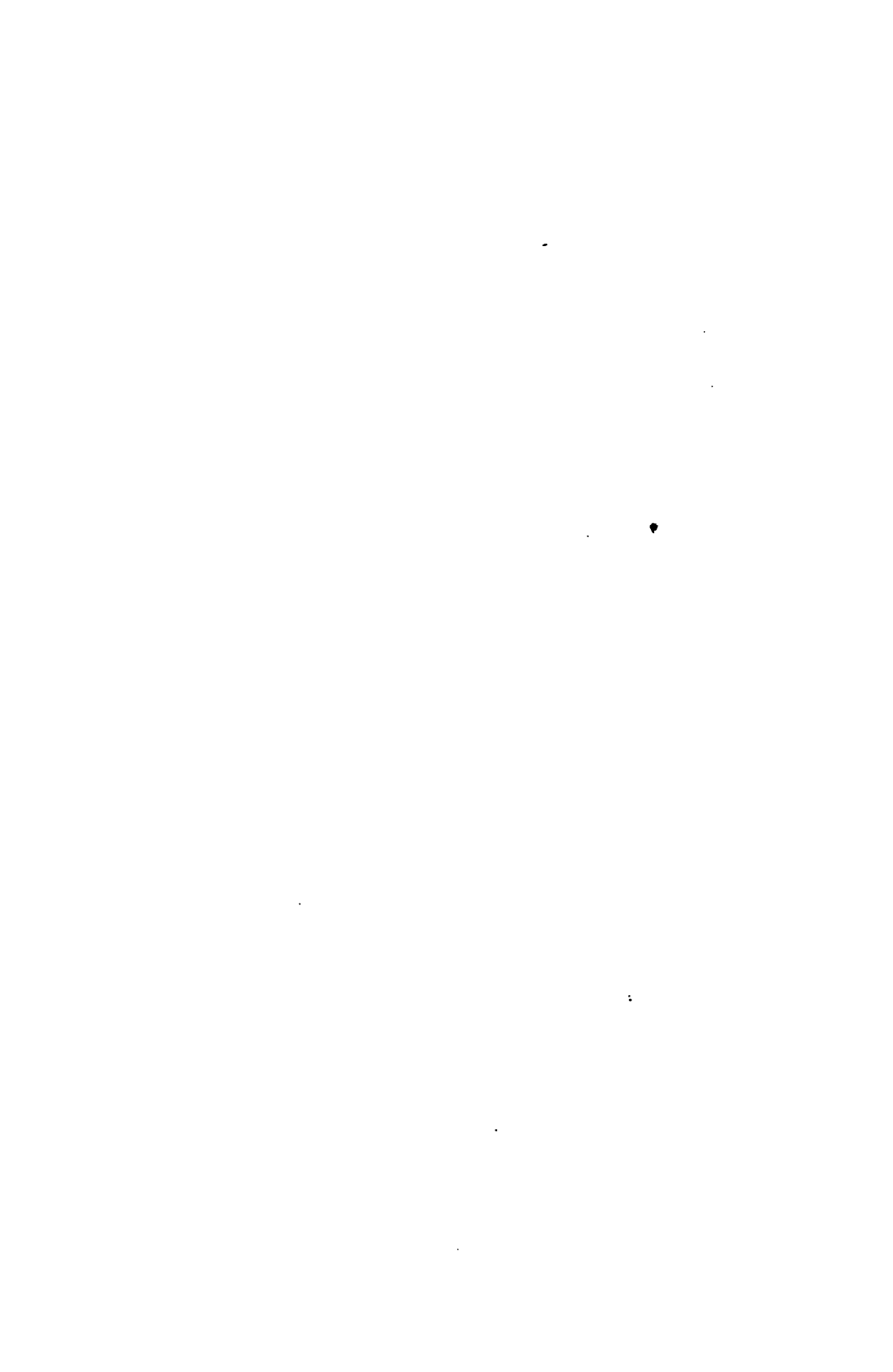


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YOUNG ITALY.



YOUNG ITALY.

BY

ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P.

Hamington

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

MDCCL.

TO
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,
I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,
PARTLY FROM THE PARDONABLE AMBITION TO HAVE MY
NAME, HOWEVER BRIEFLY, ASSOCIATED WITH
HIS IMPERISHABLE FAME,
PARTLY BECAUSE TO HIS KIND SUGGESTIONS THIS
VOLUME OWES WHATEVER SLIGHT MERIT
IT MAY POSSESS.

ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE.

London, July 18th, 1850.

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YOUNG ITALY.

CANNES.

AS you stand upon the heights of the Estrelle, the extreme South of France, in all its beauty, lies mapped out before you ; on each side, wide, extensive, and richly-cultivated plains, are bounded in the distance by the long, waving, broken line of the purple mountains ; and beyond these, slightly shadowed on the horizon but blending with the atmosphere, loom forth the mysterious glaciers ; the magnificent groves of stone-pines mingle with the silvery olive, and the bright hues of the orange ; on some of the smaller eminences, villages, like eagles' eyries, are perched : sometimes, having grown into towns, they creep from vineyard to vineyard into the green valleys. The road winds, by a long but easy descent, through groves of wild and graceful shrubs, which, in our climate, we cherish as rarest exotics. After visiting many countries, I am persuaded of one fact, that the few square miles round Cannes and Nice, enclosed between the amphitheatre of the maritime Alps and the sea, is at once the perfection of climate and the garden of Europe. Nowhere—

not at Naples, not at Palermo—do the orange groves abound so much in number or in blossom : above all, no place is so sheltered from the tramontana, the very name of which wind strikes a chill into the heart of an Italian.

At a sudden turn of the road, Cannes and its surrounding villas burst upon you. No one can be possibly disappointed with the scene, however extravagant the expectations he may have formed. The house of Lælius, to which we were directed, is almost hid from view, so entirely is it imbedded in orange groves. A long avenue of fruit trees leads from the gates to the house. These gates, like everything connected with Lælius, possess an individual interest ; they are of richly-wrought iron, ornamented with the fleur-de-lis, which, in the moment of republican intoxication, the population of Cannes desired to see removed ; but Lælius stood firm by his emblem of loyalty, armed every man who lived on the estate, and he gave notice of a vigorous resistance by fire-arms on the first appearance of the mob—so they abstained from their threatened assault, and ever since have treated the fleurs-de-lis with the greatest respect. The house is sufficiently distant from the sea to be undisturbed by the monotonous roll of the waters, which, in consequence of the abruptness of the beach, even in the smoothest weather, generally

break upon the shore. But a walk of less than a quarter of a mile brings you to it, and there the glorious bay lies stretched out at your feet.

Lælius is attached to the spot, not merely on account of its charms of nature and climate, but because it is endeared to him by many associations, and the memory of the loved and lost. Moreover, the whole of the more modern portion of Cannes claims his paternity. Since he first settled here, land has risen greatly in value, and it is now sold at an exorbitant price. Owing to the division of property, the possessions have been divided and subdivided, until they represent, in many instances, the most infinitesimal product of an estate. A man possesses a certain number of orange trees, sometimes as few as half-a-dozen ; a small grove of olives ; or an acacia row ; but these small possessions lead to great assertions of dignity on the part of the owners. A gentleman with a garden of shrubs will tell you, '*Qu'il a été promener dans ses terres,*' and reposes under the shade of his tallest tree as proudly as any old Roman Catholic house of Lancashire beneath their glorious gothic roof.

It is no slight merit to be able to add to the associations of a spot like Cannes ; but Lælius has done so. It is curious to observe the number of travellers who linger about the gates, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of him, or who send up their

names for permission to see the grounds or the house, with its classical and graceful inscriptions, the object assigned being only an excuse for looking at the man. In years long distant, the spot itself will possess all the historical interest which attaches to the favoured residences of the most eminent in their generations, like Abbotsford and Newstead, Ferney and Coppet; people will make pilgrimages to the spot, and dwell with pleasure on every record of the great.

It is strange that Provence, where every spot is so intimately associated with some recollections of Napoleon, should have been the only province in France where Cavaignac had a majority on the 10th of December; and yet the people are rather legitimist than republican; but they love order and peace, and thought that the name of Cavaignac afforded surer guarantees of the possession of these two blessings than that of Louis Napoleon. As for the commissioners of Ledru Rollin, they found themselves severely maltreated when they came into this neighbourhood, and the brochures of the Red Republicans were committed to the flames. And yet there are a few notorious men of that party to be found. Soon after my arrival, Lælius asked me—

‘ Well, had you a long conversation with Coupe Tête ?’

‘ Who, in the name of goodness, is Coupe Tête ?’

‘Why, did they not point him out to you at the post-house at Estrelles? that old Rouge who walks about there; you must have seen him; he is ninety years old.’

‘Yes, yes, I did; he told me that he served under the Count de Grasse; he seems a monstrous old liar.’

‘I will tell you who he served under—under Mail-lard, in the massacres of September; and to that he owes his sobriquet of Coupe Tête; the whole country know him by that name. He was one of the *travailleurs* at the Abbaye who received the *bon pour vingt sous* for his three days’ work. He will defend the Committee of Public Safety until he is black in the face, like my old friend Madame Le Bas, in whose house Robespierre lodged, who used to say, ‘*qu’il était doux comme un agneau, et si bon.*’ But even the combined authority of Coupe Tête and Madame Le Bas cannot persuade me of the truth of that historical fallacy which has been insisted upon by so many paradoxical writers in the present day, that Robespierre and Couthon were at all better men than Collot d’Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, and Saint Just. As for Coupe Tête, I always have a chat with him; he has now become a very respectable and large landed proprietor. Somehow or another he managed to scrape a little money together, and purchased that inn and post-

house ; since then, he has been gradually adding on small properties, and he has now really a very good-sized estate. He avoids the subject of the Abbaye as much as possible ; but he is a great curiosity ; we will drive out and see him some day.'

From Cannes the most delightful excursions may be made to Grasse, delicious from its perfumes, to Vallori, famous for its groves of gigantic pines and olive glades ; and the Isles Marguerites, formerly the prison of the famous Iron Mask, and where the unfortunate Arabs taken at Algiers are now confined. There are at present about a hundred and fifty there, who are divided into two categories—those who are only prisoners of war, and those who are under sentence for criminal offences. And an uglier and more forbidding set of rascals I never saw congregated together. The Isles Marguerites are only about five miles from the mainland. The day when we went there the water was, for a wonder, like a mirror ; from the centre of the bay, the view of the coast realized one of the most beautiful pictures that Claude ever imagined—that golden light

That half conceals

The shapes that it reveals.

Plain, pine-grove, rock, valley, purple hill, were covered, as it were, with a thin, pellucid golden veil ; all nature lay still in beauty, and the heart caught the repose and felt happy. This was about the

12th December, when Lælius informed me that, out of forty-six days, they had only had five rainy days, and only two in which he was unable to take solar observations.

These Africans, or, more properly speaking, these Arabs,* are placed under a strong guard in the old castle, which may be seen from Cannes; but those of the best character are allowed to stroll over the small island. The rest are confined to different cells, connected with a large common hall. They all wear their own picturesque dresses, and sit crouching on the floor, with gleaming and threatening glances. But the guard is ready at a moment's warning, and the result of one conspiracy has been so little advantageous to them, that it is not likely they will repeat the attempt. Those who have the privilege of going beyond the walls of the citadel may be seen either washing at a fountain, or bending down under a load of wood, their eyes shining with no gentle expression beneath the folds of the

* Gibbon says the friends of the Roman empire may be always distinguished from the native inhabitants of Africa; the hand of nature has flattened the noses of the negroes, covered their heads with shaggy wool, and tinged their skin with inherent and indelible blackness; but the olive complexion of the Abyssinians, their hair, shape, and features, distinctly mark them as a colony of Arabs, and this descent is confirmed by the resemblance of language and manners, the result of an ancient emigration, and the narrow interval between the shores of the Red Sea.

white turban ; and sometimes they are even allowed, under a strong guard, to walk on the mainland. They maintain the character given them by Monckton Milnes, when he calls them a 'peuple criard,' for however near they may be to each other, they shriek at the top of their voices, and the silence of the night is frequently broken by their shrill screams and wild monotonous choruses, by which they express their indignation at their captivity, and endeavour to beguile its tedium.

Altogether, ten days were passed delightfully at Cannes. To pass from the severest winter of France to more than Italian climate, as poets love to describe it, not as people generally find it, and to enjoy all this charm of nature in the society of one whose every word is worth remembering, and whose conversation could render an Arabia Petræa agreeable, is worthy of a grateful record ; it is but adding one more to the many tributes of regard which he possesses, and nowhere more than at Cannes, where he may be seen surrounded with people of all classes, to all of whom he extends the same heartfelt courtesy, and by all of whom he is in his turn beloved. The memorials of his name among these simple people will not be the immortal productions of his master mind, but his unceasing acts of charity and kindness.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

TWO or three miles from Cannes, on the road to Antibes, stands a column, with the simplest inscription, a mere date, 'Mars 1^r!'—but that date was a memorable one for Europe—most memorable for England! For that column commemorates the foot-print of a man, who on the first of March, thirty-five years since, landed in the Gulf of Jougue, from a small corvette called the 'Inconstant,' which name, associated with the 'Etoile,' her companion, formed an ominous combination, 'L'Etoile Inconstant;' but no sooner was it known that this one man had reached the French shore, than Europe, from one end to the other, flew to arms. The Congress of Vienna, that was on the very eve of breaking up, from the shere impossibility of coming to any satisfactory division of the spoils of the late war, or of sufficiently enriching the greater powers at the expense of the weaker, was immediately united in a common defensive league by one common danger. The names of Metternich, Talleyrand, Wellington, Nesselrode, Harden-

berg, Lowenheim, which had lately been so frequently attached to separate official notes, were now subscribed on the same page, and that page was a solemn league and covenant, couched in the following terms.*

* The powers which signed the treaty of Paris, re-assembled in Congress at Vienna, informed of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte, owe it to their own dignity and to the interests of nations, to make a solemn announcement of their sentiments on this occasion. In breaking after this manner the convention which had established him in the Island of Elba, Bonaparte has destroyed the sole legal title to which his political existence is attached: by re-appearing in France, with projects of trouble and overthrow, he has not less deprived himself of the protection of the laws, and made it evident in the face of the world, that there can be no longer peace or truce with him. The powers, therefore, declare that Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations; and as the general enemy and disturber of the world he is abandoned to public justice; they declare, at the same time, that they are firmly resolved to maintain intact the Treaty of Paris, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty; they will employ the whole means at their disposal to secure the preservation of general peace, the object of all their efforts and although firmly persuaded that the whole of France will join to crush this last mad attempt of criminal ambition, yet, if it should prove otherwise they declare that they are ready to unite all their efforts, and exert all the powers at their disposal, to give the King of France all necessary assistance, and to make common cause against those who shall compromise the public tranquillity. Signed, Metternich, Talleyrand, Wellington, Hardenberg, Nesselrode, Lowenheim.

And what was the cause of this excitement, of this contagious alarm which thrilled through these ancient diplomatists who had witnessed so many vicissitudes; what was the mysterious event that made all France tremble with enthusiasm or fear? Had Napoleon landed with a mighty armament?—was Catiline at the gates with an overwhelming force?

The two small corvettes anchored in the bay, bore not only Cæsar and his fortunes, but Cæsar and all his forces. These consisted of eight hundred men of the imperial guard, one hundred and fifty Polish lancers, two to three hundred Corsican militia, and two small pieces of artillery: was this a corps d'armée to make Louis XVIII. tremble? Moreover, had he not every reason to suppose that the whole country was faithful to him? were not the avenues of the Tuilleries choked with high functionaries, proffering their service—marshals of France, generals of the empire, great officers of state, grandes croix of the legion of honour? *Quanto quis illustrior tanto magis festinans*; the voices of Ney and Soult were raised the loudest in defence of the monarchy—against the man to whom they owed their power to betray him. The endearing terms of *Le Petit Caporal*, of *Père La Violette*, by which the once rough, honest, rugged soldiers were accustomed to accost him, were now exchanged

for the sobriquet of the Corsican Adventurer; the only question was, who was to be the fortunate man to cage the criminal. It was the repetition of the desertion of Fontainebleau, when, before the ink with which the abdication was signed was yet dry, those who had fought and bled with the Emperor, and whose fortunes were linked with his, jostled against each other in the antechamber of Alexander, at the Elysée Bourbon.

Oh, that Elysée!—what a long history it might tell of broken fortunes, and worse than broken faith. As I stand in its magnificent reception rooms, crowded with the interesting memorials of the empire, collected from all parts of Paris, the old curiosity shop of past glories,—gazing on the nephew of that man whose name illustrated not France alone, but Europe, because he was the proudest type of human greatness—observing that nephew installed there, in almost regal splendour, with his pale and earnest countenance, yet always anxious steps, my heart recalls the past, and trembles for the future; I picture the last night that Napoleon passed there, in the time-worn arm-chair, which still bears, in the notches of his penknife, the evidences of his impatience and indecision. Then the scene changes to Caulaincourt, who, a few nights after, was waiting, broken-hearted, in the ante-room the pleasure of the

Emperor Alexander, amid the brilliant festivities for the triumph of the allies; when the couriers, booted and spurred, were bustling through the passages. There was the rattling of the carriages in the court yard, the plumes of the guard waving in the torch-light, and when Alexander appeared, he brought the final answer that there was no hope for his imperial master; and now, after the long lapse of years, again the name of Napoleon is uttered within these walls with more than admiration, with real affection. The imperial eagle is here, the living threads of the Gobelins record the great deeds of the Empire, the imperial bees, pictures, and busts, all speak of Napoleon. Nor are the tribe of courtiers who grasp at any service wanting, nor the great ministers, who always stretch forth the hand, but never venture to accept the proffered gift. There are aides-de-camp in brilliant uniforms, gentlemen of the chamber in court costume, there is but one thing to make the resemblance to the imperial ellysée complete,—that the title of President should be exchanged for that of Emperor.

Prominent among the pictures of incidents in Napoleon's life, which now hang in the Elysée, is the landing of the Emperor at Cannes.

M. Desmarets, a gentleman whose family have long resided in the vicinity of Cannes, was an eyewitness of the memorable event.

He had strolled from his house, with Madame Desmarets, early in the morning, to pay a visit in a neighbouring village. He describes the day as warm, even for that time of year, in the sunny south, where the spring is so early and bright. The haze of the morning still concealed the pharo of Antibes, and undulated, like an azure veil, over the deep blue waters. The wind, on the previous evening, had been blowing from the south, but it was now quite still. The air was redolent with the perfume of the orange, which covered every tree with a mass of white blossom, not the stunted plants so cherished in our northern climate, but lofty trees, whose branches bent under the weight of fruit or flower. It was so warm that M. Desmarets sat under an olive tree, near a cabaret, which has since become a favourite resort. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the regular monotonous stroke of numerous oars. He went down to the water's edge, and through the haze he could discern the outline of two vessels of war, an unusual apparition in those waters; but what most struck him were eight or nine boats full of troops, pulling towards the very place where he was standing; and he had not time to collect his wandering faculties, when the keel of the first boat grated on the sand, and half a dozen tall grenadiers, with all Austerlitz and Marengo bronzed on

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their countenances, jumped on shore, seized the honest burgher by the arm, and arrested him in the name of the Emperor.

We can imagine the worthy man's astonishment at this unexpected event, but he was still more surprised when an officer, in *grande tenue*, and of very military bearing, approached him, and invited him, in a most courtly manner, to join the force that had just landed. 'The Emperor will land himself in a couple of hours,' said General Cambronne. 'You are very fortunate in being the first to welcome him, and to enrol yourself in his service. The whole nation is with us; the eagle will fly from clocher to clocher, till it alights on the Tuilleries; Austria will lend us her aid; the army is unanimous; France is disgusted with foreign bayonets, and is anxious to retrieve its sullied honour; you, as a good Frenchman, will join the Imperial standard: the Emperor comes to vindicate the national character, and then to restore to the country the blessings of peace and firm government.'

'I! I!' exclaimed M. Desmarests, 'why, it is my first duty to arrest you—I am Colonel of the National Guard.'

'Raison de plus,' was Cambronne's reply. 'Raison de plus; for the National Guard are with us to a man; after all, of what is the National

Guard composed ? Of the bourgeoisie. And who but the Emperor represents the bourgeoisie—the interests of the middle classes ?’

‘No, no,’ exclaimed the civic colonel ; ‘I know my duty better. Let me return to my wife.’

That excellent lady, overcome by the heat, had fallen asleep in the inn ; and, awakened by the tramp of many footsteps, to her terror and astonishment, saw her husband marching up from the beach under a strong escort of tall imperial grenadiers, the *élite* of the Vieille Garde. It required all the courtesy of Cambronne and Drouet to reassure her of his safety ; but they promised her that he should be released as soon as detachments had been sent to occupy Antibes and Cannes, and stop all communications with Paris and Nice.

After two or three hours, M. and Madame Desmarêts were set free, and returned to recount all these marvels to the inhabitants of Cannes ; before the Emperor landed, all the troops were disembarked. They sat down under the trees in groups, smoking their pipes with the happy indifference of men accustomed to war and its risks. The villagers, meanwhile, crowded in from the surrounding districts, and gazed with open-mouthed wonder at the military appearance which the shore presented. It was about five o’clock in the afternoon when a barge was seen approach-

ing. Immediately the troops ran to ~~their~~ arms, which were piled amongst the trees ; the lancers fell into line ; the Corsican militia formed a lane from the beach to the small cabaret already mentioned, which now goes by the name of Le repos de Napoleon ; the boat touched the shore ; the well-known form stepped forth, dressed in that cocked hat and surtout of which Chateaubriand said, ' You have but to place them on a stick, on the shores of Brest, and all Europe would run to arms from one end to the other ; ' and then, when the Emperor's foot touched the soil of France, one electric shout of ' Vive l'Empereur ! ' was raised. Those who had drawn near from mere curiosity, were borne away by the general enthusiasm. Oaths of fidelity to the house of Bourbon were all forgotten in an instant. It was a moment of delirious excitement. The people were spell-bound by the magic of a name.

He walked up the lines in the attitude by which he will be ever remembered, and which the living pencil of David has so faithfully transmitted to us. He spoke to each of his soldiers individually, in those gracious and spirit-stirring words which were always at his command, and which burn in the hearts of the enthusiastic.

After the short review, he dismissed the troops, and reposed under an olive tree—the third from

the high road as you turn down the lane, but which, however, cannot be mistaken, for it has a cocked-hat and an 'N' cut in the bark.

The intelligence which arrived was not very satisfactory. The detachment of twenty-five men which were sent to Antibes had been made prisoners. Those who were desired to occupy Cannes, and on no account to permit any communication with the interior, failed to accomplish their mission, for a gendarme escaped through the lines. He, however, managed to get drunk at Estelle, which occasioned some delay in the delivery of the message at Frejus. These accidents had an unfavourable effect on the soldiers, who had been led to expect that the garrison of Antibes would have been the first to join them. Even Bertrand himself was full of doubts and misapprehensions; and it is most probable, that but for the dread of being ridiculed for an act of egregious folly, Napoleon and his devoted band would have re-embarked that evening.

But dejected or elated, the command was given, about eleven at night, to fall in, and to advance on Cannes. Orders had been already transmitted to Cannes and Grasse to prepare 4000 rations,—one of those strategies of war, to magnify the force, which are the resort of weakness. When they reached the entrance of the town, the darkness

prevented the citizens, who, it may be assumed, were all on the alert, from perceiving how painfully the four thousand rations were disproportioned to the necessities of the occasion. Halting on the high road, a few hundred yards from the entrance of the high road, the troops encamped in three sides of a square. The lancers and artillery protected the rear towards Antibes. The fourth side of the square was left open towards the town, to give the curious an opportunity of approaching; and many have recounted to me the mute astonishment with which, as boys, they stood gaping at the unusual spectacle; by the light of the watch-fires which were lit in the centre, they could distinguish the features of every man; but all attention was riveted on the Emperor, who, with his hands behind his back, with the full glare of the fire on his person, was standing with a calm, collected, but somewhat anxious expression of countenance.

It so happened that the Prince of Monaco, who had formerly filled a high court office at the Tuilleries, and whose little principality numbered (for, alas, it is now a republic, under the protection of Piedmont) five thousand souls, had that morning arrived at the hotel at Cannes, and found himself immediately arrested in his progress by the detachment which had been sent forward early in

the morning. During the evening, he received the Emperor's commands to attend him. At the imperial summons, all his ancient affections revived. He dressed himself in full court costume: not even the tights and buckles were wanting. It was about twelve o'clock when he entered the square, which was guarded by sentries, who were patrolling backwards and forwards, and he knelt before the Emperor.

'Eh bien, mon prince,' said the Emperor, raising him up, 'vous allez retourner à Paris avec moi?'

'Sire, je vous supplie de m'excuser. Mais . . .'

'Mais quoi que ce qui vous empêche—autrefois vous étiez dans mon service; vous viendrez, mon prince?'

The prince muttered the name of 'Talleyrand.'

Yes, it was quite true the prince owed a debt of gratitude to that great and wily diplomatist, who, for a joke, had preserved the integrity of the principality of Monaco. While all the other principalities and sovereignties were being parcelled out among the great powers, no one thought or cared for poor little Monaco. While Poland, Saxony, Bavaria, Sardinia, Lombardy, were under discussion, who troubled themselves about Monaco and its territory of half-a-dozen miles square? According to all probability, it was to have made a part of the province of Nice, which was at that

time turned over to the House of Savoy. Talleyrand was sitting apart at the table, discontented and sulky, when the final treaty was given him, and in his disgust at the whole proceeding he amused himself with writing at the foot of it: 'et le Prince de Monaco rentrera dans ses états.' The act of European spoliation was duly signed by all the powers; and thus the ancient house of Matignon Grimaldi recovered their ancient pocket sovereignty, only to lose it again in the recent convulsions.

The Emperor was touched by this expression of gratitude, a quality of the existence of which he had received so few evidences. He mused for a little while, and then replied:

· Vous avez raison, mon prince; vous avez raison. Il faut avant tout être reconnaissant; allez, allez, rentrez dans vos états. Moi, je rentre dans les miens.'

It was not until the early morning, when the grey mists were rolling round on the amphitheatre of hills which surround Cannes; and beyond the waves long streaks of light contrasted with the deep, dark purple of the horizon, that the troops were set in motion. The whole population of Cannes, who had watched through the night, looked on in silent amazement, but few, very few, had joined the columns. Even at this last moment

there was some slight hesitation manifest among the leaders. It was very late to turn back, but not too late. There was the sea, and there were the vessels: one day's march forward, and the population might, perhaps, rise behind him, and intercept his retreat. Napoleon was, undeniably, disappointed. He fully believed that the whole of Cannes would have joined his ranks,—that the enthusiasm would have communicated itself like lightning. He found, on the contrary, that he was even unable to procure provisions for such a handful of men, or sufficient horses for the few lancers that he had brought with him. A large *corps d'armée* was concentrated, under General Marchand, at Grenoble; what had he to support him? Nothing but the secret pledges of men who had so frequently broken their public ones; the mysterious interest which was associated with his name,—that faith in his destiny which amounted to a religious persuasion,—and the vague presentiment which had always existed in the nation—that he would return, like the violet, with the spring,—that the same strange good fortune which won him Marengo, by a drummer beating a charge instead of a retreat, would not desert him in the present crisis. When there is no hope in the regular progress of events, there is hope in the unknown; and that was his only hope. At last he pronounced the word—*En avant*.

When Fouché heard that the Emperor had landed at Cannes, he said: 'Il est trop tard!' words uttered by Alexander in 1814, when Napoleon abdicated in favour of the King of Rome; words repeated by young Arago, in 1848, when the regency was on the lips of Lamartine—words which have since resounded through every capital in Europe, amid the sound of the tocsin and the fray. Yes, it was too late to think of returning to ideas of conquest. The best blood of France had been shed in a cause which men began to consider as perishing as the fate of those who sustained it. Hecatombs of victims had been sacrificed for a name. The strongest bond that can bind men together, united the allies by a sense of a common peril; well might Fouché, with the bitterness of treason and ingratitude, exclaim, 'Il est trop tard.'

PIEDMONT, AND THE BATTLE OF
NOVARA.

Quis non, Latino sanguine pinguior ?

Campus sepulcris impia prælia

Testatur.

Qui gurgēs, aut quæ flumina lugubris

Ignara belli, quod mare Dauniæ ?

Non decoloravêre cœdes

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro ?

WHAT part of the plains of Lombardy or Piedmont can the traveller tread which have not been rendered memorable by some military event ? Northern Italy, divided into such a number of petty states, has, from time to time, passed from one master to another, but rarely advanced towards freedom ; at a time when all other nations had their states-general, their diets, and their presidencies, she did not even possess the merest forms of civil liberty, even if she for a short time proclaimed and obtained her independence—the result was only a greater amount of anarchy, and increased jealousies ; to escape from this state of embarrassment, each petty territory turned to some great power for protection ; Spain, France, Germany,

and even Switzerland, sent their armies beyond the Alps. Spain, France, and Germany appear to have found it a country admirably adapted for military exercises; and a long series of disasters, which finally left the North of Italy in possession of the Spaniard, taught the inhabitants of those plains, naturally so rich and abundant, but then almost a desert, that the ally of the day frequently becomes the conqueror of the morrow.

The French Republic burst upon Italy, and was for the moment enthusiastically welcomed by those to whom any change was acceptable; in a few years the country would have become thoroughly French, but the fall of Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna changed the whole face of Italy. Austria, who, previous to 1792, only possessed Trieste on the Adriatic, in 1814 took possession, not only of the Milanese, but the whole of that extensive territory which she had been obliged to yield in 1797, and to reconquer in 1805. She now was mistress of that rich tract of country which is comprehended between the Isonzo and the Tessin, and between the Midi and the Po, besides the right of planting garrisons in a variety of fortified places, such as Commacchio, Ferrara, and Piacenza; but the power of Austria was at the same time counterpoised by the addition of Liguria to Piedmont.

The ink which signed these treaties was not yet

dry, when the mutual jealousies which had subsisted between Piedmont and Lombardy burst forth. No people are so different in character, or possess such causes of rivalry, as the inhabitants of the different Italian States. By strengthening Piedmont, Europe had created an antagonist worthy of Austria. Piedmont was in a happier position when she was a small State, and depended for her support on the neighbouring powers; with her greatness grew her ambition, and with her ambition the lust of aggression.

It is quite unjust to suppose that Austria is regarded with unfavourable eyes by the population of Lombardy; Charles Albert found, to his dismay and surprise, that it was far otherwise; the nobility and the upper classes of the bourgeoisie retain all their ancient hereditary animosity to the name and habits of the *Tedeschi*: not so the people—with a happier, although uncultivated instinct, they perceived that the government which Austria organized at least preserved order, that the returns of their labour were secured to them, and that equal justice was administered; in the towns, where many a man is naturally *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, as might be expected, there were sects and clubs which exploited all the possible errors of the Austrian government for their own advantage; but throughout the provinces there is but one feeling—that the rule of some great power is the only possible means

of saving the country from perpetual warfare and all its attendant miseries.

When the Pope commenced his ill-timed, ill-projected, and ill-administered reforms—when the King of Naples, with inexplicable weakness, made those concessions which, if carried out, must have rendered his government impossible, when Piedmont rushed forward in her mad career of popularity—above all, when the news of the French revolution reached Milan, Austria began to be alarmed. Secret societies were formed everywhere, and repression was absolutely essential; some ill-judged measures on the part of the government brought matters to a crisis, and Milan was declared to be in a state of siege: 22nd March, 1848, Radetzky was compelled to evacuate the city.

This was the moment which Charles Albert selected for declaring war against Austria.

At any other time it would have sounded like a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. Piedmont, with her 70,000 or 80,000 ill-organized troops affecting to drive the Austrians out of Italy—Austria, who could pour down through the defiles of the Tyrol sufficient troops to outnumber the able-bodied population of Piedmont, these troops commanded by the ablest generals, and animated by the most perfect unity of loyalty; so it would have been at any other time, but Charles Albert had sufficient keenness to

perceive that now or never was the time. Austria was menaced in Hungary—even Vienna was in danger; France, as a Republic, must assist the constitutional King of Italy, and, above all, England had intimated her support.

I put this cause the last, but it was the most important of all. I am compelled to tell the truth, that it is universally believed, that if it had not been for the false hopes which England held out, Charles Albert would never have embarked in his dishonourable and perilous enterprise. True, every hasty incitement to advance, urged by the English agents, was followed by the advice to abstain from such an ambitious course. The counsels given him were in the style of Antony's declamation over the body of Cæsar: 'Dear friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood of mutiny,' &c., &c. All that can be said is, that the king and the government, when they undertook this ill-timed expedition, certainly thought that if England would not interfere in her behalf, she could at least ward off any possible evil consequences of such a monstrous aggression.

Charles Albert was a man of inordinate ambition, but of very slender capacity, while at the same time he possessed some of those higher qualities which induce a man to aspire, although he cannot ensure success. He would have been far

better adapted to an age of knight-errants, than to the practical period in which he lived ; his extravagant views induced him, while quite a young man, to unite with the carbonari against his own family ; exiled from Italy, he wandered into Spain, where he was esteemed the most courageous, short-sighted, and impracticable of men. This same wild, unscrupulous, Quixotic disposition led him not only to embrace, but almost to originate, the cause of Italian independence, and, in carrying out his views, to overthrow all the principles of public morality and the laws of nations.

In these days, when even a sovereign's actions are so closely scrutinized, there is no escaping from the severest judgment. Men are not, as in former days, deluded by all the glare and glitter of royalty. Charles Albert not only declared war against Austria, but conducted the war in person ; and the nation whom he led to destruction demanded that he should be not merely *bonus miles*, but also *socius Fortunæ*. He happened to be neither : as a general, he was far inferior to many in his camp ; he had the singular misfortune to be impetuous when caution was particularly desirable, and over-cautious when rapidity of execution was the only chance of success. Thus, when he should have marched rapidly forward, he wasted all his time by the siege of Peschiera, and rushed upon his fate at

Novara when he had everything to gain from delay. Neither did he preserve that equanimity in adversity which is the last virtue of a fallen greatness. After Custoza, when he signed the capitulation with the Marshal Radetzky, he was assailed by a violent mob of the most ardent demagogues of Milan, and had to flee precipitately and ignominiously from the city. At Novara—fatal as Pultowa to Swedish Charles—he was a hero: it was the last effort of expiring greatness; he defended himself single-handed against repeated assaults of fresh troopers. Three horses were shot under him—to use his own phrase, he sought to die; it was the supernatural struggle of a man against his destiny:

A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with the falling state.

Certainly the whole nation have had cause to lament the fatal Novara, which increased the debt of the country by one-third, while it sadly diminished whatever military glory the country possessed. It is after Novara that the proceedings of the king possess some personal interest—that we leave the monarch to study the man.

The battle of Novara was fought on the 23rd of March, 1849, and lasted from ten in the morning until night; it terminated in the total defeat of the Piedmontese, who lost four thousand men, killed and wounded, and three thousand prisoners;

twenty-seven cannon, and a standard. The Austrians had only four hundred disabled, and two thousand prisoners. The fact is, that the Sardinians were disheartened and dismayed ; they had no confidence in the ability of the king, and, what is more, no confidence in the justice of their cause. After the treacherous conduct of the king, Radetzky might very fairly have taken advantage of his victory to have imposed the hardest terms upon the nation ; he acted far differently. History will testify not only to the valour, but to the moderation with which he behaved, while the name of Charles Albert will only be known as an example of that vaulting ambition, which, by the impartial dispensations of providence, will always be found to overleap itself.

It was night when the last shots were fired at Novara ; the king, after vieing in heroism with the heroes of romance, retired upon Novara itself : broken-hearted and dejected, he desired that a sheet of paper should be brought him, and a few hours after he had left the field, he abdicated that crown which he could no longer retain with safety. Eye-witnesses describe the deep interest of that solemn moment, in which he sacrificed all that made life valuable to him, a country which he loved with enthusiasm, and an ambition which lured him to his fall. Unlike the great Frederic, he could not

rally against the repeated strokes of bad fortune ; neither had he, it must be owned, that art of animating and encouraging his shattered troops, with which he might even then have made a last effort. The men were deserting on all sides ; those few who preserved some forms of respect, even for fallen greatness, were calling loudly for a decision. They placed the pen in his hand, which trembled more than it did under the weight of his sword, and the fatal word was written : he immediately entered a travelling carriage, and, with only two servants, took the road for Cassel, Nivelles, Alassis and Nice.

The journey was not without danger, but he had become perfectly indifferent to everything ; the Austrian posts surrounded him on all sides, and in the exasperation and excitement of the moment he might possibly be subjected to great risk ; but he pushed on without interruption until he reached Vercell, where he was stopped by the Austrian outposts, and taken to the head-quarters ; his passports were en règle, and as he was travelling under a feigned name he thought that, during the night, he could avoid all suspicion. There he had to remain four hours, until the Commandant chose to get up ; after that a searching inquiry was commenced ; but a few questions soon satisfied the General that he had better curtail the inquisition

and allow the illustrious traveller to pass on; the officer had a shrewd suspicion of his rank, and sent on a messenger to apprise the Commandant at Cassel, so that no obstacle should be thrown in his way on his arrival at that town. Unfortunately the King preceded the messenger, so that at Cassel he went through the same process, and was again conducted to the *État Major*. After another delay he was allowed to go forward to Nivelle; he arrived at Alassis quite worn out with fatigue and anxiety, where he was driven to the principal hotel; it is one of those old picturesque palaces, with very dingy decorations, and bearing in every article of furniture an impress of fallen grandeur. The man and the scene were adapted to each other. After passing up the old time-worn, narrow staircase he entered a great hall, from which the rooms branched in all directions, where the first object that struck him was his own portrait, hanging against the wall; he was there represented with all the paraphernalia of royalty; it was taken soon after his accession, when the people were enthusiastically attached to him, and the recollection of the past, added to the misery of the present, made him burst into tears.

A slight breakfast was prepared, and he sat down opposite the picture, intently gazing on it; suddenly he turned round to the young girl who was waiting on him, and asked her if she remembered

the King when he passed by in 1835. 'No,' she answered, 'I was such a child, but I am quite sure that you are the King!' 'How do you know that if you never saw him?' he asked. She pointed to the picture upon the wall—he pointed to his own sad, grief-worn face, and said, 'Is it so like?'

The Governor of Nice was fast asleep, when a courier arrived and demanded immediate admission; he was in vain told that the Governor had been up late and desired not to be disturbed, but the moment he showed a slip of paper every obstacle vanished, for on it was written the short sentence, 'the King wishes to see you.' His astonishment was great, for intelligence had been received on the previous day that the Sardinians had driven back Radetzky and were marching on Milan, and it required some explanation before he could fully understand that the King was at that moment close to the town. The messenger knew nothing of the defeat of the army, and could only insist on the simple fact. The Governor ordered his carriage; and three miles from the town, on the Corniche road, he saw an empty travelling carriage, and a solitary man walking slowly a little way behind it. It was the King, who, coming up, fell on his neck, and exclaimed—'It is all over!' ('Tout est fini!')

They walked on some time in silence; the gallant General had been the companion of his sove-

reign from early boyhood, and, with the true instinct of an honest affection, had learned to love even his faults; the wide distinction which had formerly separated them had been removed by one stroke of the pen—they were united by one common misfortune: ‘I have abdicated,’ said the discrowned monarch, ‘because I knew that my presence would be the great obstacle to peace—that against me the enmity of Austria would be implacable; my earliest dreams have been of Italian unity, but Lombardy would not be free; neither have my own people sufficiently sympathized with me. *Mon cœur a toujours battu pour l’indépendance de l’Italie, mais l’Italie n’a pas encore montré au monde ce qu’elle peut faire pour son affranchissement.*”

When near Nice, the travelling carriage was sent forward through the town to change horses, and preceded the Governor’s carriage, into which the King entered. In this way, he hoped to escape all recognition; a few people who remembered the circumstances of his last visit, and recalled the features of the King, were struck with the resemblance, but they little suspected, until it was too late to gratify their curiosity, that the well-loved sovereign had passed by for the last time. As in many similar cases, the King never seemed worthier of power than when he was relinquishing it—not one harsh word escaped him, not one expression of irritation against some who deserted him in the last moments: he had

deeply studied human nature, and therefore ingratitude could not startle him, but the presence of the distinguished man who was the last to press his hand on the frontier, was, of all others, most grateful to him. Never, for one moment, had he swerved from the allegiance he owed the King, and he had, above all, testified to that allegiance by the noblest homage which a subject can pay to his sovereign, by telling him the truth: he had warned him against the possible evil consequences of the fatal expedition. Governor of Milan during the short period of Sardinian occupation, he showed the ill-starred monarch that the country population were anything but well disposed towards his cause, but all in vain: he rushed eagerly forward to his ruin, and has left to his son the inheritance of broken faith and unscrupulous ambition, which even the heroism of his character could not redeem.

It was on a bright spring day, that on the frontier, between Nice and Antibes, he embraced for the last time the most faithful of his servants, and for the last time touched his native soil; the parting was most affecting on both sides, and the King wept aloud; his term of exile was to commence—that exile so soon to be terminated by his death; one of the few men, who, without exaggerated phrase, may be said to have died of a broken heart.

And in what a state did he leave his country

and his heir. The Duc de Savoy came to the throne under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. This country, which is cited as a model for all others, and as proof of the advantages of English intervention, has created a debt of which the interest amounts to 80,000,000 francs, the whole revenue of the country only amounting to 100,000,000. It has entirely revolutionized the people, who are now never satisfied unless daily concessions are made to them. In point of fact, Victor Emanuel is allowed to possess the crown and a sufficient civil list, on condition that he will adopt all the schemes and views of the Utopian financial reformers. Piedmont at the present moment is to all intents and purposes a republic, with a timid sovereign at the head: he can originate nothing and refuse nothing; his throne entirely depends on his subserviency to the popular party. A stranger, on arriving at Turin, is surprised to find in a city full of palaces, and where royal carriages with scarlet liveries and royal trappings are flitting by him at every corner, that the people are as insolent in their demeanour, as they could have been in the days of the great Republic, one and indivisible. In the cafés, the waiters will sit down at the same table, take the paper out of your hands, and smile contemptuously at any expression of indignation called forth by such lapses of social etiquette. As

for the cafés, they have assumed names adapted to the present order of times, but the signs have been selected without much regard to the truth of their signification: thus, we have *Café dell'Independanza d'Italia*, *Café di l'Unita d'Italia*, *Café della Speranza d'Italia*: there being no Italian independence, no Italian unity, and, we are compelled to add, little Italian hope, which can in any way be justified.

One thing amused me very much at Turin—every man was a hero; I could not find a coachman or cab-driver, who had not taken part, and that a prominent part, in the campaigns which terminated so ingloriously. The ingenuity with which they evade any attack on their national valour, and explain away all the circumstances of their defeat, is very amusing. The fact is, that according to the best authorities, the troops behaved sufficiently well, but they were raw boys; the inexperience and rashness which led them to the field, were in harmony with the qualities which they possessed. In truth, Austria is firmer seated in Lombardy, than she is among some of her own Teutonic possessions; her rule, in spite of the trash of Silvio Pellico, and other humanity mongers, is mild, equal, and just, and beloved by the people. Austria will remain in Lombardy, not because the treaty of Vienna is inviolable, for we have seen it violated: not because the people are kept down by military power, for

she has only sufficient troops to maintain her garrisons; but because the population is not opposed to the imperial sovereignty; because they enjoy an amount of prosperity unknown in the other parts of Italy, where demagogues are allowed to rave, delude, and plunder, and because the generation, which is now rising into manhood, have learned the advantages of that enlightened government, which teaches a nation that good order and obedience are the first elements of its stability, greatness, and happiness.

THE MADONNA OF GENOA.

IT was the Feast of the Virgin, in those days when Genoa was well worthy to be styled the proud, and the banner of the great Republic waved triumphantly over the blue seas, when the merchant-princes built their streets of palaces, and paved with marble: it was in the days of the great masters—not alone the great masters of art, but the great masters of political and commercial science, the masters of state craft; that is, in the sixteenth century. A young artist stood at a window which overlooked the bay, from the highest story of a noble palace. Silent and mournful he stood. He felt, as he looked down on the leagues of sight, and the broken lines of gorgeous edifices, he felt how great was the Republic!—how happy must be her nobles—and how noble the mind of the Doria, who, among princes, was known as ‘Il Principe!’ But for himself, friendless and lonely, there was no nobility, no illustration; and, alas, without nobility and illustration, but slight pro-

spect of success ! He had learned the sad truth, that the progress towards fame, even in a free country, is checked by a thousand causes—that the patronage of the noble, among all nations, follows upon merit, but rarely calls it forth from obscurity.

The garret in which he was sitting belonged to the palace of Brignole Rosso, which the upper servant of the establishment had in charity permitted him to occupy. In that palace may be found the noblest works that art can achieve. 'The Brignole Sala,' of Vandyke, pronounced by all posterity to be his master-piece, where the beauty of the expression, for a time, at first, absorbs that admiration which is afterwards bestowed upon the master-mind of the great painter—there the 'Garden of Olives,' of Carlo Dolce, teaches us that the hand which presumes to touch a sacred subject, should be almost inspired—there a 'Virgin,' by Andrea del Sarto, and a 'Magdalene,' by Albano, placed side by side, tell, in softer than female accents, the touching tale of holy love and repentant beauty. With this magnificent gallery thrown open to him all day, how could the young man whose imperishable name, Pelegrino Piola, is now known to, and honoured by, every Genoese—how could he fail to believe that to him the road of fame was also opened ? But, alas ! time had taught him that while no visions and dreams are more glorious than those of am-

bitious youth—none are more delusive!—and these thoughts filled his heart more particularly on this night, as he stood at the window, with his eyes fixed on the purple distance, as though to gather inspiration and hope, by looking into futurity.

To the observer it was a picture not without interest, as he stood in a natural, easy, graceful attitude,—for by gazing on and studying the beautiful, the countenance, like the mind, acquires its inspiration. Thus men whose affections and passions are gently nurtured by woman's society, are seldom rude and uncouth. It was a picture for the close observer, who could imagine the struggles which were passing in that one young heart, and contrast its secret yearnings with the murmurs of the crowd,—to one and all of whom there was an individual life, soul, and death; to one and all of whom there was a solitude, silence, and night, which men are so apt to forget.

Ah! these thoughts of youth—so soon lost, even by those who most experience them, and yet all so beautiful!—the thoughts of youth, full of genius, yet hopeless,—youth, with endless aspirations unfulfilled,—youth, such as pine away in all great cities, and who, even if they can sustain existence, are worthier to be mourned over even than those who wage war against society for their daily bread, and whose hourly existence is a constant struggle!

The blue tints of the distance were gradually deepening into purple; a long line of vivid light separated the waters from the heavens, like the last sad smile which plays around the lips at the moment of parting; the strange, wild, fantastic outlines of the broken hills faded away; the forest of tall masts were strongly marked against the horizon; the thousand lights of the glorious city now illuminated the sea—high up the hills they climbed—down to the bay, where the waters reflected the picturesque shapes of the grotesque gables and tower. As the murmur of the city grew less and less, the voices of the night, the ripples of the curling wave, the fall of the many fountains, the softness of an Italian breeze, filled the air and the senses.

Piola turned from the window with a sigh, lit a small piece of candle, which was all that remained of his store, and looked, almost with a feeling of dismay, round the wretched garret where he had been permitted to lodge. The bare walls were covered with grotesque sketches and original absurdities, which had filled up his moments of idleness; alas, so common to him! A wretched pallet lay upon the floor, which was covered with stains of colours, and some scraps of worthless furniture, strewn about with all the indifference of the hopeless: everything betokened wretched poverty,

and that poverty which is becoming daily more desperate and hopeless.

He went to a small cupboard, which contained the remnants of his last night's food, he found one piece of bread, which was all that remained. He took it, and gnawed it eagerly, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. A sudden thought struck him—there was a small gold ring on his finger, of no great intrinsic worth, but to him most valuable, for it contained the hair of one who had loved him as long as her life: it was associated with all his youth, and his happiest memories.

But he determined to part with it: there was no other possible hope: he had no means now of purchasing the material for any fresh work. The struggle was a long one, but it was clearly a struggle for his life, and the love of life triumphed over the memory of love. He resolved to take it at once to the *Stada degli Oreficii*, where the only man lived who had ever showed him any kindness.

He passed down a noble flight of marble steps into the *Stada Nuova*, which was now almost deserted. Passing hurriedly on, as if he were afraid of being recognised and every one could read his intention in his countenance, he entered a small street which goes by the name of the *Oreficii*, from the circumstance that, since Genoa has existed, it has been set apart for those who are cunning in

the craft of the working of gold and silver; the street was still alive with the workmen plying the anvil, and active in their trade. He entered the house of a man called Di Pistoia, from the name of his native city, who had from time to time advanced him sums of money, but whose resources had been so greatly diminished by competition, that he could do no more for him.

‘You are ill, to-night, Piola,’ said the honest man, when he saw how pale the boy looked; ‘sit down; you tremble! What is it?’ His kind heart was touched by the anxious expression, and haggard appearance of his protégé, who took the proffered chair; but, without reply, sat with his head in his hands.

With a convulsive start, he took the ring from his finger, and placed it in the goldsmith’s hand. The old man saw the whole sad story, but it could not prevent him following the practice of his trade—he let the ring fall on a piece of metal to test its excellence, then held it to the light, tossed it into the scale, and said, in half pitying, half-captious voice, ‘It is not worth much—don’t sell it; work harder.’

The young man looked up with a smile of almost bitterness—‘Work harder!’ he said; ‘it is not the material that is wanting, nor the hand, but the work itself. Give me work.’

‘Why, you have done all my family,’ said

Pistoia; 'here they hang!' and he pointed to a small dark closet, which he called his sitting-room. Whatever the merit of the pictures, it could never be discovered in that light; they had been painted for almost nothing—not that the old man wished to strike a hard bargain, but he had barely sufficient for a large family. The trade was overstocked.

'Well,' he said, after a pause, 'I will take the ring as a security, but not to keep it, and a thought strikes me—an excellent thought: the goldsmiths require a Madonna for that corner which you see there,' said he, pointing to an angle in the street where a small chapel was built, 'and nothing is wanting but the picture. I will go immediately and talk to some of my friends; and you shall paint it for us.'

The friends whom he consulted had been long negotiating with some of the most celebrated masters, who all declined the terms, for the goldsmiths were crafty in every sense of the word. Piola, driven to despair, agreed to any arrangement, so the bargain was soon closed, and a small sum advanced on the price of the picture.

He left the shop, in which the foundations of his fortunes were laid, with a heavy heart. The field of success was most limited, most so its price; again, after a few days, he would have to retrace

his steps, with even diminished prospects of any satisfactory result.

He stood for some short time before the shrine which he was to fill up. Some one suddenly touched his arm.

It was his former master, Castello.

‘What are you studying, Piola?’

The young man told the whole circumstances—his mistrusts, his regrets, his small hopes for the future.

The man listened, with a slight sneer on his countenance. He was not one of those who are disposed to encourage youth, when youth possesses merit.

‘Come,’ he said, at last; ‘if you wish to see a Madonna, come with me; I have just left one at the Jesu, at confession.’

Piola followed him almost mechanically; he was one of those frail characters who invariably yield to a stronger will, possessing no principle of resistance.

It was a small church in a neighbouring street—a midnight mass was to be performed on the occasion of some festival, and the church was crowded. Castello drew Piola to one of the aisles, and pointed to a confessional, which, although placed in obscurity, was partially revealed by a small

lamp burning at a tomb, near which a young girl was kneeling.

She had long golden hair, which streamed down her shoulders to her feet, a deep blue eye, and a complexion worthy of the pencil of Correggio; her hands were clasped in prayer as the tears coursed down her cheek; all true emotion is unselfish, and disregards that observation and curiosity which frighten and distress the mere actor in the world. She bowed her head into her hands, absorbed in silent prayer; presently she raised her face, it was radiant with holy hope and love.

‘Such was the Madonna!’ exclaimed Piola.

Not unmeet to represent perfect love and truth and the glory and radiance of youth. Yes, such was the Madonna—the type of woman’s beauty and faith, of charity and hope.

A keen sense of all that was most beautiful in mind and form filled the young boy’s heart, as he left the church; his heart had been so lonely when the city was awake—now, when silence and slumber had fallen upon it, his heart was full. Passing by tower, by mart and shop, he saw but one form, the Madonna; he felt a strange presentiment that his pencil was worthy of her.

He toiled through the night, and when the morning dawned already the outline was finished, and he looked upon it with delight; he had caught

the very attitude, the very curve of the body which described so much humility and contrition; already the countenance denoted the trial through which she had passed, the temptation and sorrow over which she had triumphed; golden hair she had, such as fell over the pale cheeks of the Magdalen in her labour of love—gentle, suffering, bending low, with heartfelt aspirations.

As he toiled on, his face grew radiant with joy; when he dwelt on those excellences which he desired to portray, the spirit of the great, the noble, and the good, stood over him; and love, pure and refined, was ever by his side; in the evening, when all was quiet, he returned again to the church. She was not there—but as he gazed on the spot where she had knelt, he could better recal each feature, and the religion of the place rendered him worthier to touch a sacred subject.

In one week from the time that he undertook the work, it was completed, and a day fixed for its reception by the goldsmiths; he had refused every one permission to see it while it was progressing, for nothing is so selfishly engrossing as a labour of love; but yet, would it be appreciated by others? how frequently does it happen, that the circumstance of our having dwelt long and lovingly on a scene, or the duration of an event, induces us to

suppose that others take an equal interest in it, forgetting that in almost every case our interest in each object—in its origin, progress, and fulfilment—arises from its connexion with ourselves.

If the craft honoured the work, it would be from a feeling of pride, not of affection towards him—he knew this, and he mistrusted.

But when it was carried to the goldsmith's hall, when the curtain was raised, and with one voice, one unanimous cry, the court expressed their admiration of the work—when they pronounced it to be one of the finest in Genoa, and worthy not of the niche over the shrine in the street, but of the most prominent place in the proudest gallery, the young man raised his head in conscious triumph; but it was that triumph the greatest which man ever achieved, the triumph of love, purified from all its grossness, an inward appreciation of all that is most excellent and graceful in mind; of love, not such as men understand it, but of love, such as fills the eyes of the priest with tears, when he blesses the people, and the people, when they draw near to the altar by falling on their knees.

From that moment the name of Pelegrino Piola became famous among the Genoese: the goldsmiths refused to part with the picture; and there it remains in the shrine, to which every traveller

turns, who at all seeks for objects of interest out of the beaten track of cicerones.

But the end of Piola himself was never known ; he disappeared mysteriously a few days after the unanimous verdict of the city on his picture : he was in good spirits, high courage, proud of his fame. The interest which his fate created was second only to that of the picture itself. Castello, his former master, told the story of his visit to the church, and pretended to believe that the lady he had seen kneeling next the confessional, was in some way or another connected with his fate.

But in the midst of these various rumours, one better substantiated, and which excited a groan of indignation, spread through the city. Castello himself had been heard to express his bitterness at Piola's success : he had remarked that so delicate a pencil would soon wear out ; he was known to be a rough, restless, intriguing, selfish man. Pupil after pupil deposed to his jealousy ; one to the circumstance that he had seen him, even on the night of the exhibition of the painting, endeavouring to injure the canvass. In a short time the suspicions became so violent, and their expression so strong, that Castello fled from Genoa.

The interest which Piola had awakened existed long after these events ; for some time it was the

custom to make a kind of pilgrimage on foot through the city, to the shrine of the far-famed Madonna. Still the goldsmiths mention his name with a kind of awe, associated with mystery. One thing alone is certain, that it was not only the greatest, but the last work of Pelegrino Piola.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

IT is not possible to comprehend the history of the Roman republic, without casting a glance at the state of Rome during the reign, and at the close of the reign of Gregory XVI.

No man has been so variously represented, and, consequently, so variously misrepresented, as Gregory XVI. After carefully balancing the numerous opinions which are expressed respecting him, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion, than that he was quite unfitted for the great office which he filled, and for the times in which he lived. If Rome, her church, and her destiny, were to have perished with him, his policy was not ill-calculated to prolong the final agony; but if he desired to transmit the sceptre and the mitre unimpaired in dignity and power to his successor, then no course of policy could have been more injudicious or ill-timed. Gregory XVI. was not a great man; but, like many inferior men high placed, he managed to do great evil. It must be remembered, that when

any man voluntarily seeks an exalted position, and then is not found equal to its requirements, he justly subjects himself to the gravest accusations, and that a sovereign's weaknesses of character are more prejudicial to his subjects than his vices. So it was with Gregory XVI. He was in no sense of the word a bad man; but his intellect was not equal to the necessities of his exalted place, and the gravity of the times. What Gregory might have become, had events from the first moment of his accession flowed in their natural course, no one can pretend to judge; but after the revolutionary movement broke out in 1831, he was irritated by the attacks which were incessantly made upon him. By slow degrees all other qualities of his mind were absorbed in fear, and unhappily fear with him found its expression in acts of tyranny and even in acts of injustice.

Montesquieu very truly remarks of the Roman empire under Justinian, that, like France at the time of the Roman conquest, she was never so weak as when every village was fortified. The observation is as applicable to the Rome of the nineteenth as the Rome of the sixth century. The excess of precautions proved the existence of a secret danger which no precautions could guard against. When Gregory XVI. increased the number of his guards, doubled the secret police, surrounded the

Vatican with spies and informers, he forgot that the interior weakness of an administration may be estimated by the force which it requires to protect it. The whole revenues of the provinces were squandered in this vain endeavour to prevent outbreaks ; the prisons were crowded with notorious, or sometimes merely suspicious characters ; the prices of almost every article of consumption were increased by the most shameful monopolies. Of the places under government, almost all the important ones were filled by ecclesiastics. Rome has, from the earliest ages, been famous for its charitable foundations. Even so early as the twelfth century, we are told by Gibbon that there existed twenty monasteries, the same number of convents, and sixty colleges for canons and priests. These enormous establishments have swollen, with the increased population of the city, into enormous dimensions ; but under Gregory it is unfortunately too true, that the greater part of the sums which should have been devoted to charity were bestowed on favourites, or the expenses and salaries were sometimes allowed to swallow up the whole profits of the foundation. Several hospitals may be mentioned where the mal-administration and peculation were almost incredible, as in one, where no less than ninety persons were employed to attend on fifty-six ; and in another, devoted to women, containing a long list of names, among

them some of very illustrious houses, whose ladies received assistance under the expressive name of *pericolanti*.

When Gregory XVI. came to the throne he was already a man well advanced in life; his principal characteristics—some might call them his qualifications—were a perfect absence of all strong peculiarities; he was a busy idler and a solemn trifler. At first he evinced a desire to be firm and just; but he lived at a moment when desire, without its immediate fulfilment, was vain. To preserve the *statu quo* was the great object of his ambition; and his leisure hours were occupied in inscribing his name on scraps of marble, on the coping-stones of bridges, or the bases of columns; or, having a good deal of natural logic, he gratified his vanity with theological discussions; but in the midst of all these puerilities, there came the crash of the long-impending revolution—the intervention of the great powers—the solemn assurance of a better government, and the universal disappointment; for when the government was again re-established, nothing appeared to have undergone a change except the character of the Pontiff; from being an easy, good-humoured man, and sometimes disposed to acts of kindness, he became intolerant, active, and tyrannical. The only quality which did not undergo an apparent change, was his faculty of evad-

ing a demand. An interview with Pope Gregory was like a fencing-match, the petitioner endeavouring to thrust his demand upon him, and he to parry it. It says little for the judicial system, as at that time practised in Rome, to state, that the Pope's skill in this art of fence was very frequently, far too frequently, put to the test; for if any man had a case pending before a court of justice, he usually sent in a petition to his Holiness to claim his favour and interference. In some respects he was superior to Pio Nono, having at least the faculty of saying 'No,' which in later years he not unfrequently did, and in a very savage manner. His moments of diversion were very rare. When he wished to be amused, he preferred the society of town gossips; and any one who could tell him an amusing story was always welcome. He might be seen at times playing at hide-and-seek with some favourite cardinal in the library of the Vatican, where the ladies always went to see him pass through, he being supposed to meet them accidentally. It is reported that he was at one time a skilful billiard-player, and he is sometimes accused of being addicted to intemperance in living; but posterity renders him more justice, and refutes this charge. It originated in the unfortunate circumstance of his having a nose peculiarly red and swollen. In the last years of his reign, it conveyed a painful impression to the

spectator to see the aged Pontiff carried in his chair, bending under the weight of the triple mitre, swaying backward and forward with every movement of the bearers, with the peacocks' feathers borne before him, his inexpressive and uninteresting countenance stamped with care and anxiety, while the blessing which he dispensed among the thousands kneeling could only be slightly indicated by his outstretched but frail and sinking arms.

Meanwhile, although things were carried on in the same routine at Rome, voices of no mean import had been raised in Italy: Gioberti, and Azeglio, and Balbi had spoken great words, and not in vain; for their writings, or detached portions of them, had penetrated into the very fastnesses of the Sabine Hills; into the wild glens of the Abruzzi; and, notwithstanding every precaution taken by the government, had become the text-books of children. Even before the death of Gregory, everything portended a change. Austria, without any assignable reason, was distrustful and alarmed; and then from Piedmont—from the foot of the maritime Alps—a small low voice was heard whispering the magic words, 'Italian unity.' What that unity even meant, how it was to be accomplished—and if accomplished, how maintained—was immaterial, even to those who caught the expression and echoed it loudest. It was the voice of

suffering, expressing the vague, indefinite hope of sure relief. When a cry is raised in a country, it is important, not always as a test of that which is essential to the happiness of the people, but as the indication of some cause of dissatisfaction. Thus it was in Italy; and the lips of most Italians had just caught the expression, 'Italian unity,' and accustomed themselves to its pronunciation, when Gregory XVI. died.

The Conclave met, and the first result was, that Lambruschini had 32 votes, Mastai 16, and Mai 6. The Sacred College was forced to be secluded a second time; then, to the astonishment of the whole of Rome, Mastai had 42 votes, Lambruschini 6, and Mai 2. This, as will afterwards be shown, was mainly due to the activity and influence of the French Minister, M. Rossi. It was the commonly-received opinion in Rome, that the selection would fall on Cardinal Ghizzi; and so strong was this belief, that when it was made known that a short man was elected, his name was received with cheers by the mob. No one was more surprised than Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, at the curious combinations and inexplicable political phenomena to which he owed his election.

Strange as it may appear to us, one of the objections alleged against Cardinal Mastai was his extreme youth. A pope of only fifty-six years of

age, appeared to the octogenarian electors a monstrous innovation; political causes had induced them to control their prejudices: but when the act was accomplished, they looked aghast at their own precipitancy. A Pope possessing all the inexperience of youth, of what act of folly might he not be guilty. Supposing that he should have the weakness to correct time-honoured abuses; to violate prescriptive rights, or destroy all golden monopolies! The Sacred College trembled; and very soon it appeared that their fears were not wholly without foundation, when, on the 17th July, precisely one month after his election, Pio Nono published his famous amnesty.

An amnesty, on the accession of a pope, was far from being an unusual act of grace, but no amnesty had ever been heralded with so much ceremony, and carried out so largely. It is not, therefore, surprising, that the majority of the clergy and the nobility trembled at the idea of the innovations which, with the keen eyes of self-interest, at that very time, another—a more active, more zealous, but much smaller party, was pressing on his Holiness for their own advantage. No sooner was Pio Nono seated on the throne, than he was surprised to learn that he was possessed of qualities, the existence of which he had never imagined. He knew himself to have been for some years the

quiet, unpretending, amiable Bishop of Imola ; he was quite surprised to learn that he was a great reformer ; the sycophants of Rome have survived the Satires of Juvenal, and the race still exists with all its pristine qualities. These men surrounded the throne, discovering virtues in each priest who triumphed in the Vatican ; as the parasites were wont to trace out old illustrious Roman genealogies for the barbarians who triumphed in the Capitol : Cardinal Mastai awoke one morning and was told that he was famous. The fame of his great actions had preceded, not him, but the actions themselves. As Cardinal Mastai, his ideas were shallow, and, although kindly, anything but well expressed ; as Pio Nono, his enlarged views required such a fund of natural eloquence as he alone possessed to do them justice. They told him that, from childhood, he had been endowed with liberal opinions ; that he was a statesman who was a necessity ; that he was elected as the regenerator of Italy. The good man listened at first incredulously, but at last, like the *médecin malgré lui*, or the Irish diplomatist, he ended by believing that he possessed those qualities which others attributed to him. It is proper to dwell on this character of the Pope ; for, unhappily, many of the lamentable events which occurred inevitably resulted from it ; and yet it would be unjust greatly to blame him ; he

has, rather, claims on our pity. He was a man of very ordinary character, placed in very extraordinary circumstances; he was elected, unexpectedly, to assume sovereign power, at the moment when it was most discredited, and to direct the course of events which were opposed to every conviction, and which defied all his calculations. I repeat it, that he was an excellent bishop, very admirable in all the relations of his life; it is true that he did not say all the clever things which have since been attributed to him: he did not enunciate those great political maxims of government which are the result of an enlightened education, and an intimate acquaintance with mankind. He did not possess the ambition of a Leo, nor the eloquence of a Fénelon, nor the merit of a Sextus, but he discharged all his duties admirably. In his sphere—a small, confined, but useful sphere of life—he was excellent; kind and indulgent to a fault; singularly single-minded, and easily won by, and himself attached to, fallacies, especially when they were kindly and gracefully expressed. Certainly, the change from Gregory XVI. to Pio Nono was most grateful to the people; from the haughty and unbending prelate, to the single-hearted and unaffected man, whose courteous and winning manners won every heart that approached within their influence, and who could deny a favour with

a happier grace than Gregory could grant one. Those who knew Pio Nono first, loved him best; those who knew him longest, loved him least; for at first he had but slight misgivings, and was hopeful; latterly, he doubted every one, and despaired too much. Most strange did it seem to the courtiers to listen to a Pope, who, at the moment of his accession, himself suggested the necessity for studying the happiness of the people, who possessed the rare talent in a sovereign pontiff of making himself believed, who was at all times accessible to all men, and taught the people that they should regard him not merely as God's vicerent, and as a temporal sovereign, but as their father and their friend.

Such were his good qualities. Looking at the other side of the picture, we distinguish all his weaknesses. His mind was like a narrow, wandering, but shallow river, which, at a distance, deceives the observer, by the large surface of water which its windings present to the eye. Those who looked on from afar, thought him a great reformer, when he was only a well-intentioned and mistaken man. They imagined that every step he took was the result of grave consideration and sound policy, when every action sprang from the influences which surrounded him, or the impulse of the moment. He had lived in a distant province,

among a primitive, devoted people, where the word reformer represented a man only intent on great social ameliorations, of generous, benevolent intentions. He had not greatly studied the history of Europe, and little thought that every kind of destruction might be carried on under the name of reform, and all descriptions of hideous licence under the specious cloak of liberty. Eminent as a Christian, he made a strange *mélange* of the Gospel and Liberalism; and placed the confessional too near the throne—a mystic character—he trusted more to miracle than policy; when, later in his life, some friends warned him of his danger, he turned to the cross, which ever lay on his table, and placing his hand upon it, he said, ‘I have no fear,’ and yet he trembled; not possessing even that first quality of a sovereign, a quick apprehension of the real character of his favourites, selecting, frequently, the weakest advisers, while he would discard a man like Lambruschini, who, although he made frequent mistakes in smaller matters of every-day occurrence, rarely erred in his judgment on the great questions of internal policy. Such is the character of Pio Nono, as I have heard it described by those who are able to appreciate it. It is now time to turn to the rapid events of his extraordinary reign.

The amnesty was proclaimed, and far and wide the character of Pio Nono and his policy was extolled. It is not in any way surprising that so sweeping and unusual a measure should have aroused the enthusiasm of the whole of Italy. With the list of the amnesty were circulated anecdotes of his Holiness's excellence, which appealed to the sympathies of men, as the amnesty did to their gratitude. Had Pio Nono been left at this moment to the impulses of his own good heart, and the people to their first and best impressions, it is probable that all might have gone on well, for with the masses the enthusiasm was entirely spontaneous, and the pope was really beloved ; but neither he nor the people discovered that they were both equally under the influence of men who were only guided by the most selfish instincts, and who were reckless of the means by which their objects might be attained.

Months slipped by, and in nine short months pledges were given, which it would have taken years adequately to have redeemed ; the whole judicial code was to be reformed, long lines of railways were to be constructed. Rome was immediately to be lit by gas. Six months, and not a railway was commenced ; the code was unreformed, and the impatient traveller had still to grope his way through the miserably lighted

streets ; it was certainly not the intention of the Pope to deceive the people, and yet he virtually did deceive them by professing too much. About October, all the demonstrations of enthusiasm and gratification which had grown into a habit with the Roman people, became rather tumultuous and ungovernable. His Holiness was alarmed, and even the movement party doubted whether, for the success of their schemes, the movement was not becoming far too rapid ; cries for 'Italian Unity !' 'A National Guard !' and Constitutional Government !' began to be raised. Pio Nono had commenced too fast, promised too much, performed too little ; to his surprise, he discovered enemies where he had expected to find none but friends ; the best of his advisers were themselves ill-advised, and were totally ignorant of the character of the Roman people ; they imagined that the same system of government which might work well in one country, was advantageous to all ; and among the falsest of those friends and worst of those advisers, Pio Nono must place Lord Palmerston.

But I reserve the consideration of our foreign policy.

The Pope, as I have said, became alarmed ; and, early in 1847, Cardinal Ghizzi, the Secretary of State, published the first circular of his Holiness against demonstrations and reunions.

‘It is not the intention of his Holiness to confound tumultuous meetings with those which have taken place in Rome and the Provinces, with the sole purpose of proving the gratitude of the people for benefits received.

‘Our holy father has expressly charged us to make known, in his name, his sovereign satisfaction at the signs of sincere gratitude given him by the people, whilst he himself, raising his hands to heaven, warmly implores the choicest blessings on his sons.

‘The paternal heart of his Holiness, however, greatly suffers, at seeing the people and individuals at a continual expense, and troubled with subscriptions, in order to vie in public demonstrations—in observing workmen interrupting their labour to the loss of their families—in noticing youth designed to study losing its precious time—in remarking the dissipation which it has endeavoured to keep up amongst the people.’

It certainly was time to do something; for the last six months Rome had subsisted on processions and fêtes. When a host of persons had nothing better to do, they used to hire a flag, and amused themselves by falling into column, and marching up to the Quirinal. These processions and demonstrations were mainly originated by the extreme party, who, instead of strangling the Pope, wished

to stifle him with caresses. The Pope, who had professed so much, found it difficult to keep the word of promise to the ear, much more to fulfil all the hopes he had excited; and now it was that he perceived that it was absolutely necessary to play with the movement; the leaders of the mob did not understand his character—they mistook the mere coquette for the lady of easy virtue.

The Pope had been unfortunately advised, among other promised concessions, to concede a slight degree of liberty to the press; and he gave it just freedom enough to enable it to complain of its remaining and now unavailing restraints; this was, indeed, to put a dagger into the hands of his opponents; as might have been anticipated, even by the bishop of the primitive Imola. A host of journals immediately made their appearance—the most important of which was the *Contemporaneo*—edited by the Marquis Dragonetti, Monsignore Graziola, Pietro Sterbini, Frederico Torre, which vied at times with the language of the worst radical papers in France. The Pope looked on in terror at the storm which he had created, but he possessed no Prospero's wand to calm the elements; but he then saw, when it was too late, that to yield any longer was useless—that all the concessions he had made only led to fresh demands,

expressed with renewed energy, and from better vantage ground. Even so early as November, 1846, a large dinner, given by Young Italy, was held in the Théâtre d'Apollon, when speeches of a most republican character were made, and enthusiastically received; but no very gross acts of insubordination were committed until March, 1847, when the Austrian ambassador gave a great reception in the Piazza di Venezia, in order to celebrate the nomination of the Archbishop of Milan; the people mistook the object of the fête, and attributed it to the sympathy supposed to exist between Austria and Cardinal Lambruschini, who had that day been named minister—a man, as I have already observed, of superior merit, of strong intellect, and grave resolution, who could have arrested, if any one could have arrested, the headlong progress towards anarchy, and therefore naturally most unpopular with the demagogues.

The city, that day, bore a threatening aspect; groups of men might be seen congregated at the corners of the streets which lead to the Corso, speaking in the low voice of sedition, and in the threatening aspect of evil intention. The Piazza di Venezia was crowded with faces hitherto unknown in Rome—men with coarse and degraded features, whose lives are a mystery, and who crawl

forth from ruins of societies, like foul things that are engendered by decay. It was upon this occasion that a man, destined to play a great part in this revolution, appeared, for the first time, before the public in his new character ; he was one of those men so aptly described by the immortal author of the *New Timon*, Ciceroacchio possessed the—

Burly form we find

So oft in those who subjugate mankind ;

of a bold and uncouth appearance, with a head quite disproportioned to his body, rough in his address, but with a certain simplicity, readiness, and earnestness which never failed to produce conviction. He might have been seen, on this first eventful morning, moving from group to group, animating the people by his voice and gesture, still wearing the dress in which he was best known to them—that of a stable-keeper. The sole virtue which Ciceroacchio possessed was that of courage, a stolidity of will, a dogged stupidity, which concealed from him the force of all those difficulties which for some time prevented so many persons of superior demerits from taking part in these demonstrations. But these qualities, or the absence of greater qualities, ensured him, for one short period, the command of the people, and what he perhaps as greatly esteemed, as it was, the means of obtaining for him all he desired—the

personal friendship of Lord Minto, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary.

The same night as the Austrian ambassador's grand dinner, there was a ball at the Borghese Palace, and the people accused the prince of the same indirect intention of approving of Lambruschini's appointment, which they assumed the Austrian ambassador had insulted them by openly avowing; and this, although Prince Borghese was known to be most liberally disposed, not only in his social intercourse with the people, but also in his political opinions. Pieces of paper were found strewed over the Corso, advising the people to set fire to the Borghese Palace, which threat was fortunately not carried into execution.

The Pope, in consequence of these seditious tendencies, banished Dragonetti, one of the editors of the *Contemporaneo*, and a Neapolitan subject. The people were still more indignant at this, and compelled him to recal his decree.

In this uncertain and dangerous manner things dragged on until June, when a grand procession was proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the Pope's election. On this occasion not less than 20,000 persons poured into Rome, from the surrounding districts. They were headed by their respective leaders, and carried banners with suitable mottoes inscribed upon them. This mob was

for the first time divided into companies, and moved with solemn measured tread; each section had its significant symbol and its favourite air; but the two most popular were—

Andiremmo al Campodoglio
Con la bandiera tri color.

And then—

Scuoti o Roma
La polvere Indegna.

These were the choruses of the songs, and they rarely got any further. It was a motley, ragged, but not wholly unpicturesque group, and remarkable for its numbers and the unity of its purpose. As for the Pope, he was almost forgotten, except as the butt against which every ambitious shaft was aimed. At last, the poet and demagogue, Sterbini, thought that as the demonstration was in honour of his Holiness, it would be only civil to add a few lines in his honour; so he wrote a verse to rhyme with the everlasting 'Pio Nono,' but the people refused to sing it.

Now, at least, there could be no mistake in the intentions of the people; there was no longer room to doubt the intentions of the movement party—the treachery of many of those who surrounded the throne, and, with fulsome voice and double meaning, went about pretending to arrest the ferment.

But the Pope was no longer blinded ; he had to change his style from that of his amatissimi sudditi (his much-loved subjects), to the stern expression of his true opinion ; but although his eyes were partially opened, he only saw in the wrong direction, and with the uncertain vision of alarm. Unfortunately, he was surrounded by men as nervous, and possessing as little foresight, as himself : with a fatuity closely bordering on treachery, they now advised him to institute a civic guard—in fact, to repeat the error which sovereigns and temporizing governments cling to as a school of policy, that of yielding to their enemies and sacrificing their friends.

The decree for the immediate formation of the civic guard was published on the 1st July. On the 15th the people, thinking that it was not executed with sufficient rapidity, took up arms themselves. Formidable without arms, when organized and equipped they became at once the masters of the city ; they talked loudly of court intrigues—of aristocratic conspiracies : lists of proscriptions were published, arbitrary arrests were made, and it was in the midst of all this ferment of treason and sedition that Lord Minto arrived in Rome.

It is perfectly true that the Pope invited Lord Minto to Rome; that when he saw the rapid progress of the movement, he sent a confidential agent to apply for the support of the English government against the republican party. April 19th, 1847, Lord Normanby writes to Lord Palmerston: 'His Excellency (the Pope's nuncio) says that a more active support from England would be of great service to the progress of social improvement in Italy.' 'In what way,' replies Lord Palmerston, (with a naïveté and a bye-play worthy of Harley,) 'in what way can England give this moral support to the Pope?' 'His Excellency gave me to understand,' answers Lord Normanby, 'that there can be no efficient moral support without direct communication.' Upon this hint, Lord Minto was appointed.

The curious circumstances attending Lord Minto's mission to Rome would fill a volume of themselves; and yet, however inadequately touched upon, they cannot be passed over without notice, deserving, as they do, a niche in the Pantheon, if such existed, of diplomatic extravagances. Lord Minto's reputation preceded him. He had acquired a name in Piedmont, which, if not calculated to render him beloved, at least won him the fears of all constituted authorities in Italy. The republican party hailed his arrival in Rome as a great triumph.

The same evening he was greeted by loud ovations; a large crowd loudly cheered him in the Piázza di Spagna, while from the windows of the Europa he made a short speech in favour of Italian independence. It was not long before he became intimately acquainted with Sterbini, Canino, Massi, and, above all, Ciceroacchio. On the 15th November, about a fortnight after Lord Minto's arrival, the Council of State was nominated; and to celebrate this event there was a procession to the Quirinal of all that was most democratic, to which the representatives of the great powers were anonymously invited to attend. In the evening, a grand banquet was given at the Théâtre d'Apollon, at which the ministers, the council of state, and, most important of all, Lord Minto, were present. The people rose and cheered Lord Minto: when the arch-agitator, the modern Rienzi—Ciceroacchio—entered his box, and was welcomed by the English minister. In fact, no step was left untaken to prove to the populace that the mob, led on by ambitious demagogues and mischievous agitators, possessed the sympathy of the British government.

We come to the 1st of January, 1848, the most important crisis in the Roman affairs. This day, which is a great *fête* in all Catholic countries, is peculiarly so at Rome; and it was resolved that it

should be celebrated by a great demonstration. The events of that memorable day are described by Lord Minto in the following despatch :—

LORD MINTO TO LORD PALMERSTON, JAN. 13, 1848.—The new year has opened inauspiciously, with twenty-four hours' uneasiness, and *ill humour*, produced by *ill-advised proceedings* on the part of the *authorities* at an *imaginary danger*.

No paid hireling of a party could have written in a more partizan spirit. What! when the Pope was blockaded in his palace—when all the clubs were in movement, and marching with seditious cries against the sovereign, the danger was imaginary! and the day, which is universally described as the inauguration of anarchy, is styled twenty-four hours' ill humour! Let us imagine Lord Minto—on some ill-omened day!—again in office, and a disciplined mob of many thousands marching on Buckingham Palace, with all the banners, trophies, and insignia of revolt, and that the sovereign was only protected by some sixty or seventy faithful soldiers, would Lord Minto call this an imaginary danger? Nay, more: we wish to ask Lord Minto whether he would ever presume to treat the Queen in the manner in which he treated the twofold sovereign whom he was sent to assist by his counsels. Is it not a fact?—or, if not so, Lord Minto should give it a public

contradiction—that when his Holiness appointed a day for a kind of public reception, when all the guards were under arms, and the officers of the court in attendance—Lord Minto arrived just as he got off his horse, and went in, in a frock-coat and dirty boots. The Chamberlain, in astonishment, ran in to inform the Pope that Lord Minto had indeed arrived, and in that unusual costume. Immediately the guards had to be dismissed, and all appearance of a Court reception done away with. The feeling at Rome, the feeling even in the Pope's own mind, was, that Lord Minto wished to show his independence of courtly etiquette; and his slight consideration for his Holiness himself. This it is impossible to believe; but, at all events, the forgetfulness amounted to a very great fault, and is not consistent with a due appreciation of the papal government. How different were the views of France at this time. On that very same day on which Lord Minto wrote the despatch from which I have extracted that passage, M. Guizot raised his eloquent voice in defence of the government of order in Italy:—

Quels sont les dangers, exclaimed that first of orators, quels sont les dangers, les obstacles, que le Pape rencontre? le danger stationnaire et le danger revolutionnaire: il-y-a chez lui et en Europe des gens qui desirent qu'il ne fasse rien, et des gens qui veulent qu'il bouleverse tout—qu'il remette toutes choses en question, au risque

qu'il se remette en question lui-même. Nous savons par notre propre expérience que l'esprit révolutionnaire est ennemi de tous les gouvernemens—des modérés comme des absolus—de ceux qui font le progrès, comme de ceux qui le repoussent tous ; et que le premier intérêt d'un gouvernement censé, est de résister à l'esprit révolutionnaire.

We should certainly have imagined, that if Lord Minto had any duty whatever to perform in Italy, it would have been to have placed himself, on this 1st of January, by the side of the sovereign, to have denounced the brutal conduct of the mob, and have protected the Pontiff and the king by the name of British influence. It must be remembered that Lord Minto's conduct is judged, not by the partial statements of political opponents, or by the universal judgment—that is, the universal reprobation—of every party in Italy : of the republicans, whom he flattered to betray ; of the conservatives, whom he counselled to their ruin. The testimonies brought against Lord Minto are his own despatches in the inevitable blue book. But, whatever Lord Minto may have thought of the imaginary danger, it assumed so dangerous an appearance, that even the leaders of the movement became alarmed. They were not at that moment prepared to bring matters to a crisis ; on that same first of January, a deputation, consisting of Sterbini, Canino, and Massi, had an interview with his Holiness, and implored him, as the

only means of allaying the fermentation of the people, to make a progress through the streets. In an evil hour the Pope consented ; but had he received, at that time, the countenance which he had a right to expect from Lord Minto's presence in Rome, he might have been enabled to resist the importunities of that deputation. The gates of the Quirinal were then thrown open ; and, pale, dejected, and broken-hearted, the chief of the church and the state appeared among his subjects. The crowd opened to allow the carriage to pass, and must have been flattered by the consciousness of their own power, when they saw the old man—the sovereign and the priest—leaning back in his carriage, trembling with emotion. Every street through which the procession passed was crowded ; but scarce a knee was bent—not even a hat was raised. A few, for the honour of human nature, be it said, it is true, but a few there were—who, faithful to the last, cried, ‘ God save him ! ’ amid the angry demonstrations of the hostile crowd who formed his immediate escort. But high above the whispers of approbation, arose the cries of sedition : ‘ No police ! ’ ‘ No censorship ! ’ ‘ Down with the Retrogrades ! ’ ‘ Down with the Jesuits ! ’ At moments, it was with the greatest difficulty that the carriage could move through the crowd. At the end of

the Corso, near the Piazza di Venezia, the cries became louder, and the countenances looked sterner. Then a few good men and true forced a passage through the crowd, to be near the sovereign in case he required protection. In the Piazza di Venezia appeared a dense mass of people ; every window and house-top were crowded with spectators, whose countenances portrayed every conflicting passion. The dense throng which poured on behind the carriage gave way at the approach of one man, who wore that humble dress in which he was so well known to his admirers. He jumped up behind the Pope's carriage, unfolded a scroll, on which was written, in large letters, ' Have courage, holy Father ! the people are with you ! ' and, amid the discordant yells, the wild enthusiasm, the licentious expression, which greeted this triumphant insolence of Ciceroacchio, the Pope fainted.*

Thus closed the first great act of the Roman revolution.

* The next morning, the republican papers said he fainted for joy!!!

CHAPTER II.

THE month of January passed in comparative tranquillity. Sedition had been fairly enthroned in the person of Ciceroacchio. The people, for the moment, had nothing more that they could ask ; the Pope possessed little more that he could concede. Lord Minto's occupation was gone. His active mind was, for the moment, left to lie fallow ; but this could not be expected to last very long. The popular mind was too excited for prolonged tranquillity. Repeated concessions had rendered the people quite insatiable ; the leaders of the movement were, for a time, puzzled to find some topic on which they could inflame the public mind, when the bright idea struck them of raising a cry of Italian unity, to be supported by Roman arms.

No sooner was the scheme organized, than the clubs, the sections, the demonstrations, the whole paraphernalia of the revolution was set in motion, with Ciceroacchio ever at their head. On the 8th of February, they marched in procession to the Quirinal, with their usual insolent, but generally successful presumption. Again, his holiness received a deputation from the mob, and promised to consider their demand of sending a Roman army into Piedmont ; but when the mob had

retired, and he had time to reflect on his fatal facility of disposition, he resolved that, on this occasion, he would make a stand : this concession involved considerations of the gravest nature, and compromised all his external, as his internal policy had been already compromised. On the morning of the 21st, no steps having been taken towards keeping his promise, he learned, with dismay, that another demonstration was organizing to frighten him into immediate concession. He then ordered all the generals of divisions and colonels of regiments up to the Quirinal. He pointed out to them, with tears in his eyes, the gravity of the circumstances, the dangers to which the country was exposed, and urged upon them the fact, that if this painful state of things continued, he should be compelled to leave the city. He was interrupted in his address by the loud cries of the people who were massed together on the Monte Cavallo. For the moment, the blood of the Ferretti was roused ; the sovereign rose superior to these insults, and equal to the crisis. He went to the balcony and exclaimed, with a voice which might have been heard at the furthest extremity of the court, 'Prego Dio a benedirvi colle condizione espressi di essere fedeli al pontefice ed alla chiesa. Ma certe domande che non sono del popolo ma di pochi. Io non posso, non voglio,

non debbo ammettere !' This was the first symptom of resistance, and the people retired, abashed and staggered. Had the Pope even now received the active support of Lord Minto and others, everything might have been redcmcd. Lord Minto might have counselled his Holiness against yielding to the natural weakness of his character, have confirmed him in that resistance which all constituted government is justified in offering to popular violence ; but so far to the contrary, Lord Minto still seems to have been of opinion that events did not move fast enough. On the 5th of March, intelligence of the French revolution reached Rome. The Pope, in a panic, published a *motu proprio*, in which, although he coldly adhered to his former declaration, he terminates with the words, ' God bless Italy !' which was interpreted by the opposition into ' God bless Italian unity !' This, in some degree, restored his popularity with the faction who considered him as their tool. But, notwithstanding, so soon as the news of the revolution at Milan reached Rome, the mob collected in the Corso, tore down the arms from the palace of the Austrian Ambassador, and trampled them under foot. They then paraded the streets in the old manner, singing patriotic songs, with Ciceroacchio playing the most prominent part. And then the Pope, bewildered in the

labyrinth of difficulties in which he was lost, consented that the army should march upon the frontier, but on the express condition that they were on no account to cross it.

It was after these continued overt acts of rebellion, when it must have been apparent to the slowest intellect that the days of the papacy were numbered, that, on the 14th April, Lord Minto wrote to Lord Palmerston, 'There is nothing like popular dissatisfaction to be apprehended at Rome.'

Perhaps this was intended as a gentle plaisanterie on the part of Lord Minto; for true enough it is not at a moment when every wish is gratified and every extortionate demand conceded, that popular dissatisfaction is to be apprehended; but even the radical experience of Lord Minto was to be enlarged by the event. It is unnecessary to follow the Pope through the tissue of miserable weaknesses, of all his errors of policy, of his resolutions made one day only to be broken on the next. After briefly stating that the clubs increased in violence every day; that, on the 1st May, at the Cerchio dei Negozianti, it was proposed to form a provisional government; that this proposition was resisted by Mamiani, who succeeded Cardinal Antonelli in the government. We cannot now do better than revert at once to the administration of Prince Teano—not that

it was of long duration, or could in any way arrest the downward progress towards destruction ; but because it enables us to avoid, for a few moments, the contemplation of men distinguished by the excesses of which they were guilty, or the meannesses to which they yielded—to dwell upon the conduct of one man, whose character is worthy of his illustration, and his illustration worthy of Rome.

Don Michel Ange, Prince de Teano, was born in 1804 ; the eldest son of Don Henri Caëtani, Duc of Sermoneta and Saint Marco, grandee of the first class in Spain, and boasting of titles which claim pre-eminence amongst the oldest of the Roman senate. The Prince de Teano was the only man in Rome to whom the unanimous voice of the people ascribed the first place, and the only man who did not intrigue to obtain, or care to retain it. In a country where the nobility are somewhat indifferent to the advantages of a very liberal education, he was self-taught, and, what is still more extraordinary, he was well taught. But the whole credit of the eminent position in which he stands is not due to his industry, for he possesses excellent natural qualities, a very ready wit, which he lost no occasion of exercising, and a keen sense of the ridiculous, which renders him the delight and life of every circle, an admirable and sound judg-

ment, which enables him to form the shrewdest and soundest opinions, and a tact which teaches him the best terms in which to express them. Without having been greatly known in public life, or having performed any very remarkable actions, his incontestable superiority was universally admitted; that power of thought which stamps the master-mind, penetrated through the forms of society, and carried the conviction of merit home to every person. The only praise which can be bestowed on the Roman history of 1848 is, that for a short time they were capable of appreciating such a man as Prince Teano, and the severest comments on these events is, that he was unable to control them.

When the Pope prayed Prince Teano to form an administration, he had already presided over three commissions, and knew the difficulties with which he had to contend from the character of the pope. These several commissions were—firstly, a commission for railways; secondly, to extend the privileges of the Jews, who were confined to a small dirty space, called the Ghetto; thirdly, the reform of the police. The first—the railway commission—used to meet every day; each day, every member had some new proposition, and these were debated to and fro during the period of time which, in England, it would have taken to construct the line in question; at last, a kind of report was agreed to,

which was immediately to be printed and circulated. What was the astonishment of the Prince when the report made its appearance, bearing his signature, and he found that it was drawn up in a spirit diametrically opposed to that which he had sanctioned—the fact being, that the government members of the commission had played him this trick; he was naturally very indignant at being supposed to approve a report to the spirit of which he was entirely opposed, and he went to the Quirinal immediately: ‘Bon jour, bon jour, mon cher Don Michel Ange!’ exclaimed the Pope, wishing to disarm him by the flattering character of his reception, but, in spite of all the solicitations, it was a long time before the prince could be persuaded to take a prominent part in any more commissions.

Secondly, the Jews’ commission. Under the old system, these unfortunate people were treated with a degree of harshness singularly repugnant to the spirit of a Christian church. Their residences were circumscribed to a few filthy streets, which, as I have already remarked, were known by the name of the Ghetto; and at the entrance of this district were large massive gates, which were locked from sunset to sunrise. These gates had been taken down, but the people still remained in this contracted space, and subject to the same restrictions,

which could only be mitigated by the uncertain will of the Cardinal-Vicaire-Général, who, in point of fact, had the management of the municipal regulations of Rome. No sooner was Prince Teano appointed to the commission, than he made numerous suggestions for the improvement of the Jewish population; not one of these was attended to; in vain, he saw the Pope each morning, and at each interview received fresh assurances of the good intentions of his Holiness, but unfortunately, also, at each fresh interview he had to reproach him for his broken faith: 'Why, you promised me so and so,' said Prince Teano.

'Very true, very true, Michel Ange,' replied the Pope; 'but what can I do?'

Thirdly, the police commission. His Holiness was quite resolved that the prince should, after the failure of the other commissions, accept this post. And for some time the Prince was as resolute to refuse it; and when he left him, for the last time, it was with the distinct understanding that he would not accept it. The police was so execrably managed, and he had seen so many proofs of misconduct on the part of the officials connected with this body, that he was not desirous of entering upon the Augean task which the government pressed upon him. What was his astonishment, the evening of that same day that he had left the Quirinal, when

sitting in a café, to see a man approach him, who, after a short introduction, asked him for his protection against the police, as he was afraid of being immediately arrested. 'My protection! what have I to do with the police?' exclaimed the Prince, in an angry and surprised voice. 'Let them arrest you,—how can I assist you?'

'Your excellency is at the head of the police,' was the man's reply.

'I! who told you so? I have nothing to do with the police!' he exclaimed, with astonishment.

'The government has published your name as the head of that body,' continued the man.

'All I can say is, that if I were chief of the police, you would be safe, for I do not like these unreasonable arrests; but I am sure that you are in error, for I have never consented to take such an office.'

The man still remained firm in his assertions, and it ended in the Prince returning home irritated and dissatisfied. The next morning he learnt, to his astonishment, that the man had been arrested that same evening. He went immediately to the Pope, and asked him whether it was true that, in spite of his refusal, he had been named chief of the police. His Holiness, with many compliments, told him that such was the case, for his services could not be dispensed with. 'Then,' said Prince

Teano, 'how did it happen that so and so was arrested without my permission?'

'It is very true,' said the Pope, 'that he has been arrested, but of course you had nothing to do with it, and are not to blame.'

It may well be imagined that after this experience as to the mode of conducting the public affairs, Prince Teano was not particularly anxious to place himself in a prominent position in the government, but the exigencies of the case overcame his scruples; when he received power, however, it was already too late, nothing short of a miracle could have arrested the progress of events; in vain Prince Teano advised his Holiness to carry out whatever reforms he was pledged to in a loyal and honourable manner, but to make no more concessions. Prince Teano had from the first moment seen the evil and the difficulty, that everything was conceded piecemeal, but that nothing was really granted; from the first he was sure that the Pope had no fixed plan of government, that he was only dragged blindfold down the rough and dangerous paths of progressive reform; led astray in the first instance by his vanity, and confirmed in his errors by pernicious and dangerous counsels. Prince Teano acted as every man must act in such circumstances, when he finds himself made responsible for measures which he never advised, and his

character sacrificed to a policy which he in no way upheld, he resigned—and with Prince Teano's resignation the more clear-sighted resigned all hope, and prepared for the struggle which it was not in their power to avert.

Events succeeded each other with great rapidity; ministers were named and superseded in almost the same gazette; it was not necessary now to get up demonstrations; they were spontaneous and incessant. The papal troops had crossed the frontier—the feeling against the church party, or the Neri, as they were called, increased hourly—the Constitution was at last granted on the 16th September, by Rossi, and the 15th November the chambers met, and the minister was assassinated.

The procession of the fanatical rabble, who by the light of torches, and with wild tumultuous shouts paraded the streets on the evening of Rossi's assassination, indulging their rabid licentiousness by every outrage of decency towards the dead, mingled for one moment in the Corso with another procession of more sombre appearance and moderate expression, but whose designs were not the less pernicious because they were less boldly avowed. It was the great re-union of the Circolo Romano which had just broken up; the mob poured forth from the place

of meeting, and in the midst of that mob were different soldiers from various regiments who had taken part in these proceedings, and who were the more violent in their demonstrations, as their conduct was the more unworthy.

The extremes of passion and guilt are frequently nearly allied.

The inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the Corso, who were retiring to bed, were disturbed by shouts of 'Viva la Costituente; we want a democratic government; long live Sterbini the minister.'

The night passed in great anxiety; the form of the city was still, but its spirit was awake; men ceased to act, but they were awake, agitated by vague apprehensions and doubts; sometimes a party of more boisterous demagogues might be heard singing some wild democratic air, their voices mingling with the deep cry of the watchdogs, who prowl about the streets at night, but there was no symptom of an outbreak; the patrols had not been increased, the clubs had not descended into the streets. What traveller who stood that night on the place in front of the mightiest monument ever reared by a Christian faith, or adorned by man's genius, listening to the fall of the waters as they dash down the sides of those glorious fountains, and gazing on the statues of the holy and mighty men who had died for the

cross, standing forth in the bright blue air as the guardians of the faith which their lives adorned; who could have believed that the person of the head of that church, the expounder of its tenets, that God's Vicegerent on earth, the old man at one time so loved by the people, and so eloquent in their cause, would in a few short hours be driven forth by that same people, from the ancient city, a proscribed exile from beneath the shadow of that church which St. Peter founded.

The morning of the 16th November, the day after Rossi's murder and the meeting of the chambers, will be long remembered in the annals of the Papacy; for on that day the last barriers which protected the spiritual and temporal ruler of the Church of Rome from the rude hands of the unlicensed mob were thrown down; up to this moment the divinity which at any time hedges the sovereign power had in Rome been doubly effectual, because it represented a twofold immunity; the people, whose passions, of hatred, plunder, and revenge, had been aroused by the vile demagogues who led them, had until now stopped short at the last moment, just as the most abandoned woman will hesitate when on the eve of the last concession, a hesitation which springs from force of habit rather than from conscience, not from respect to the law of God, but from cowardice. The 16th November was the

10th August of Rome, the day when the sanctity of the palace was for the first time invaded, and treason dared to look at what it would. Early in the morning groups collected in the Piazza del Popolo, and it was apparent from the appearance of the mob that they were prepared to act with more system than usual, and that they were controlled by leaders of more experience, who no longer represented the scourings of an ignorant fanatical rabble. At about twelve o'clock an immense procession was formed, every man of which was armed, and soldiers and civilians were all mingled together; the motley, ragged, but tutored crew marched up to the Quirinal, and the cause which they assigned for this step was to demand a change of government; the real reason was to insult the Pope, and to break down the last feeble barriers of moral respect by which he was protected. The Pope was aware of the proposed attack, and had made some feeble preparations for defence; but what could he do? all he had to depend on was the approved conduct and integrity of a handful of Swiss guards, (the main body of that force having been some time previously sent to occupy the legations,) and the moral support of the foreign ministers, who early in the morning assembled at the Quirinal; the mob soon arrived, with banners flying and drums beating the générale, at the Monte Cavallo, and

immediately sent a message to his Holiness to demand a change of ministers and the dismissal of his guard. Perhaps never was a greater compliment ever paid to the valour and fidelity of sixty men ; but they dreaded them with some justice, for even at that moment, in the face of irritated thousands, it was represented to his Holiness that if he would give them permission they were prepared to clear the whole place ; for no sooner were the gates opened to admit the deputation, and the cowardly rabble saw the points of the halberts, than they fell back in the utmost disorder ; but in this extremity the character of the Pope remained what it had been, vacillating and inconsistent, taking no decided resolution when action was absolutely essential ; almost in tears he made a short speech to the few faithful men who surrounded him, and then sent back the deputation with an evasive and unsatisfactory reply—

‘Io sono signori, come consegnato si e voluto togliermi la mia guardia, et mi circondano altre persone. Il critério della mia condotta in questo momento che ogni appoggia mi manca. Sta nel principio di evitare ad ogni costo, che sia versato sangue fraterno, a questo principio cedo tutto, ma sappiano loro signori, sappia Europa e il mondo che io, non prendo memeno di nome parte alcuna al nuovo governo al quale mi riguardo estraneo affatto.’

Almost the same fatal words of Louis XVI., when he placed the Phrygian cap of liberty on his head.

Word for word the speech of Louis Philippe, when he signed his act of abdication, and the condemnation of his people. All sovereigns seem to have made a fatal study of the history of our revolution—to have learned, not indeed to resist, in the first instance, when resistance was comparatively easy; not to yield to just demands; not to consider the royal word as sacred as the sovereign's person; but to have learned one sad lesson—that the accusation against the martyr king was for shedding the blood of his people.

The deputation retired, and there was a pause: the gates were shut. The Pope, for a short time, imagined that he had conquered. He looked out, and saw the people, with their arms piled, irresolute, and doubtful; after all, the palace was strong, and could resist a sharp attack. If the Pope had said that he would not shed the blood of his people, that did not mean that he was to allow himself to be driven from his palace by open violence; the mob had long learned to dread the Swiss; they saw crowds of servants standing at the windows, ready to fall in the performance of their duty. In that moment of uncertainty, when any the slightest accident might have changed the fortune of the day, an eminent statesman suggested that cannon should be brought to force the gates; the proposition was hailed with enthusiasm, and, in a few minutes, two

pieces of artillery were dragged to the spot by those soldiers who had betrayed their trust, while, at the same time, preparations were made for an attack on the main gate. The mob took courage from this fresh incentive, and poured volleys into the windows of the Quirinal. The Pope's secretary, Monsignore Palma, was killed by his side at the first discharge. That shot was fired by a man who had sneaked under the windows to take a better aim. The people then endeavoured to set fire to one of the gates of the Quirinal, having brought a load of wood and pitch for that purpose. The servants, driven into the large garden, were fired upon by the ruffians stationed on the galleries of a neighbouring church. Thus, the weaknesses of one man were expiated by the blood of the many. Such is the sacrifice of the world, which ever reverses the scriptural doctrine of Atonement. Vainly the Pope desired his faithful few to stop firing; it was not until the weapons were almost snatched from their hands that they could be induced to give up the defence. At last there was a moment's pause, and the Pope's decision was announced to the people: that decision was communicated in one word—he surrendered!

But even that surrender, unconditional as it was, scarcely sufficed to satisfy the tumultuous rabble, who, like hounds at the death, were anxious

to devour their prey. It required all the efforts of their leaders to prevent them from penetrating into the most private apartments of the palace, and steeping their hands in the blood of the sovereign Pontiff; at last, by menaces, flatteries, and promises, they were induced to retire.

And thus fell the Papacy.

Well might the republican party in Europe congratulate itself upon its victory, for never was triumph more complete. In all other cases of attacks on royal palaces, the triumph of disorder had been weakened by some excuses, by irregularities on the part of the court, or broken pledges on the part of the sovereign. Here, there were no debauched courtiers; the sovereign had conceded nearly all his power, and the government was incapable of tyranny, even if it had desired it; nay more, to complete the triumph, not merely the crown, but the triple mitre, was trodden under foot, and desecrated. Religion and order were struck by the same parricidal hand. But if the rebellion is without parallel, so likewise is the example. They who would learn how anarchy grows with what it feeds on, should study, not the history of the revolution of Paris, but of modern Rome. There they will see how poor an arm is good intention, when opposed

to stern purpose; how weakly to yield is greatly to err; that of all fanaticism, the least excusable is to rely on the good intentions or impulses of a mob. Lord John Russell, a few months since, made some remarks, which prove that the constitutional spirit that animated him when he wrote his *History of Europe*, is not wholly extinct:

Another lesson, says the noble Lord, has been taught us since governments have been disturbed and overthrown in their course; we have seen in other countries of Europe the cause of liberty endangered, and the cause of good government injured, by those who came forward in the name of liberty and democratic government; we have seen in Italy a venerable pontiff, whose benevolence and good intentions no one can doubt, obliged to fly from his capital; we have seen that capital stained with the blood of the minister, who had been assassinated; and we have seen the wild establishment of a republic followed by a foreign bombardment and foreign occupation.

Lord Palmerston must have writhed as he listened to this sentence, for, unimportant as Rome may be in the balance of European politics, the principles which have been staked and lost are always of primary interest. Why did not Lord Palmerston anticipate the advice of the first minister of the crown, in counselling the Pope not to do too much? We have proved how far differently he acted. His Holiness, driven on into progressive reforms by his own weaknesses, was influenced in his conduct, throughout these trying occasions, by the advice

of the English representative, who undertook to teach him constitutional history—a boy, with an English horn-book teaching the Pope to read Italian, were a less absurd and less fatal employment of time ! And that, while Lord John Russell was pronouncing all those fine constitutional maxims in a British House of Commons. If Lord Minto, after his last interview in Carlton Gardens, had only crossed the park to visit the Premier, there Lord John might have quoted to him, as he had already quoted in debate, a famous passage of the great Lord Holland : ‘ That any attempt to give a constitution to a people, and the belief that it could, in a moment, be fitted to it, was as absurd as to think of building a tree, or manufacturing an animal ;’ but, above all, it is to be hoped that, in his final instructions, he would not have omitted this memorable sentence, which has been echoed by every diplomatist in Europe, beyond the boundary of the English missions : ‘ It is not the business of other countries to interfere with any kind of government which a nation may choose to give itself.’

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the events of the 16th of November, the Pope could not be regarded in any other light than as a state prisoner. Like the Emperor Michael the Stammerer, who, snatched from prison to govern an empire, sat on the throne with fetters on his legs. With the exception of a small number of faithful servants and retainers, there was scarcely a person of superior condition on whom he could depend. The moderate party, consisting of able, constitutional, and excellent men—men like Pantaleoni—were alarmed at the aspect of the present and the prospects of the future. The great nobles had nearly all retired to their estates, for which secession they have been unjustly blamed—it is scarcely to be expected that they should have remained, when their presence could no longer arrest the progress of events, but might have called down upon them the full weight of popular indignation; and it is not surprising that they should feel so little hesitation in deserting a monarch, who had so entirely deserted himself; besides which, it must be remembered that their presence could only serve to irritate, and in no way to check, the mob. Events had rolled on far too rapidly. Gallant gentlemen, of ancient lineage and undoubted

bravery, like Ruspigliosi and Teano, had stepped forward on several occasions to throw themselves between the sovereign and his people, but all in vain—the movement had received an impulse that nothing could arrest.

The new government was formed on the 17th of November, it consisted of—

Abbé Rosmini . . .	President of the Council.
Mamiani . . .	Foreign Affairs.
Serini . . .	Justice.
Sterbini . . .	Commerce.
Campello . . .	War.
Lunati . . .	Finances.

Rosmini ran away the first day, and was succeeded by Monsignóre Muzarelli.

There was a lull of seven days—a kind of armed truce. The streets were full of the civic guards, who, dispensed from all discipline, rioted at pleasure. Prince Aldrobrandini, who commanded them, then retired, and was succeeded by Gallieno. No one knew what step the Pope was now about to take, and when, on the morning of the 26th, it was announced that the Pope had fled from Rome, the news fell upon the city like a thunder clap.

The preceding evening the Bavarian minister, the Conte Spaur, arrived early at the Quirinal; about ten o'clock the Pope (having taken a hint from Eugenius IV., who escaped from Rome in the habit of a monk) dressed like a priest; and at

eleven o'clock left by a small garden door, which opens on the hill near Monte Cavallo, where a private carriage was waiting for him. They drove off as rapidly as possible to Albano, where the Contesse Spaur had preceded them in a travelling carriage. The count and his chaplain entered the same carriage, and by hard travelling all night they reached the frontier early in the morning. The passports were all *en règle* for the Bavarian minister, his wife and suite. Even had the discovery of the flight taken place sooner, it would not have been possible to have stopped the fugitive pontiff. Civilization has not yet traversed the Pontine marshes with electric wires, or planted the telegraph on the peaks of the Apennines. Before twelve o'clock, on the 25th of November, the Pope was in safety, under the protection of the King of the Two Sicilies.

History will record, with a smile or a sneer, the diplomatic success of the wily Bavarian; but this success was mainly owing to the influence of Madame Spaur, whose arguments, like her charms, were irresistible. France was deceived throughout, and retired from the unequal contest. As for the Pope himself, he had very little voice in the whole matter. If ever there existed a man who was the victim of circumstances, it was Pio Nono; the last speaker, the last adviser, had always the advantage—

more especially, as was too often the case, if his arguments were based on the personal comforts of his Holiness. He shrank from personal risk—he did not like the French republic, and dreaded the policy of the regicide's son. The French squadron, under the command of Mons. de Courcelles, might prove a dangerous ally. Marseilles was far off, but Gaëta was close at hand; if it had not the comforts of papal Avignon, it possessed at least a happier climate. Orange blossoms grew there, instead of the gaunt, tall, spectre poplars; neither was it associated with eighty years of ecclesiastical schism. Had the drapeau blanc floated over the Tuileries, and the descendant of Saint Louis, the eldest son of the church, the most Christian king, sent the invitation, the result would have been very different. He dreaded the new system, and the name of Cavaignac had not a catholic sound. Placed in an alternative, he preferred the weakness of the Bourbon to the strength of the untried republic.

Now began a series of protestations on the part of the Pope, and of assertions on the part of the revolutionary party. His Holiness appointed a committee of government, consisting of loyal and well tried men; on the other hand, a bona fide, de facto government was formed in Rome, consisting of

Prince Corsinni, Signor Zuchini, and the Marquis Camerata ; on the 11th, Garibaldi arrived in Rome ; on the 19th, the civic guard met, and the constituent assembly was proclaimed ; on the 28rd, an unmistakable republican government was formed, consisting of Muzzarelli, Armellini, Galetti, Mariani, and Sterbini ; on the 29th, the constituent assembly was proclaimed, with the bells ringing, bands playing, and all the paraphernalia of republican festivity ; and on the 6th of January, the famous interdict and excommunication were thundered against Rome.

Rome, excommunicated from the great body of the Christian church, the metropolis of Christ separated from the faith. There was a time when the city of the Seven Hills would have mourned in widowhood ; but the march of ideas which banishes all faith, and licence, which poisons all the good and noble in the mind, had changed the nature of the people ; it had destroyed one belief, and not replaced it by any other ; the movement party in Rome were exactly what Montallembert so accurately styled them, ' *des mauvais petits rhéteurs*,' compared with the great scoundrels of the French revolution ; they talked treason as loudly, but looked over their shoulders all the time, and trembled at their shadows.

On the 6th of February, the constituent assembly

met; Prince Canino and Garibaldi were in favour of at once proclaiming the republic that very same day, but on consideration, it was thought desirable to discuss the measure a little; so that after a number of the worst, most specious, and licentious speeches, it was proclaimed on the 9th of February, and an executive commission was named, which consisted of Armellini, Salicetti, and Montuchi; to crown all this profanation, a Te Deum was sung on the 11th of February, at St. Peter's, and the proclamations addressed to the people were headed 'in the name of God and the people:' never was the name of the Deity so blasphemed, or that of the people so ridiculed.

Strange to say, at the opening of the constituent, Armellini recited all the benefits conferred by the pope: *l'inaugurazione dell' amnistia, la facilita e la e liberta della stampa, l'organizzazione, della municipalita nella capitale, la consulta di stato, la costituzione, e tutte le altre istituzione.* It is useless, after this speech of Armellini's, to cite the famous allocution of the pope from Gaeta, 20th April, 1849, in which he enumerates seriatim all the reforms that he had granted since his reign.

And now, measure after measure, combining every description of tyranny and licence, succeeded each other rapidly. On the 20th of February, all the horses of luxury, and even those used by the

lower classes, were seized in the name of the great Republic. On the 21st, the Banco Romano issued a million and a half of notes; on the 23rd, all ecclesiastical property was declared to belong to the state; on the 27th of March, a forced loan was proclaimed; the ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the universities and all the other schools, was annulled. On the 30th of March, the famous triumvirate, consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, was named—Mazzini having arrived at Rome on the 8th of March.

A system of wanton spoliation, of unbridled excess, of cruelty, perhaps without parallel, commenced. It is true, that the guillotine was not erected in the public places; there was no Place de Grève, no Abbaye, or Carmes. No prison vomited forth every morning tumbrils of miserable victims, devoted to the scaffold. But those human tigers of the French Revolution, were they much worse than the base faineans who now assumed the authority of the papal purple—men whose ambition appeared to grow with the weakness of their capacity—men who throughout never performed a great action, or pronounced a great word—men to be classed amongst those who—

‘Are willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike.’

Who, when they did strike, invariably did so under

a cloak, and persecuted not indeed in the name of the Goddess of Reason, but in the name of the Deity.

No sooner had the French landed at Civita Vecchia, than the Republic was declared to be in danger, and this was the excuse for every possible act of spoliation, vengeance, and folly. The bullion all at once disappeared, and notes poured forth in abundance. Churches, palaces, hotels, lodging-houses of the humblest description—all had to give up whatever plate they possessed, and once in the coffers of the Republic, it rarely appeared again: as Midas possessed the art of turning everything he touched into gold, so these gentlemen had the privilege of converting everything into paper. The 30th of April was the occasion of the memorable attack of the French army, under Oudinot, when they were ignominiously driven back, having attacked with an army, unprovided even with a chart or a telescope, with scaling ladders, or more than two pieces of artillery, and mistaken both the gate by which they proposed to enter the city, and the road which they were to take to reach it; as the result was fatal to the character of the French army, and the conduct of the general, the Romans were not unnaturally elated at this triumph, although in truth, it was not attained by any merit of their own; then the ordinary vices of corruption, cruelty, and ignorance, displayed with

tenfold vigour their diseased imaginations. They thought themselves destined to the conquest of all Italy, and this exaggerated sense of their valour was increased by the defeat of the Neapolitans at Palestrina, on the 16th of May.

By the strangest perversity of mind and vision, the Roman Republic has been cited by some of those who remained at Rome, until it is sometimes proclaimed as the model of good government, of moderation, and virtue; it is true that they who praise it so loudly, thought it, after all, more prudent to observe it at a distance and without the walls; and it is strange that those who had so great confidence in republican virtues, should have selected precisely the moment of their triumph for withdrawing from their protection. The only difference between the Roman revolution and that of 1789, is that the French one was directed by men of greater courage and more thorough determination. There was not much open violence manifested at Rome, but it is quite undeniable that murders, and those of the blackest and most fearful description, were hourly committed, that the people groaned under a reign of terror, that no property was safe, that no respect was shown to rank, age, or profession; we have only to turn to the debates which took place in the constituent, to comprehend the spirit that animated these worthless men, who are now, by the curious in historical readings, exalted as patriots.

‘There was no personal abuse of the Pope,’ say these friends of the constituent. ‘Il Papa e il flagello d’Italia,’ exclaims Agostini, a man by no means one of the worst, who added to every possible vice, meanness and hypocrisy. ‘There was no pillage,’ says another. ‘Sono requisiti tutti gli argenti,’ is the reply, to quote the language of one of that bombastic execrable trio, named the barricade committee, which consisted of Calderi, Cattabani, and Cernuschi. But it, after all, was not in the heart of the constituent that the real character of these excellent men appeared—they were not satisfied with imitating the members of the French convention in debate, but they took lessons from them in the least important points; so they had their Jacobin club, in which they could give unbridled vent to all their hideous doctrines in language as black as their own thoughts; in the clubs and sections the real character of these men might be seen, and he was most applauded who could enunciate the boldest doctrines, or conjure up the most vicious phantoms of pillage and licence.

There the names were recommended for the committees and the spoil was divided. We have mentioned the barricade committee—it was intended that the gentlemen of whom it was composed, that Messrs. Caldari, Cernuschi, and Cattabani

were to place themselves prominently forward, at the barricades; they quite misapprehended their duty, and always took posts immediately behind them; there was the preaching committee (*colla parola viva ed ardente della fede infiammassero e solleversero il coraggio del popolo*), a pity that it never occurred to them to stimulate the ardour of the people by showing them the way to the ramparts; then there was the committee of requisitions (by far the most popular), and the fighting committee, so called not from their own prowess, but because it was their duty to drive all the people before them, and to find volunteers for the posts of danger. Sometimes these three latter committees showed a certain unity of action; the committee of requisitions having fleeced a certain district, the poor people used to crowd into the churches in the neighbourhood to find some consolation in prayer; there the preaching committee appeared, and harangued them by turns; when they were supposed to be worked up to the proper state of excitement, the fighting committee made its appearance, and drove the whole mass, old and young, lame, halt, and blind, up to the ramparts, where their heads gave an animated appearance to the walls, and afforded excellent targets for the inimitable Chasseurs d'Orleans. Again, it was in these clubs that merit was rewarded, and fraternal

embraces, and mural crowns were lavished on those who had deserved well of their country—that is, on those who had showed themselves the most approved rascals. Sauls and Davids flourished here—men who had slain their thousands and tens of thousands; we find even in the reports of the constituent assembly, that a young officer, who had been stationed at the Porta Portese, appeared to give an account of his feats: he declared that for eight days and nights successively he and his men had defended the walls with their breasts; on inquiry, it turned out that he and his men had been behind the walls for two hours a day for eight days. Another man proposed a temple, to rival the Pantheon in size, should be erected to contain the ashes of all the heroes, and that on it should be inscribed, ‘*Gratitudine verso i defensori di Roma, che rinovano gli antichi esenyej di valore.*’ A third man declared that with forty men he had jumped off the walls, and driven back two French regiments, returning only with the loss of one man. There was no limit to the vagaries of the Italian imagination. After the 30th of April, and the appearance of Garibaldi and his picturesque brigands, all their heads were quite turned, and they believed themselves to be a race of heroes. Each man procured the finest uniforms that plunder could afford him, and flaunted about the streets.

Nothing more picturesque than Rome in those days—the strange appearance of the hordes which poured in from the country, the wild songs, the fanatic imagery of an excited people. An artist was the only man who could appreciate the new Roman republic.

And the artists had enough to do ; every one wished to be painted,—art was never so cheap. There are now in Rome many curious pictures, and not devoid of interest. Many painted groups, giving an accurate idea of Garibaldi, a man not entirely unworthy of the picturesque costume which he assumed. His dress was a green blouse, turned up with red ; with slashed sleeves ; red trousers, which buttoned up the sides ; a low hat, with a large plume of black feathers ; the collar of his shirt turned down, to show his neck ; an embroidered pelisse thrown across his shoulders ; a lance in his hand, a carbine hanging by his side, a belt with a brace of pistols, a sword, another brace of pistols in his holsters. His officers wore a red blouse, the common soldiers blue ; all with the same description of arms. They were well mounted, for they stole the best horses ; well quartered, for they occupied the finest palaces. At one time, he had not less than three thousand under his command.

His countenance was not destitute of a certain nobility of expression, somewhat coarse, but showing great resolution ; a clear blue eye, high forehead, small compressed lips, long curly hair, which fell over his neck, long beard, and thick moustache : on the whole, a study for Salvator Rosa, and who was invaluable on such a stage. It cannot be denied that he was an admirable leader of a corps franc ; a man of great courage and resolution—one who never forgave, and who, like Draco, thought the least crime was worthy of death. Sufficiently good-looking to excuse the weaknesses of women, and yet sufficient sternness to control the weaknesses of men, his was the only force in which there was any approach to proper discipline ; and as his troops were collected from all districts, many of which had an innate hatred to each other, the executions which he ordered always found volunteers delighted to carry them into effect, with the utmost zeal and energy. When Garibaldi first returned to Rome, on the 27th or 28th of April, his forces were in the most disorganized state, as we have said, gleaned from every village, and animated but by one desire—the love of plunder. Their notion of the word constitution was the right of taking everything that belonged to the weak and unarmed. These were doctrines carefully inculcated by Garibaldi when he enlisted them ; and no

people could be more surprised than these vagrant gentlemen, when they found themselves subjected to a kind of military discipline, condemned to wear a certain uniform, and only allowed to murder and plunder according to a certain code of rules.

There was another body of troops to whom it would be a great injustice, in this impartial résumé, not to assign no very honourable place—we mean the *financieri*, or revenue officers; who were organized into a regiment, under a man whose name will go down for ever to posterity, not associated with Danton, Saint Just, or Couthon, but with Maillard, Santerre, and Carrière. Slight as the interest which is generally taken in Italian politics, this name has acquired a European celebrity—it is *Zambianchi*. Of his previous life but little is known. In appearance and manner he was one of those wretched beings bred in foul places and obscurity; who crawl out, vampire like, from their fetid lurking-places, when the times are dark and confused, to fatten on the decay of their fellow men. His ghastly, vulgar countenance, sodden and sordid habits of life, and free, brutal and disgusting language, at once procured him a high place amongst those men, with whom such qualities are esteemed as virtues; these *financieri*, under the command of this demagogue, were in the immediate service and under the immediate pa-

tronage of the Triumvirs; the extreme treachery of the character of these men, the secret nature of their assassinations, has been urged in their defence, 'It is not possible,' say the defenders of the Republic, 'to give a list of the murdered.' This is so far true; for people were found every morning butchered in the streets, and no one knew who had committed the fearful deed. The bodies of priests were discovered, concealed in gardens, and the visible evidence of the murderer was wanting; but, strange to say, that those convents in which the blood flowed most, had been mostly occupied by, or very frequently visited by, the financieri; wherever a body gave proofs of a more than ordinary frightful and savage butchery, there some of the financieri had been observed moving about like ill birds hovering over a carcase; but not to make vague assertions, there are some particular instances in which the murders can be brought home directly to Zambianchi himself, or his most immediate followers; for instance, he was for a long time quartered at the convent St. Calisto, in Transtevere, a convent which is now almost in ruins, and occupied by French troops. The 'Quarterly Review,' in its admirable article on the Roman Revolution, speaks of five executions which took place at this convent; and this is one of the assertions for which the writer has been most

severely attacked—it was, therefore, not an unfavourable one by which to test his general accuracy; it so happens that the French detachment now stationed there is the same that entered the city on the morning of its surrender, and I therefore went there, and had some conversation, not only with the officers in command, but with the sergeants and common soldiers, and I learned that the number of bodies of priests discovered, either buried, or with half the body out of the ground, but all in some measure concealed in one small garden attached to the convent, but within the compass of its walls, could not be reckoned as less than fourteen, some said twelve, while others computed them as high as twenty; in a matter of this kind there may be some exaggeration, indeed it is almost unavoidable, but even the smallest number, twelve, is sufficient to justify the language used by the writer in the Quarterly Review, and to cast grave suspicion on the character of those who dispute the existence of these atrocities. It is of course very difficult to obtain sufficient evidence of assassinations which are committed in the dark—but all that can be said is, that in almost every case in which the circumstances of the case could be investigated, the facts asserted by the party of order have been amply vindicated. The murders of the priests, in 1792, at the Abbaye

des Carmes, were committed in open day ; murder shrank not from raising her livid head ; we know from the ecrov of the prison that the number of priests who were martyred there amounted nearly to 100, but under the Roman Republic how can any one pretend to enumerate the list of victims ? some accounts give the missing priests as 180, others again increase the number to 250 ; but who can tell what acts of private vengeance were performed, what dastardly blows were given in the dark ? All this, history cannot record, for the people have never been numbered ; but in such a case popular opinion is in general accurate, and those who live among the lower classes can form a pretty just estimate of the number of hearths which have been left desolate ; and if mourning be not always a test of sorrow, it is at least an evidence of a loss sustained ; on speaking to those who have mixed the most amongst the people, I find that the feeling is quite universal, that the number of murders far exceeded the limit assigned by those who were most hostile to the young republic, and the reply that there were no public executions, only serves to illustrate the cowardly profligacy of those who committed the atrocities.

There is, however, one apology for the Roman citizens, namely, that the most conspicuous characters throughout the revolution were foreigners.

Of their military men, Garibaldi and Avezzanna, were Genoese; Mezacapa, a Neapolitan; Colonel Mettara, a Bolognese; Manara, a Milanese; Galletti, a Bolognese; Durando, a Piedmontese; Terrari, a Neapolitan; the brigands whom Garibaldi introduced into Rome, from the neighbourhood, could not have been less than 2000. The sanguinary and ill-disciplined *financieri* were some 300 or 400, and taken from the frontiers, where they had filled, and duly performed, the triple duties of footpads, bravos, and revenue officers; of the Romans, properly so called, very few were accused of being implicated in the massacres. And it is generally asserted, that the mass of the people were never favourable to the Republican government. This is a point on which the best informed may err; but, undoubtedly, the popular impression is, that all the demonstrations were organized by foreigners, by those commercial travellers of revolutions who travel about with their trunks full of specimens of constitutions, ready to turn out of hand at once any order that may be given them. That such was at least the impression of his Holiness, may be gathered from all his *motu proprios*, in which even when insult upon insult had been showered upon him, he still alluded to that pressure from without under which his people were suffering. I have not concealed, and assuredly in

no way endeavoured to palliate, the evils of the Papal government, but the people were well aware that his Holiness had endeavoured to relieve the administration of its abuses. That they behaved most ungratefully we must admit; that they rose against their benefactor, is a fact which all history will record to their eternal disgrace; but it is something at least to say in their favour, that they acted under the influence of foreign demagogues, who, after they had satiated themselves with plunder, revelled in anarchy, and committed every atrocity, were the first to flee into the country, and leave their twofold victims to bear the evil consequences.

Another point which has been raised by those whose peculiar province it seems to be to gloss over the excesses of popular will, is the extent of the depredations committed by the republicans. It may not be uninteresting here, to give a list of the principal acts of wanton mischief, for which the city guardians are directly and immediately responsible, premising that the excuse of destroying any houses which might serve as out-works for the enemy, could only apply to one side of the town, that which lies in the direction of Civita Vecchia; where the only serious attack was made, and where, at last, the practicable breach was effected.

1. The Ponte Molle destroyed.

2. The Villa Borghese, with all its beautiful appurtenances, and overhanging groves. The appearance of this part of the city, says the Quarterly Review, may give an imperfect idea of Lisbon after the great earthquake. It is not quite that, but the ruin is so great, that even the worst republican must now begin to detest the spirit of vengeance that dictated it. There was nothing without the walls of Rome so admirable, in all respects, as the Borghese Villa. The Pamphili Doria is very lovely, but it is at some little distance from the gates. The Borghese is, or rather was, situated at the foot of the Pincio. The most luxuriant groves, and shaded spots of wild and broken wood, conducted the rider, in summer, to grottos, formed with excellent skill, and to smaller subordinate villas, decorated with exquisite taste. All—all is now gone: the ground presents a dreary waste, a monument of popular frenzy, and Roman disgrace.

3. The Villa Patrizzi.

4. Villa Salvagi.

5. Almost all the vines and houses situated within half a mile of Rome.

6. A great number of houses in the vicinity of the castle of Saint Angelo, and a portion of the viaduct between that fortress and the Vatican.

7. Houses near the Théâtre d'Apollon.

8. Parts of the convents of Santa Maria, in Calio, and St. Sylvester.

9. All the trees in the Forum ; all the beautiful avenues round Rome, for some miles ; the avenues leading to Santa Maria Maggiore. Houses may be rebuilt—the occupiers may find happier and safer residences elsewhere, but these glorious avenues—these noble trees, how many generations must elapse, before our posterity shall stand beneath their grateful shade, as we once have done?

That they gloried in this work of destruction, is proved by the speeches which were made—by the excitement to pillage and rapine given by the mob—by the revolting, verbose, extravagant eloquence to which the people were compelled to listen. Thus spoke the famous, or more accurately, the infamous, Cernuschi: ‘To save this city,’ he said, ‘we have, with the utmost delight, destroyed all the villas and delightful retreats in the neighbourhood of the walls.’ These, and similar declarations, were made daily ; and in the face of these, men turn round and declare that there were no ravages committed. For our part, it is melancholy to dwell on the evil which this handful of excitable, extravagant demagogues—these roving commissaries of rebellion and anarchy—brought on the people.

A very few lines will serve to record the warlike deeds of the republic, after the inauguration of the triumvirate, Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, upon the 30th March. On the 2nd April the triumvirs formed their new government—

Foreign Affairs	Prasiani.
Interior	Berti-Pichat.
Public Instruction	Sturbineti.
Finances	Manzani.
Justice	Lazzarini.
Commerce and Public Works	Montecchi.

On the 25th April, the extraordinary announcement was made, that a French army had landed at Civita Vecchia.

Certainly, the Romans might well be surprised that the offspring of republicanism was to be destroyed by its own parent. France proclaims a republic—in one morning overthrows a dynasty, which, although not rooted in the affections of the people by the divinity of right, represented eighteen years of order, tranquillity, and material prosperity—and when other countries endeavour to follow her example, and wear the same livery, they are met by an armed intervention. Perhaps it was from a feeling of philanthropy, that France interfered, to prevent the Romans suffering all the evils which they had experienced from a republic, one and indivisible. It may have been, to give a little

occupation for French arms, and to create a new Algiers. Or was it for the sake of the catholic faith, that the President, at the moment, imagined that he was sitting upon the throne of Saint Louis, remembered the gift of Pepin, and the oath of Charlemagne? And, not least probable, the expedition had its origin in vain-glorious pride and selfish ostentation. The whole affair was the most miserable combination of Bombastes Furioso and the Walcheren—it was a perfect parody on the operations of the *grande armée*. General Oudinot's proclamations to the army, on landing at Civita Vecchia, and throughout the subsequent operations, are beyond the reach of criticism and ridicule—they rivalled the famous *ordres des jour* of Napoleon after Marengo and Austerlitz.

I have mentioned how shamefully they were routed on the 30th April. May was occupied by all those negotiations of M. Lesseps with the triumvirate, which terminated in the convention immediately disavowed by General Oudinot; and on the 3rd June the attack commenced on the Villa Pamphili Doria. It was taken without any difficulty, and the next three weeks were passed in making the approaches for the siege. Meanwhile, the extreme republican party within the walls were thrown into a state of the greatest con-

sternation. Proclamation followed proclamation, each succeeding one being more violent than the former. Everything was put into requisition. The bullion poured into the treasury—but never issued forth again. Large sums of money were sent out of Rome by the government and its agents. The people were in despair—they knew not which to dread most—the enemy without, or the enemy within. It was only by a system of extreme terror, that they could be driven to the ramparts; and when there, they were more occupied in screening themselves from the danger, than in improving the defences.

The 21st and 22nd June the French occupied the Janiculum, after a slight resistance, and commenced fortifying it strongly. The tocsin sounded throughout Rome. From the Janiculum the shots told with tremendous effect; upon this, Mr. Freeborn, the English consul, invited all the other consuls to his house, and took upon himself to send a note to General Oudinot to stop the bombardment. General Oudinot treated the note with the contempt that it merited. On the 29th the cannonading shook the whole city. People deserted their houses, and collected in the streets. On the 30th another breach was pronounced practicable. On the 1st July, Rome was taken by

assault—the triumvirate resigned—Garibaldi left Rome with five thousand men—and the flag of the French republic floated over the Eternal City.

The Roman republic was at an end. A new government was formed—the cardinals returned, with all their pomp and splendour; again the church was triumphant: then martial law was proclaimed, and the people, for the first time, learned the full force of stern military discipline. For a long time, vengeance satiated itself by secret assassinations, which eluded the ablest police; but these became rarer and rarer, as the leaders of the republican party were expelled from Rome; and as a better order of administration was practised, and happier prospects dawned.

So fell that miserable, mock republic, consigned, amid the ignominy and the contempt of all, to the dust of ages. Let us be thankful for one thing—that we, who cried on the hounds at first, were not in at the death; that although we cheered and halloed until the game was almost run down, that fresh scenes—fresh excitement—fresh revolutions—took Lord Minto from Rome before the Pope fell. But, in concluding this slight sketch, I, in common with others, may be permitted once again to express my shame and regret at our mistaken policy. True, indeed, we are not of the Roman faith—the gods of that people are not our gods, nor their

ways our ways ; but there is one virtue which becomes all nations, and is adapted to all creeds—that is, Charity. It is not to say, that if we had lent the Pope our honest and frank assistance—

That exiled pontiff should have still withstood
A favoured people's black ingratitude.

But if we had not interfered in the manner we did, the events which disgraced the last two years would never have occurred ; this may be an erroneous impression, but is it not sad to reflect that our conduct has been such as to give rise to it—that to our counsels, our interference, a nation feels that she owes her utter misery and prostration ; does it follow that, because we dissent from the Catholic Church, it was our duty to betray its Head ?

It may be answered that it is our peculiar privilege to preach constitutional doctrines to all countries, that politics, like religion, should have its missionary corps.

Take care that, hid under the cloak of political proselytism, there be not a form of vanity ; that in your constitutional crusade your labour be one not of love and kindness, but of egotism and triumph. If a fatal fanaticism tempts some people to neglect all experience, and to evade all the conclusions of reason, a similar fanaticism tempts many too impertinently and inconsiderately to

obtrude their own experience upon the lives of others. It would, indeed, be a strange misfortune to Europe if our own perfection in political science were to be the cause of our intolerance and the measure of our intemperance—mere rectitude of intention is but a poor apology to those who suffer by our want of judgment or the aberrations of ministerial vanity. Indifferent as our countrymen proverbially are to all foreign affairs, they cannot be blind to the fact that, whenever we interfere with the internal economy of any country, we apply a stimulant to the evils under which she is labouring. ‘Oh, he meant well!’ is the reply of those who would extenuate weakness or folly, while they lament its consequences; but it is not the reply or the apology which should be made for a statesman when he has, by his policy, created a universal feeling of mistrust of his honesty, weakened all the confidence in his conduct, broken the ties of old and constant allies. But should his policy have a yet deeper aim—if it be intended to exalt our country by the ruin of others, it is a policy which must be characterised as ignoble, and unworthy of a great state; and whoever so acts is carrying into the public life of England that miserable principle which some men are bold and base enough to enunciate—that success can justify any means, and that the deed which is unworthily acted should be

done secretly. If private society becomes demoralized when such maxims prevail, public morality will equally suffer from the practice. Let the English minister who would associate his name with a truly English policy, remember that all low intrigue and false practices are shallow and suicidal, and that *magna est veritas et prevalebit*.

Quis prevalebit? Shall the Church of Rome rise from her sorrows as great, if not more powerful than before—cleansed from some of her errors, strengthened by affection and poverty?

‘We well know,’ exclaimed the master orator of our day, ‘we well know that revolutionary powers are arrogant; we well know that they despise alike all religion, Protestantism, and Papacy—that they hope and believe that they will carry all this away as the torrent drives the wreck before it.’ More than once have they tried it—they thought, they hoped that they had overthrown all the old *grandeurs* of human society, *mais elles ont reparues derrière eux, mais elles ont reparues plus grandes qu’eux*. That which defied the violence of the French republic and Napoleon may well afford to despise the fantasies of young Italy.

THE TWO ARTISTS.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, a young artist who had studied a long time at Rome and Bologna, and made considerable progress in his profession, returned to the former city, after a two years' absence, which he had passed at Paris. But during these two years, fortune had favoured him to an extraordinary degree. A distant relation had died, leaving him a large fortune, and the brush and easel, except as a pastime, were thrown aside for ever. He now returned to Rome, as a wealthy connoisseur, to purchase those works in the study of which he had toiled and strained every faculty, and assuredly not in vain. The secret of his journey was that longing, hankering over old haunts, which men of strong and refined feeling possess to a painful extent. Perhaps, also, even in his greatness, he sighed after the necessity of that toil, which lends so great zest to amusement. That in his prosperity he thought much of former days, may be judged from his going immediately to the French academy, situated near the Pincio, the scene

of his struggles, and posterity will add of his triumphs. To his great surprise, the long gallery was deserted except by one solitary artist, who was employed in copying one of those masterpieces which are sources of despair, and the incentives of modern art. He stood some time beside him, before the pale youth, without his perceiving him, so absorbed was he in the contemplation of the almost marvellous power of that hand that could paint the Cenci—that could so adequately represent in that pale cheek the long story of horror, suffering, glory and remorse. When he turned round, it was with an exclamation of despair, which was changed into one of delight, when he saw his friend standing behind him. He left his brush and palette.

‘E impossibile François!’ said he, joining both his hands.

The moment he saw his friend of many years, who had commenced life with him, and toiled on in the same almost hopeless career, all his hardships were in a moment forgotten; with that elastic overbond of difficulties, which is the happy and almost invariable associate of genius, he dashed away the past to enjoy the present; he did not stop to pick up brush or palette, or even to replace the Cenci. In a moment, a small, well-worn velvet cloak, which had played a part in many festivities, and bore marks of many a carouse, was thrown

over his shoulders: for if he could not enact Raphael, he at all events dressed the character; the long light hair carelessly tossed off the forehead, fell in ringlets down his back: he had a small laced jacket, with a handsome embroidered collar, and slashed sleeves. Those who found it quite impossible to imitate the old masters on canvass, could at least copy them in their persons. 'No more work for to-day,' he exclaimed, 'Dante himself never imagined a worse punishment than that of being surrounded by excellence to which one can never hope to attain. Thank God, François, you have arrived; we will set to work again together: I have been pining for you; we will go to the Greco and talk everything over—my hand shakes, it will be steadier to-morrow if we drink deep to-night—come along,' and he dragged François out of the academy.

The café Greco was in 1780, as it is now, the resort of all the artists. Time and dirt have given it a classic name and appearance; it is associated with many great and well-earned reputations, but among which there are none more eminent than those which at present grace it. There, between six o'clock in the morning and mid-day, may be found in the long inner room, seated at small round tables, some one of those men to whose toils the princely palaces of our peers and our noblest

galleries owe their chief ornament; and seated among them in frank and cordial companionship, are others, whom circumstances have placed above the necessity of art, but who possess all those classic qualifications which enable them to appreciate it, and that warm consideration which attaches them to its votaries. The painter, the sculptor, the statesman, the English nobleman, the man of genius, all meet together there on the equal terms of great and various acquirements. There is a sympathy existing amongst artists rarely to be found so strongly developed in any other profession, however liberal. Most of the eminent men we see sitting there have probably struggled on together in life, and, it may be added, to their lasting honour, assisted each other in their mutual difficulties; strange that it should be so, but it is ever thus. There is a community, an unselfishness in misfortune, which is not to be found amongst those who have never proved the calamities of the world: they only who have wept, can adequately sympathise with grief—they only who have felt the pangs of hunger, can enter into the sufferings of the starving—the castaway can best realise the storm; and even the same man who would not share the handful of gold, will divide the broken crust with his neighbour. Those who have lived amongst the artists, frequented their

haunts, and studied their lives, will feel that this is no imaginary picture—that it is beautiful to observe the unselfish devotion which these hard-worked, pale, sometimes broken-hearted young men will evince towards one another: they have the faults, the natural faults of youth—youth so sacrificed, so worn—a contempt for many social observances, an independence of, a hatred of, the trammels of a formal restrictive society; a dangerous impetuosity of character—a tendency to adopt the wildest and most speculative doctrines; and what can vain frivolous societies expect, which, in many cities—thank God, not in Rome—pretend to place beyond its pale those great men whose patient genius may sometimes be its greatest illustration, and who immortalize their littleness by an association with their fame? what can society expect from genius, thrown guideless into the torrent of passions, or struggling on in loneliness in a solitude of terror? Society cannot expect that men, who can only exist by untiring exertion, will entertain a great respect for those pleas of social necessity, which too frequently, in some countries, throw obstacles in the way of the development of genius.

On the evening in question the two friends sat apart from the crowd; bottle after bottle was supplied, and their glasses were ever as full as their hearts; they told the tale of the two last years.

The one told of continued struggles and toil, which seemed to have no bourne: to his great astonishment, the latter told of great possessions, suddenly acquired, by a relation who had died most unexpectedly, after having made a will, by which he expressed his intention of leaving all his wealth to some hospital; but the will was proved invalid, so he had succeeded, as heir-at-law, to very large accumulations. No one knew that the old miser possessed a tithe of such a fortune; it was collected in every part of the shabbiest and apparently poorest house—every nook had its deposit; it was hid under planks, up chimneys, and in old stockings—boards collected by worse than African slavery in early life, and preserved by worse than African (only self-imposed) tyranny in later life, and all this left to a relation of whom he never heard, and who could owe him no gratitude, as all he knew of his name was his having heard it sometimes mentioned with contempt.

François spoke quickly and abruptly, as if he disliked the subject, rather than sought it. When he had concluded, he took out a rouleau of sovereigns, and placed them before his friend: 'You shared with me, Joseph,' he said, 'when I was almost starving; not to share with me now were to betray me—to degrade me in my own esteem!'

Joseph took the money, his eyes filled with

tears, but between them there were no artificial refinements, no false delicacy ; it is frequently as great a proof of generosity readily to accept, as readily to proffer.

‘ And Thérèse ? ’ asked Joseph.

It might have been the wine that called that flush to his cheek, and caused his hand to shake, as the glass was at his lips ; but when that name was suddenly uttered, the glass almost fell from his hand.

‘ I do not know what has become of her, Joseph,’ he said, after a long, and even, between friends, a somewhat awkwardly prolonged pause ; ‘ for some time after I left Bologna, she used to write to me—I have all her letters, which you can see ; but, suddenly, she left off writing—why, I cannot possibly imagine. I continued, however, to send her the most impassioned letters. At last, to my inexpressible surprise, one was returned to me ; from that time I wrote no more ;—besides, however willing to overlook the blow to my vanity, I really did not know where to address to. I then wrote to Giovanni—the man, you remember, who kept the house where she used to lodge ; and he told me, that she had left Bologna, and he could not trace her anywhere. I intend going on to Bologna, after leaving Rome. I would give up all I possess to see her once again ; she was

more beautiful than even your imagination could realize. But, let me see—you knew her ?

‘No ; I never set eyes on her !’

‘But you heard a good deal of her ?’ asked François, with the anxious vanity of every young and very ardent lover.

‘Oh, yes—of course I did ! and that she was all that you describe her to have been,’ replied Joseph ; ‘but you know that there must be some explanation of this sudden departure ! Could not you trace her in any way ?—can you be sure, for instance, that she did not go off with any one ? That seems to me to be the most likely thing !’ The greater the friend, the keener the comfort ; this is always the case.

‘How can you suppose such a thing, Joseph ?’ and again the colour deepened in the young man’s cheek. ‘This supposition is so unworthy of you, so unlike your usual generosity—no, I would not have told you what I believe to be the cause of her departure ; but now you compel me to do so, in order to defend her. I used, from time to time, to send her what money I could spare—it was not much, you may guess—but she was very poor, and I believe it was of use to her ; but small—ridiculously small—as my presents were, she returned them, after once or twice accepting them. I sent them back a second time ; and then, in her last letter,

she told me that she would never live on me, or be a burthen to me, and all that kind of thing ;— here is the letter!’ and he pulled out of his pocket a piece of paper in which it had been most carefully preserved ; ‘ give me the wine,’ he continued ; and it was not until he had drank off two bumpers in succession, that the firmness of his voice and manner returned.

The letter was pretty much such as are written every day—of questionable grammar, much laboured in parts, but passages scattered through it full of nature’s eloquence—that eloquence which no study and convention can ever give. To the young man it spoke volumes. It was quite unnecessary for him to carry it about, for if he had lost it the next moment, every line was well known to him.

‘ Is it not sad, Joseph,’ he said, after his friend had read it carefully, ‘ to find myself so rich now, able to make her happy, and then to have lost all trace of her ? And then your horrible suspicion ! But no, no ! that is quite absurd—you cannot have entertained it, except in joke. But what a fool I have been in going to Paris. Far better for me, in my frame of mind, to have remained at Bologna ; even although I might have lost this great fortune by doing so.’

‘ Oh, nonsense,’ said Joseph, with the breadth and simplicity of a poor man who pines for every

luxury which his vivid imagination can paint ;
'with such a fortune no man can be long unhappy.'

'The happiest moment I have enjoyed has been to-night, when you have allowed me to share it with you.'

They looked round ; the café was quite deserted. They had sat long after the usual hour. The small, pale, damp flaring lamp in the inner room had been for some time extinguished, and they were sitting in comparative darkness. The waiter had, some time, unnoticed by them, been elaborately stumbling over every stool, and making the jingling glasses rattle again in the bar, for the purpose of disturbing the interesting conversation ; but it was far too engrossing for such bye-play. At last, overcome by their pertinacity, he was compelled to tell them that, by the orders of the police, the café was to shut at midnight, and they would be held responsible.

'One bumper more, then, François !'

Joseph lived in the Via Ponte Cisto ; and the two friends commenced the inimitable process of seeing each other home. When they left the café, the streets of Rome presented the same dull appearance which they always do at night ; the rare lamps, trimmed with bad rancid oil, glimmered with a flickering light on the broken and sloppy pavement. Wretched looking beings sat cowering

wherever shelter could be found ; not that there were not sufficient institutions for the reception of all the suffering ; but the characteristic of Southern Italy is to prefer independent misery. At moments the chorus of some wild Bacchanalian song was borne down some cross street, and only ceased when the heavy measured tramp of the guard was heard in the distance, or the row which the patrol made when, probably by the way of enlivening their march, they thundered at every half-opened door with the butt end of their muskets ; then there was the long melancholy howl of the myriad dogs who own no master, and live under the papal protection, and, considering how well they thrive, we may suppose the papal benediction. There was nothing which tended to enliven their conversation as the two friends strolled down the Via Condotti to the Ponte St. Angelo.

A city slumbering, and still—its passions, its thousand chariot wheels, and myriads of energies sunk into repose—is always solemnly suggestive : as we gaze upon it, with the lights and shadows of the wavering moonlight playing round its temples and penetrating to its sanctuaries, we must reflect how much of that city which has been styled Eternal, as it were in the bitterest mockery, or as the most solemn warning, has crumbled away, and become the earth upon which generations have trod. All

that is eternal is its ruin, just as the most supreme act of our life is our death. Stopping, like these two young men on the banks of the Tiber, to gaze on the long line of ancient palaces and glorious monuments of the past, we recall the ages which have looked down on these marvellous memorials of art, of pride, of lust, of empire—all now a tale that is told—a tale by some even discredited. So gazing, even youth must pause in the giddy laugh, or the interest of the moment, and feel that by it also the inevitable stream is passing for ever; other waters will flow, but the same stream never returns. The Tiber flows at our feet; the broken line of the vast halls of the Vatican, the proud dome of the most glorious pile ever reared in honour of a Christian faith, the two united emblems of dominion and faith, break the line of the horizon, but not the harmony of the picture; the palace and the church joined together; the temporal and the spiritual powers of the church, represented by their juxtaposition: the obedience preached at the shrine of the Apostle, and the authority proclaimed from the lofty presence-chamber of the sovereign; but not far distant from them, and also united to them by an internal communication, towers the gigantic proportions of Hadrian's Mausoleum, once the tomb of imperial pride, afterwards the theatre of papal excess, and now the abode of grief and

repentance, converted to all uses, sacred and profane. Claimed by the church so early as the sixth century, it was placed under the protection of the Archangel Michael; his statue stands upon the summit in the act of sheathing the sword of pestilence, which had desolated the fairest districts of the city. It is a glorious thing to stand upon the bridge which the art of Bernini has adorned, to look upon that pale silent sculpture, which can for so many ages preserve the semblance of that form which even mausoleums so glorious as that of Hadrian fail to retain within their circumference; to watch the broken clouds as they roll, edged with light, around the modern magnificence of the present, and the colossal ruins of the past; to picture to the mind even the mighty fabric of that Christian church, itself struck by the hand of time, or the yet ruder hand of man; to picture Rome as she may be when our names, and the names of our children's children, are no longer remembered even as beloved and household words; when the city may have again deserted the Campus Martius, and have reclaimed the ruined forum, or become nothing but a barren waste, like Palmyra or Nineveh; and then to think that, amid all this desolation, there are two things which will survive alike the heathen monument and the Christian edifice—the lust of dominion and pride, which reared the one

so high, and the humble, but confiding faith, which laid the other foundations, lowly it may be, but laid them upon a rock.

François and his friend were artists, in the truest sense of the word; they stood in silent admiration of the scene.

Rome has this great advantage over every other city, that her abounding associations with past history are also the associations of our childhood. We have read of every spot which we now gaze on with mingled awe and admiration. Tales which we were told as amusing fables, here assume a palpable reality. The she-wolf, the vultures, and the seven hills, the marvels of which nurses used to relate, here stand before us as living evidences of their veracity. The works of nature or the immortal sculptor, the stories of great warriors, of pagan extravagance, and early Christian suffering, are here proclaimed to be authentic; and, above all, and superior to all, is heard that voice, which, declares that all that is born of man shall pass away, that the proudest nations shall crumble into the dust, and with that dust, wherever we turn, our feet are soiled.

‘ You promise me, François, that you will come to the academy to-morrow night,’ said Joseph. ‘ You remember that it is our great *soirée*, and I can assure you that we have models now,

that rival any you ever saw. Some of the Abruzzi appear to me more beautiful than ever. There is one woman—Marie—who is turning all our heads, and making our brushes tremble in our hands. You should see her in her new boddice and the flowing head-dress, as she appears on *fête* days ; but you are low, to-night, François. Well, I will not bore you any more with my descriptions. Come, and judge for yourself, to-morrow-night. We meet, as you know, at nine.'

François gave the required assurance, and they parted.

It must, indeed, be that man is born to toil—to the exercise of all his faculties ; that quiet to quick bosoms is a hell, for repose and idleness depress the heart that is accustomed to emotions. The young artist, who had no longer the animating stimulus to active labour, regretted his daily occupation, the necessity of working ; but it was useless for him to toil, when he had the means of living in comfort without it, and he felt that which is the truth—that all labour, to be effectual, must be compulsory ; to be effectual, must be constant.

The next evening, at eight o'clock, the young artist strolled towards the academy—out of compliment to the wishes of his former friend ; and from an affectionate partiality to his early habits, he remembered the time when he had

formed one of that joyous, light-hearted, toiling band, when his sympathies were blended with theirs, and his hopes all tended to the same goal. He put on his artist's gala-dress, a closely-fitting jacket of purple velvet, with gold embroidery, which none but female fingers could have worked so delicately ; a bright Armenian sash, large velvet trowsers, slashed at the sides, and fastened with small gold filagree buttons ; a small cloak, lined with white satin, was thrown over his shoulders, and his thick curls fell over his collar from beneath the low hat with the drooping plume, which completed the picture. I have already remarked that, until the last two or three years, the artists adhered to this picturesque costume, but the republic has held them all in pawn.

It was, as Joseph said, on the preceding evening, the great night of the week when the Academy met together to select their models, and to ascertain their subscriptions. They entered by a rather narrow flight of steps, into a long gallery, in which were ranged a succession of pedestals, about three feet high, on which light frames, adapted for the repose of each figure, were arranged. Near each of these, brilliant lamps were placed, so managed as to enable each artist to throw the light on the figure, as he might judge best. The furniture of this long room harmonized with the

purpose for which it was intended. Specimens of the best masters hung upon the walls, and, between these, heavy curtains of dark red fell in massy folds to the floor. Here the *genus loci* had been evidently studied, and not in vain. There was something in the soft half light, in the whole atmosphere of the gallery, which prepared the mind for the study and the appreciation of the beautiful; that many felt it to be so was evident from the number of easels with which the floor was crowded. Each pedestal had some two or three grouped round it; the palettes were prepared with the various colours, so soon, by the magic of the mind, to assume the shape of living figures. When François first arrived, the room was empty; he had leisure to contemplate the various pictures which were scattered about, and to indulge his imagination in tracing the beauties of the originals from the faithful copies. At nine o'clock, the gallery began to fill; groups of artists were soon collected in different parts; some few amateurs, admitted as a most especial favour, were loitering about, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the models. One by one they entered; some quaintly dressed, some representing ages long gone by, others in the most graceful undress. Each, as she entered, went to her particular pedestal, round which a knot of the young

artists soon collected, and discussed, in an animated manner, the beauty of each particular attitude.

‘Theodore,’ said a tall, pale young man, with all the intellect arising from study and thought depicted on his countenance, to a youth of very tender years, and almost feminine expression, ‘Theodore, your hand must not shake as it did last week, when you looked at Pauline, or else you must give up the school of living subjects and keep to the historic. Men in armour, or modest, white-robed ladies will suit you best. Woman, in the glory of her womanhood, will defy you. Remember that, to make the hand work firmly, when the blood is tingling in the veins, and glows in the cheek, is the first study, the great effort and master-triumph of the artist.’

The boy coloured deeply.

‘Come, Theodore, never mind,’ said his calm and passionless tormentor; ‘if you blush so prettily I will give you a place in my love-scene, as a Cupid, hovering over the Naiads. Keep calm, man, keep calm; that is the only advice I give you, and it is well meant; for warm hand never yet painted bright lady. Remember that, and you will do.’

The boy only blushed more deeply than before, and affected to arrange his easel, in order to con-

ceal his emotion. He was very young and simple-hearted ; fresh in all his sensations. It was but the third time that he had entered that studio at that witching hour, surrounded with all the refinements of art. Oh, yes ; the advice was good : if youth could but possess the cold caution of age, what things might it not achieve ? What, then, would be the limits of its possibilities, or even its desires ? Even standing, in the morning, in that centre of genius, surrounded by the masterpieces of the golden age, he had felt all his soul expand, for, mingling with the noblest selections of the choicest galleries, were the best copies of the finest frescoes ; he had gazed on Guido's Aurora ; on the Loves of Venus and Psyche, with eyes fixed in mute admiration, and his heart almost ceased to beat. There, too, was the copy of the Aurora of Guercino, which is preserved almost scrupulously from public gaze by the jealous care of the Ludovisi ; and not inappropriately placed next to it, was Fame, blowing her trumpet—that Fame which obtained the triumph she was intended to represent. If such was the effect of the morning view on Theodore's mind, what must it have been in the evening, on that first occasion, when he beheld living beauties equal to those from which the master-spirits he so emulated, copied—when he beheld them, surrounded by that soft, studied, subdued light, which aided the

delineation of every charm, but concealed any partial defect of form. Then his brain was on fire, his pulses throbbed ; he thought that all eyes were fixed on him to study his emotions. He had classed himself with those who were studying Pauline—a fair young form, who represented Eve—with one hand holding the stem from which the fruit had fallen, while, with her cheek reposing on her arm, the spirit of a new dream was dimpling round her lips. When he looked round, he marvelled to see all his companions working steadily, and quietly scanning the proportions with an accurate eye, and riveted to their art. He took the brush, but never, in his earliest studies, had he so entirely failed. Through the long drooping eyelash, Eve saw the novice, detected his anxiety, rejoiced in his failure. A slight flush tinged her cheek. She looked towards him with a playful, malicious smile, and the brush fell from his hand.

François stood there, in the midst of all this interest, silent, almost abashed. He thought of the time when he was as one of them ; now, although he was in the midst of them, he was not of them ; he knew that, after all, there could be but little sympathy between the man of large possessions and proportionate cares, and these joyous, light-hearted groups, who, having nothing to lose, had nothing that could occasion them anxiety. He

knew well, that sympathy depends not upon the will so much as upon identity of interest ; here was a glorious life of independence, uncertainty, and aspiration, that had deserted him, or which he had voluntarily deserted. Yes, he thought, what could be more beautiful than the scene in which he was placed : he knew Rome thoroughly, but this scene was unrivalled as it was without parallel. He had wandered by torchlight through the countless and matchless galleries of the Vatican. When the mysterious light lends its charms to the delusion, and the pale Apollo stands like the solemn creation of another world, stamped with immortality on the brow ; at Athens the works of Phidias and Praxiteles had taught him that there exists a poetry, a sense of the ideal in that climate, which colder nations never attain to, and which even Rome sighed after in vain ; but there was something in the scene before him which called up all the poetry in his nature, and gave him a more living sense of the beautiful, because it was real ; there were collected the daughters of Rome, the most lovely in feature and in form. The draperies thrown around them were classically disposed, and heightened each charm. Not a murmur was heard ; for all conversation, after the first few minutes, had died away, as each student, absorbed in his particular study, was endeavour-

ing, with suppressed breath and trembling lips, to make the hand delineate on the canvas the glowing forms which were depicted on his brain.

One pedestal was still vacant.

‘Who is this for?’ François whispered to Joseph; ‘and why do you not work at something? I shall go away if I make you idle!’

‘I am not at all idle!’ he replied; ‘but my model has not come yet; when she does arrive, you will observe a sensation even among these hackneyed fellows, for she is the most beautiful that has been seen for a long time; according to the rules, as you know, she ought to be here before nine; but we are indulgent to a young sitter; besides, she has only recently arrived in Rome, and last Saturday was her first appearance,—meanwhile, come here, and I will show you the sketch of her. I put it away in this corner, for it is so slightly touched in, that the least thing would rub it out—you will scarcely make anything of it, in its present state.’

François followed his friend a few paces.

It was a classic composition; as Joseph said, the features were scarcely discernible, but sufficient could be distinguished to show that it was such a form as Athens loved to see wandering amid her porticoes and silver olive-groves. The figure exhaled love, but love so tempered with modesty and grace, that the chariest maiden

might have gazed upon her unoffended. The attitude was chosen from one of those beautiful ancient cameos—those small ideals of womanly beauty, which the earth has preserved buried in her bosom, and which we respect now as much as in the season when they were purchased by the Roman ladies, as the rarest and most precious of Etruscan antiquities. François stood wrapped in thought; there was something in the look, in the graceful attitude and soft expression, which for the moment recalled to him the countenance of her whom he had loved in his youth, and he stood there forgetful of all that was passing around him.

He was absorbed in contemplation, when he felt a slight touch on his arm; he turned round, the original had taken her place on the pedestal, resting on a couch, with her head half reposing on one hand, while the other lay languidly on the graceful drapery, she lay there motionless, shadowed forth as in a dream; her hair, such as Georgione loved to clothe his ladies in, fell in lines of light over her figure; her long eyelash drooped upon her cheek, and concealed the scene of her triumph from her gaze; the blood of youth, of Italia, warmed in her cheek as she lay in not unconscious loveliness. François looked, and as he gazed the blood first mounted to his temples, and then left his

brow pale; damp and pale as an eastern twilight when the sun has once set. It was but a moment, and the doubt gave place to the fulness of all conviction; the next he was kneeling at the foot of the couch, and pressing those throbbing lips to his own. Yes, it was Thérèse—Thérèse who had so rejected his offerings. She who preferred to suffer in silence, rather than, as she imagined, to rob him of the pittance which he so hardly earned. She who was associated with all his proudest and earliest triumphs; who, in a word, he had loved as men of his temperament ever love, with an absorbing passion.

All looked on in amazement, but, extraordinary as the scene presented to the Academy, there was no light laughter or idle mockery, for real, honest, genuine feeling always obtains sympathy, and never vainly claims respect. For François it was a moment of happiness rarely felt—he needed no explanation from her: it was later he learned how much misery, how much real privation she had suffered—how she had come to Rome in the hope of finding him, having bitterly repented her overwrought and romantic resolution, which induced her to return every proof of his affection—how she was compelled at last to make her beauty subservient to art, and how, on this second occasion, she had

approached the Academy after a long delay, and with a trembling step—all this that night she told him.

But for the present.

Absorbed in the joy of the meeting, the present was forgotten. François seized her hands—he pressed them to his lips, he kissed her golden hair; then, as the scene in which he stood burst on him again, as all the glory of her beauty dawned upon his senses, for the first time in his life he adequately felt how Art is the handmaiden and twin-sister with Love.

She was springing to his embrace, when he arrested her.

‘Stay, Thérèse, one moment.’

He placed her again in the same eloquent position. Beautiful, pre-eminent in loveliness before, what must she have been now, when love, and love blessed and returned, flowed in her veins and stamped her countenance with its divinity. François stood there like one inspired—pale with emotion, he seized the brush from the hand of his friend, who had stood by, mute with astonishment; in breathless anxiety he dashed the colour on the canvas, while, as time slipped by, men looked on in wonder, for the picture grew not in hours, but in minutes. He had caught the inspiration of the moment and the scene—the soul, that which

every picture craves for, the soul was there; then the foundation of an immortal work was laid, which after hours brought to perfection. From that day, the young man felt he was indeed an artist: possessions, pleasure, luxury, all were forgotten for art; all passions sacrificed save love. But that love never deserted him—it was his solace in despondency, his animation in his difficulties; it was the end, as it was the origin of, the success of a great man, whose name, like that of his companion, will go down to the latest posterity. These names are François Boucher and Joseph Vernet.

THE MOUNT QUIRINAL.

‘And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said to the centurion, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned? When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman.’—Acts, xxii. 25.

WHEN these words were spoken, the Roman empire was even at that moment comprehended in the period described by Gibbon as the decline and fall of the Roman empire, but that decline was spread over the ample period of four centuries. Long after Paul had spoken the words, ‘I am a Roman citizen,’ which were heard with a respect amounting to awe, even by Eastern satraps and tribes beyond the Danube, the empire increased in her gigantic proportions; none could escape from the imperial will, for the whole known world was Roman. The altars of the God Terminus had been long since overthrown; from beyond the Indus to the feros Britannos, from the burning sands of Africa to the steppes of the frosty Caucasus, there was one will and one standard. Rome outgrew her strength, and with her strength her virtue. We

read of all this, feel and believe it as an historical creed, and yet it is not until we stand on some elevated spot, when the vast plan of the ancient city lays developed at our feet, when ruins proud and noble, even in their decay, meet the eye, that we fully comprehend the privileges attaching to the name of a Roman citizen.

So it was on the last days of February, on such an evening as gives one cause to regret the versatility of the climate, because we are then compelled to admit that there are evenings in Italy such as Northern climates never know, that I stood with Melvius in the gardens of the Quirinal palace. The evening was calm, warm, and still as the most delicious May; we had passed from the depths of winter to the bright and joyous summer; we heard the fall of the waters as they flowed in delicious monotony from the fountains of the Monte Cavallo; the orange-trees, alas! had been greatly damaged by the severe frosts, but a few days' sunshine had brought some blossoms to perfection, and winter had not diminished their fragrance; a flood of light, not pale, limpid, watery gleams, like a northern sunset, but real sheets of molten gold, were poured upon the city, as she lay beneath us; in the beauty, in the stillness, in the association of the scene, there was everything to make the heart feel. The vast monuments of the ancient republic

and the glorious productions of the early Christian church were there laid in the same soil—the cross surmounting alike the wondrous obelisk of barbarian origin and the elaborate columns of military glory; around, the triumphal arches and ancient forums, the dense masses of miserable houses, compressed into the smallest space, were struggling for breath. On our left hand, on the Monte Cavallo, stood the noble horses, the works of Phidias and Praxiteles—monuments alike of the triumph of the Roman arms and Athenian taste; close to the piazza the noble palace of the Rus-pigliosi, a house not unworthy of an alliance with the last of the direct line of the Colonnas, extended its ample wings; behind us, in a misshapen mass of galleries, halls, and spacious squares, stood the Quirinal palace—the cradle and the tomb of pontifical greatness, the palace where the conclave meet, and whence the Pope overlooks and blesses St. Peter's patrimony; and again, beyond us, on either side, turn where we may, stretched out far and wide those stupendous relics of glorious and useful works—the high-ways, the fountains, and the aqueducts of imperial Rome; the fountains which even now defy the ravages of time and the powers of imitation. Nor is this all, for from the same spot might be discerned, mingled with these memorials of past greatness, the monuments of

modern pride—palaces which the proudest aristocracy might envy, associated with undying names—Colonna; Ruspigliosi, already mentioned, but on which one cannot dwell too long; Orsini, Caëtani, Doria, Borghese, Altieri, Ghigi, Della Valle, Malatesta; and scattered over the Campagna are the remains of many castles, which would rank as old in any other country, which here are but the records of comparatively modern times—falling monuments of feudal triumphs and religious wars.

I stood silent and thoughtful for some time; when I turned round, I observed a smile playing on Melvius' lips.

I divined his thought, and asked him: 'Is it possible that you do not admire this scene—that all this beauty and glory is lost upon you? I can see by your smile that you mock my enthusiasm. I know that you will begin telling me the old story—there is nothing practical in all this; where is the use of ruins?—much better take down the walls and erect comfortable houses, like the barbarians who——'

'You misapprehend me, and misread history,' said Melvius, interrupting me. 'You are going to speak to me of the devastations of the barbarians; but mark, it was not the barbarians who spoiled Rome, but the Christian emperors and pontiffs—the descendants of Constantine and St.

Peter ; it was during the middle ages that halls of Parian marble were converted into quarries, and Ionian columns were taken as props for the roofs of broken hovels. Alaric and Attila were friends to Rome, compared with the supreme Pontiffs. But you are right in one respect ; I confess that I do not look on this scene in quite the same spirit as you do.'

'And how is that? I am sure that you are going to tell me the old story—something about bales of cotton, spun yarn, exports, imports, and corn laws.'

'It was nothing of this,' Melvius replied. You imagineso, because, looking round you over this wide and magnificent, but now desolate Campagna, you must feel as I do, how much greatness, magnificence, and wealth may be succeeded by waste and pauperism. You imagine I will allude to trade, because you know that these wondrous highways bear testimony not only to the extensive power of a nation, but to the necessities of commerce, and the intercourse of mankind. I might, indeed, show you how Rome crept stealthily from her seven hills, until she embraced the Tiber for the advantages of trade ; just as Florence descended from the heights of Fæsulæ to the banks of the Arno, for the benefits of commerce. And then, again, looking on these palaces mingling

with these miserable hovels, I might show you how superstition has kept mankind in a state of pauperism : I might show you how noble establishments have failed to fulfil their mission—or charity to obtain its end. All these, it is true, are subjects in some degree indirectly connected with bales of cotton, with commercial subjects, and freedom from restriction in mind as well as in purse. But you have brought all this upon yourself, I never intended to allude to it.'

'To what, then?'

'I was only thinking that there is a secret vanity in man's love of the past. These ruins which lie around us are a kind of guarantee that human society exists beyond the life of the individual, and that all that is by man created, shall leave some vestige behind him. Your feeling, I could perceive, was one of pride at what man can achieve—mine, one of regret at the manner in which all his attainment falls short of his objects. You look at the Coliseum as an evidence of the glory of the empire—I, as a proof of its weakness. You admire St. Peter's as the grandest tribute to the operations of faith—I reflect in sorrow how Christianity has too often lost its aim, and how ambition and avarice have made of sweet religion a mockery of words. When you gaze on the Capitol, I am confident that you are thinking of the

triumph and the pageant—the emperor and the sword. You can picture the famous milk-white oxen dragging the triumphal car: or the scene changes to the coronation of Petrarch, and the glory of the last of the tribunes. I look upon it as the spot where every vanity was indulged, every passion inflamed, every treason hatched, every tyranny practised. You call me practical and narrow-minded; I call you extravagant and selfish.’

‘Why selfish?’

‘Because you only seek after the beautiful in every country through which you pass; and shrink from examining the truth. Your only object is to discover an Italian sky, to realize the dreams of your youth, and the descriptions of poets, without paying any attention to the real state of the people. You gaze with admiration on the pomp and brilliancy of the catholic hierarchy, and do not, for a moment, reflect on the squalid misery with which it is associated—some might say, which it even causes. You are an optimist—a kind of Doctor Pangloss. You are like a man who passes through a golden vineyard—observes the branches bending with grapes, and sees only one crop and one result; yet forget that men, like grapes, are divided into three categories—grand crus, crus bourgeois, and crus ordinaires. You are selfish, because, delighting in poetry, you will see nothing

but the poetical. Even my observations at this moment annoy you, for they compel you to turn your attention, for one moment, from the beautiful to the practical.'

'You miss a great enjoyment,' I answered, 'when you deny yourself all these agreeable impressions.'

'You wrong me,' answered Melvius: 'I am not blind to all this; but it suggests quite a different chain of thought. You live a life of agreeable visions—I, pardon me the expression, rather seek after the useful. You must have read, in the immortal historian, that Alaric and Attila, with their barbarian hordes, protected the physicians, when all other prisoners were oppressed and degraded. The idea and the citation, you will tell me, are alike barbarous; you differ from me, when I tell you that I would sooner see one great ample charitable foundation, than a mass of ruin, which only speaks of war, rapine, and plunder. Look at all these castles, which are scattered over the Campagna; you admire them simply because they are old and picturesque. True, they are well situated, some on the slopes of deep ravines, others tower aloft in the midst of the wide plain, as if inviting all the wild fowl to take refuge, among the ruined walls, from the dark storms which so often sweep down from the Alban hills. But then I, on the other hand, see in these tombs of past greatness the mere memorials

of bitterest persecution; when every noble was armed against the other, and while the shout was for the good estate, the poor, standing between the contending parties, were trodden under foot; in fact, I remember history, when I look at its evidences. In your frame of mind, instead of a history of the middle ages, you should carry with you a sketch-book and a pencil, and indulge in your own historic imaginations.

‘Your state of mind,’ I replied, ‘recalls to me the lines of Petrarch :

Qual vaghezza di lauro e qual di mirto
Povera e nuda vai filosofia
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.’

‘Come,’ said Melvius, ‘the twilight is dying away; let us stroll down towards the Capitol.’

We crossed the Monte Cavallo, and descended the hill which leads to the beautiful fountain of Trevi; for a moment I stopped to admire that wondrous cascade, which gushes through and over the wilderness of rock—now in a wide and uninterrupted stream, and then again flowing in innumerable rills. ‘Here, at least,’ I exclaimed, ‘is the triumph of civilization, a monument of the perfection of art, which even you must admire.’

Melvius touched my arm gently, and pointed to the steps, and there for the first time I beheld, seated on the brink of the fountain, a woman with

misery stamped on her features—her withered breast refused its nourishment to a child in her arms, which was too weak and sickly to complain ; near to her, and with his arm leaning against a marble pillar, was a man of some seventy years of age, with the limbs of a child ; a long, grizzly, dishevelled, and ragged beard fell over his bosom ; he had a small placard fastened round his neck, which told us that he was blind, infirm, and destitute of all things ; on the other side of the fountain, two or three ragged urchins were pelting one another with the stalks of vegetables, one of which chanced to fall close to the woman, and she clutched at it, and with a frenzied glance commenced devouring it. In one corner of the small piazza stands the church of St. Vincenzo ; it was a fête day, and the ground was strewn with rushes, and a crowd of gay and happy-looking women were thronging the door-way ; the contrast of the bright colours of some with the black veils or white head-dresses, worn by the peasants of the different villages, was striking and beautiful ; but the fall of the waters without, and the chanting within, drowned the plaintive voice of suffering ; so all passed in—not heartless, but thoughtless. A little beyond the church, and almost facing the fountain, a small lane opened into a court, which, even from a distance, bore a filthy and fetid appearance ; on approaching nearer,

squalid misery might be detected in all its fearful detail; there were foul cellars, with the damp dripping from the roofs, heaps of straw, on which human beings were grovelling and groaning, some were almost too ill to murmur; when a few baiocchi were bestowed upon them, their eyes gleamed with a wild unnatural lustre. In the great metropolis of Christianity, men were almost perishing for lack of sustenance.

We were both silent and thoughtful; passing on, we arrived at the Piazza St. Apostoli, and as we looked through the arch of the Colonna Palace, now occupied by French troops, in whose magnificent halls the commander-in-chief was quartered, I recalled to him the memorable reply of the last of the Colonnas, who, when all his lands had been laid waste, his fortresses destroyed, his noble palaces overthrown, was asked, by Petrarch, 'Where was now his fortress?' laid his hand upon his heart, and answered, 'Here!'

Gloriosa Colonna in cui s'appoggia
Nostra speranza e il gran nome Latino.

A great name, illustrated by worthy actions, and the noblest alliances, of which the last, the Rus-pigliori, is second to none. Strange vagaries of time—the French cavalry were manœuvring in the square, and soldiers loitering about at the gates; some were standing in admiration before the magni-

ificent eagle recently found in the Golden Palace of Nero, that eagle which had hovered over the imperial triumphs of Rome and France; then we walked on through the Foro Trajano, where broken and sunken columns, cleared from the mass of rubbish, tell that tale which is even more curious than the relics themselves—how many feet of decay centuries can accumulate; walking round the Capitol to the Forum, from the Foro Trajano, is but a short distance, and there the vast ruins of the Golden Palace, the triumphal arches, the glorious columns of republican pride, burst upon the view—temples and trophies all so marvellous. It was the first time for many years I had trod the Forum, and for a time I forgot the presence of my companion; but soon my pleasure required sympathy, so again I touched Melvius's arm, as though we had been in silent argument, and my advantage was undeniable. But he shook his head, slightly:

'You do not admire even this?' I asked, in a voice in which some vexation might be detected.

'I see it all,' he said, with a slightly mocking smile; 'the spot where Tully spoke and Cæsar fell!'

'Surely,' I replied, 'it is marvellous ground from the Coliseum to the Capitol, what would you have more?' I remember long years since, when I first came to Rome: whether it was I excited my fancy, and imagined that I felt deeply, or really

was imbued with a strong love of the past, and interest in classic spots, I cannot say, but I rushed through the streets the moment I arrived at Rome, in a perfect frenzy of anxiety. True, Rome was not what I had pictured her; in the first place, the snow lay three or four inches thick upon the ground—the ruins were choked up—the seven hills were almost ideal; but I really did feel strengthened in mind when I reached the Coliseum, and I wandered here for two or three hours, a most marvellous proof of interest for me, with my thoughts absorbed in the past—I, who am so apt to dwell upon the present, and to interest myself in it. I admit that my feelings are now quite subdued. I have become more material, see more of the brick and mortar, less of the ideas with which they are associated. But do not, my dear Melvius, destroy the little romance which is left in me—God knows, there is enough matter of fact in life, without endeavouring to bring it palpably before us.

‘There is something in what you say,’ he continued, in a more serious tone, but what I differ from you in is, that it is sufficient for you that a thing is old for you to like it; even the vices and weaknesses of the Romans are regarded with leniency, because Horace sang and Juvenal satirized them. I agree in all you say, that the Forum is a marvellous spot, and

suggests much thought; but it seems to me that these thoughts should all be tinged with a melancholy character; you regard each triumphal arch merely in an architectural point of view, and discover no meaning in the friezes, and the triumphs which they record. Look at this first arch—what does it celebrate? the virtues of Caracalla and Ceta—the cherished tyrant of a subservient senate, and the people only one degree less depraved than the persecutor.

‘The people!’ I exclaimed, ‘why so?’

‘Because a degrading tyranny can only be tolerated by a degraded people.’

‘But I pass on: the first temple on the left is, I perceive, dedicated to the Diva Faustina, the celebrated wife of Marcus Antoninus; surely, as we look at it, we must marvel which is most remarkable, the falseness of the woman, the simplicity of the imperial philosopher, or the hypocrisy of marble. All I learn from the inscription is, that a goddess is not necessarily chaste, or the most virtuous of men and emperors safe from a vicious wife. Turn to the right — there is the golden palace of Nero: how many acres does it cover?—what orgies were celebrated within its walls? let your imagination clothe the walls with golden tapestries; let dainty maidens, garland-crowned, dance in voluptuous measure. I turn

away disgusted, for I seem to listen to the groans of the thousands who perished there in passive testimony to the greatness and truth of their faith. I see the young abandoned emperor, in the dress of a charioteer, splashing his chariot with the blood of those holy men, which blood washed away the last vestiges of Paganism.'

'Well, then,' I said, 'here is the arch of Titus, under which we are now passing, its seven-branched candlestick, and its emblems of the spoils of Jerusalem, beneath which no Jew ventures to stand—look how beautiful its proportions are—how graceful is its workmanship—surely this can claim your unreserved admiration!'

'Nothing can win my admiration,' was the reply, 'which speaks of persecution; and when you tell me that no Jew will pass under this arch, I recal the manner in which the favoured race is treated in this most Christian city. This arch crowns the Via Sacra, as though nothing in this world were sacred but plunder and rapine; instead of perpetuating this memorial of the destruction of a mighty people, which teaches others to improve on the hint which it conveys, I should think better of the operations of a revealed faith, if it led men to the church by gentle persuasion, and taught them that the handmaidens of a true faith are charity and love.'

Having passed under the arch of Titus, under the burning glance of two Jews who were standing by, and had probably caught some portion of our conversation, we stood before the wondrous Coliseum. If the character of a man may be imagined from the style of house which he builds for himself, so may the character of a nation be judged from its national undertakings; and in no structure can the Roman mind be so evidently traced, as in the vast proportions of this stupendous amphitheatre—its immense extent, its huge dimensions, the gigantic plan on which it is formed, the bold design which it has realized, overcome the spectator; but, on a closer inspection, it loses something of the interest which it at first creates. There is nothing which the human mind so soon becomes accustomed to as magnitude, and, on examination, the Coliseum is remarkable for nothing but its gigantic size; they were giants in mind in those days; but the Ionian symmetry, the Attic grace, the exquisite workmanship, where are they to be found? nowhere in Rome: the works of Rome, like the empire, were overpowering, universal, colossal; the very stones of which they are composed would defy the cunning workmen of modern times; but in general they are rude, almost unwieldy—testifying rather to physical strength, overwhelming wealth, than to mental superiority. Such is the Coliseum,

which all men agree in admiring and many have shown, but which is rather the work of a rude and barbarous age, than of a highly-civilized and gracefully-educated people. So I expressed myself to Malvina.

'No, no,' I exclaimed, 'let look on the Flavian amphitheatre, without being struck with the boldness of the design, and the sublimity of the execution. When we enter it, it is like approaching the tomb of some mighty giant, which fills the mind with a vague feeling of awe at the greatness which it once contained. Here we agree.'

'Yes,' said Malvina, 'we do. You for once, are moved to regret rather than admiration. When I enter the Coliseum, and see the crosses planted in the centre, I confess that my first feeling is one of perfect astonishment. The Christian faith professed the pagan ruin, where the apostles of that faith were torn in pieces amid the execrations of a wild and barbarous multitude. It was not so in earlier days. During the middle ages, the papal hordes of Paul III. and Urban VIII.—not to mention a long list of popes—pillaged the whole fabric, to sell the materials. You remember the well-known rhymes, which have done more to immortalize the Barberini than the mitres which they monopolized, and the palaces which their rapacity ravaged. But what strikes me as so curious is,

that while the pagan memorials were thrown down, the pagan practices, so strongly reprov'd by the great Councils, have, in so many instances, been preserved. The spirit has departed, but the forms remain; and no man dare touch them, lest the whole system perish. This is the origin of many of those observances and forms which frighten your honest Calvinists, and induce them to shake the dust off their sandals when they leave the Holy City.'

'It would seem,' I observed, 'that the popes are proud to have their names associated with the pagan relics, to judge from the number of inscriptions which we see.'

'Yes, indeed; soon this very fabric will be a huge pile of modern brick-work: and every pope seems anxious to record his name and importance on each hideous excrescence that these workmen raise. I remember when—now, alas! some years since—wasted years, indeed—this spot was very different. I then, when rich in poetry, used to wander here for hours, reading Byron's immortal description of the Coliseum; or, even happier association still, the last chapter of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; a work which will endure as long as the ruins of the city which it illustrates. Yes, then,' exclaimed Melvius, 'like yourself, I used to picture the glories of the great Republic—'

a republic where all things were imperial, even to their decay. Then I lamented, as you now lament, the progress of innovation, and even shunned improvement.'

'Yes,' I said, (and the truth now began slowly to dawn upon me) 'there is not a greater difference between the past and the present of Rome, than there is between yourself at forty, and what you were when you first visited these spots. The monuments have not changed—the testimony of the historian was powerful then as it is now—nothing has changed but yourself. But, let me pray you, do not lead my heart to premature old age: it will come soon enough—only too soon. I shall return here again when many years have passed by, and then, perhaps, I shall talk as you do. All that you have said only leads me to this conclusion, that spots we have lived in and loved in our youth, should never again be tested by the cold experience of middle age.

February 10th, 1850.

'You are fond of antiquities,' said Melvius, the next morning; 'let us go to Campagna's.'

'And who is Campagna?'

'Have you never heard of him? one of the most remarkable men of this town. I say remarkable,

because, where there are so many dilettantis—men who indulge in the smattering rudiments of every science—it is always delightful, as it is remarkable, to find a man who really does devote himself to one pursuit, and, what is more, succeeds in it; but I will not tell you what it is—only come with me, and we shall, perhaps, be induced to renew our discussion of yesterday.’

But, in truth, I was not so. I had learned, in a short time, that no folly is greater than that of reasoning, or taking advice, on matters of feeling—all men are the best judges of the truth of their own sensations. Melvius yesterday had silenced, but in no degree influenced me; there was so much reason in all he said, that it was quite unanswerable; but, on that very account, I did not wish to expose myself to a second defeat; and yet, despite his admirable knowledge and unassuming superiority, I felt that, in this instance, I was in the right. The heart, after all, is the best monitor on questions which involve the affections.

Melvius would not tell me who Campagna was, or why he led me so rapidly through the intricate streets which separate the old Campus Martius from Monte di Pieta. There was nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of the house which we entered, except, perhaps, that the stair was even

narrower and dirtier than usual ; but my surprise was great, upon entering an apartment on the first floor, to find myself in a kind of museum full of antique vases, beautiful and elaborate specimens of painting, which could only boast of slight perspective, but were, nevertheless, fraught with merit. Living within the atmosphere of art, as we do at Rome, the mere fact of being introduced into a gallery, even of such large dimensions, had nothing remarkable in it ; but what astonished me was the perfect state of the vases which I saw, and their admirable arrangement.

After passing through five or six rooms, which I scarcely had time to glance at—for my guide hurried me rapidly through them—we reached one which was quite filled with female ornaments—there were bracelets, earrings, diadems, all apparently of the purest gold, as they undoubtedly were of the cunningest workmanship. The whole room was full of these ornaments, which would defy the art of any modern jeweller. ‘ See,’ I exclaimed, ‘ how great this people were. You talk, Melvius, of delicacy of touch—where did you ever see such perfect productions among the schools of modern refinement ?—you tell me, again, Melvius, that we can learn nothing from Rome.’

Melvius smiled incredulously.

‘Why do you laugh?’ I continued; ‘can we, I ask you yourself, imitate these works?’

‘Not successfully, I will willingly admit,’ was the reply.

‘Yet you smile.’

‘At your earnestness; because it testifies to the truth of my principle—that all enthusiasm is erroneous, and that error is frequently enthusiastic. To whom do you suppose these armlets belonged?’

‘To some Roman matron, to be sure!’

‘And this knight in armour, this skull, these weapons, all the equestrian trappings by which we are surrounded, also belonged to a Roman?’

‘And why not—are they not worthy of them?’

‘Certainly so; but on such a day, some two thousand years since, two men possibly were discussing, as we are now—the antiquity of the very relics whose origin we are now puzzling our brains to trace. Look at the perfection of these ornaments, buried for some three or four thousand years—their origin was as much a mystery to the Romans as they are to us. The Etruscan cities were equally the theme of speculative discussion in the first century of Rome as they are now; is it not incredible that these evidences of an organized society remained so long buried in the soil which the Roman peasant tilled? How little did the

knight, as he pricked his steed over the wild Maremma, imagine that he was scattering, with his horse's hoofs, the dust of great cities. If you are in ecstasies at the forum, and your imagination can conjure up its classic populations and great historic names, how much more surprised must you be at this collection of Etruscan relics, this undeniable proof of an antiquity, which was for a long time a mystery even to the Romans. I know nothing in this great city which conveys to me so much interest amounting to awe, which satisfies me so readily of the littleness of the greatest ambitions, and the short span of duration of the mightiest empires.'

'It would seem,' I exclaimed, with delight, 'that our ladies are imbued with Etruria. Why, here are chatelains, just as they wear them now; and these rings (for whole drawers were now exposed to view), they are precisely the same shape and appearance as those which were produced from the stores of Castellani. Surely there is some deception—it is impossible to conceive that these have been dug up from the ruins of cities whose dates the boldest chronologist finds it difficult to determine.'

'It proves that people in all ages have the same vanities; and strange that vanity appears to be the most undying of all qualities—for mark, in all

excavations, whether here or at Pompeii, the most abundant crop invariably consists of female ornaments. But look here, at this last room—you observe it is fitted up exactly to represent an Etruscan tomb: the walls are painted just as they were found, the armour hung up exactly in the same spots. There lies the man who fought, probably, so well, for over his skull are hung, you may observe, a variety of crowns and golden wreaths. ‘I devote my life to the gods and fame,’ he must have exclaimed; but, alas! the question is now—what were his gods? and this fame for which his bones are bleaching here is as empty and hollow as his tomb. How little could he have imagined that the very existence of the country which he thought to immortalize would become the sport of schoolmen and the battle-ground of mere speculative antiquarians. Look at the armour—it is almost as bright as it was when he first wore it; the ring contains as pure a gem; the golden ivy leaf keeps its shape. Here he rests in peace—the Etruscan warrior brought to light by an Italian dilettanti for the admiration of a London traveller. What a singular association of ideas, and how it compels us to reflect on the possible fate of Rome, and even of our own country, on which, in the language of bombastic oratory, the sun never sets.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I can realize the picture which

is sketched with the powerful pencil of Macaulay—that the day may come when some traveller from New Zealand, standing on a broken arch of London Bridge, may be sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, just as in the former days Tacitus, writing of England in the time of Tiberius, thus describes us: 'Quidam in Britanniam rapti, et remissi a regulis, aut quis ex longinquo venerat; miracula narrabunt. Vim turbinum et inauditas volucres; monstra maris, belluarum formas; visa, sive ex metu credita.'

'I come here again and again,' said Melvius. 'Little known by strangers, it is the most remarkable spot in Rome. Campagna himself is a man of great taste, and well informed upon the subject of Etruria: in his society you feel as if you were living in a past generation—his language has caught something of the antiquity amid which he gropes, and the eccentric character of his pursuits. But you will gain a great deal from him, for on each fresh examination, you will leave him more and more impressed with the fact which you blamed me for asserting yesterday—that all the memorials of past valour, of beauty, and grandeur, till my mind not with admiration at the greatness, but with melancholy regret at the littleness, of all human objects.'

THE FEAST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

THE most able writer on Italian affairs in the 'Quarterly Review,' reflects severely upon the Pope for growing fat during his residence at Gaëta; he says, that shame and sorrow ought to have operated very differently upon his constitution, and that he should have left the little province of Gaëta a living skeleton, in honour of the church. This view of the case is, however, on consideration, rather unjust and partial; the life of the Pope at Gaëta, contrasted with that which he led at Rome, was a very agreeable one; those who have had the pleasure of visiting can never forget—and those not so fortunate must frequently have heard, of the beauty of the bay of Mola di Gaëta. There are few spots on the whole shores of Italy so perfectly lovely—even the climate of this favoured spot is fairer than at Naples; it is sheltered from the Tra Montana by a low mountain range, to the tops of which the arbutus and cactus climb, and at the feet of which the wild flowers cluster and cover the plain with every variety of tint. During the residence of the

Pope at Gaëta, the two towns of Mola and Gaëta were crowded to the smallest attics by officers, courtiers, ambassadors, and all their respective suites; men of war were continually arriving and departing; salutes were fired from morning to night; it was a scene of such excitement and enjoyment, which after the turmoil, anxiety, and annoyances to which he had been subjected at Rome, might well excuse the Pope for growing fat.

It must not, however, be supposed that his Holiness was idle all this time; his constant occupation was one which will startle Exeter Hall out of the Strand; he was daily employed in arranging religious festivals, or in deciding religious controversies—and among these controversies the most important was the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; and of the Feasts, the principal was the festival of the Golden Rose.

It certainly is a remarkable proof how entirely the Papal government is preoccupied with its ecclesiastical affairs, to the detriment of all civil matters, when we find the whole sacred college intent, not upon the question how the government was to be carried on, whenever the Pope should return to Rome—what ameliorations were to be made—what practical reforms introduced into the administration; but full of one idea, the solu-

tion of that question, which has for ever perplexed and divided the disputatious powers of the Church, whether or not the Blessed Virgin was born without original sin; and, at the very time every one was anxiously expecting in Rome that some exposition of political views would precede the Pope's arrival, the following letter, penned by his Holiness, and subscribed by Cardinal Patrizzi, was the only official document which appeared to gratify and reassure the people.

'In this year, we are fully aware that the anxiety of all the beloved sons of the Holy Mother is greater than usual, and that they are anticipating with increased joy the approach of the coming festival, because their affections lead them to believe that that most glorious day is about to dawn, in which, by the infallible decree of the church, will be proclaimed as an article of the Christian faith, that which, up to the present time, has only been accepted as a holy hope—that is, that the Holy Virgin, from the first moment of her birth, was immaculate, and free from all original sin. This decree of the church is earnestly prayed for by the whole Christian church; it represents the unanimous desire of the clergy—and such we are fain to hope and believe will be the final decision of the supreme Vatican.

'And, oh, how glorious is the hope which springs in our hearts when we imagine that in a very short period so marvellous a virtue will be finally admitted to the blessed Mary; *from that event we are confident we shall date the happy moment when all seditions and tumults will cease.* That then the minds of men will be turned towards holy things, and that peace will be for ever restored to the church and to the world, and the prophesy of the Prophet

Isaiah will be fulfilled, when the people shall repose in the beauty of holiness and in the tabernacles of the faithful.'

It is not from the least desire to speak disrespectfully of the doctrines and creeds of the Romish Church, that I have quoted this *motu proprio*, but because it is a very striking instance how entirely the executive government is absorbed by these mystic questions, and how much more reliance they place on their efficacy in governing a country than on the solution of all the great political questions, is proved by the hope expressed that the Papal decree of the Immaculate Conception would restore peace and happiness to the people. We must, with regret, assure his Holiness, that the French bayonets are a much more efficacious way of preserving tranquillity and order, without which blessings there can be no peace and no happiness.

The Golden Rose was another subject which occupied all the attention of the Papal court at Gaëta.

From the earliest ages of the Romish Church it has been the custom for the Pope, at a term of years, or sometimes even annually, to bless a golden rose, which he afterwards presents to the worthiest son of the church. And, it is needless to say, that the rose is supposed, after this ceremony, to possess every possible virtue, and to bestow inimitable blessings on its owner.

Carlo Cartari enumerates the privileges belonging to the rose: it bestows grace, faith, and strength, on the happy recipient. The rose was selected among all other flowers, as the most beautiful and the sweetest, 'because,' says a very old tract, 'the Scripture speaks of the faithful as the sweet-smelling savour,' and St. Giovanni Chrysostom, writing about the apostle, calls him a rose, saying, 'such a rose did Rome send to Christ; the rose,' he continues, 'possesses the virtue of strengthening the weak; besides, the leaves of some roses of Plinus Rhodius, never wither, and are frequently eaten, to prevent the poisonous effect of serpents. Finally, the rose is a faithful image of Christ, because, in all its beauty, it is surrounded by thorns, so Christ was also crowned with thorns, and bore them for our sakes.'

Padre Bompiani, in a graceful conceit, writes—

'The sun's flower is the rose,
She buds forth with the morning's light;
At noon full charms she will disclose,
And dies away at night.
Her leaves are like the sun's bright rays,
Because they die with dying days.'

Our own sovereigns have frequently had the golden rose presented to them: Richard the Second received it on account, says the Bull, 'of his justice, his fortitude, his prudence and temperance: justice which he exercises in judgment, fortitude in all his

adversities, prudence in difficulties, and temperance in all things.' In that rose are three substances—the gold, musk, and balsam, and these three represent Christ, in whom are three substances, his priceless nature, which is represented by the gold, virtue, which is represented by musk, and divinity, which is signified by balsam. 'The signification,' continues the Bull, 'of the whole, is a moral one, that by fasting and prayer, the seeds of virtue blossom into beauty and holiness, so that the lustful become chaste, the proud humble, the gluttonous soberminded.'

Henry VIII. received the rose from Clement VII. ; little was it then imagined that the monarch, who, on this occasion, signed himself *Devotissimus et obsequentissimus, filius Dei gratia, Rex Angliæ et Franciæ, dominus Hiberniæ, fidei defensor, Henricus*, would have become the great enemy of the Romish Church. 'Holy Father,' writes the king, 'I kneel down and kiss your feet ; with what pure joy do I receive this most blessed rose from thy hands ; consecrated by the sacred balsam, which, from its most inestimable odour, can preserve my body and mind from all destruction, as a most precious medicine.'

Volumes have been written as to the virtues of the rose, and the ceremonies which accompanied its presentation, and Pio Nono thought that upon

this occasion no more appropriate present could be made to the king of Naples. The solemnities to be observed, and the whole ceremonial of the proceeding, occupied public attention for a long time. It is on the fourth Sunday in Lent, called by the church the joyful Sunday Lectare, that the Pope, dressed in his robes of state, blesses this rose, which is sometimes, as in the case of that presented to our own Richard II., adorned with precious stones, and his Holiness pronounces the following prayer:—‘Oh, God, whose power has made all things, and whose power governs and sanctifies all things; oh Lord, who art the happiness and joy of the faithful, vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this brilliant and odoriferous rose. My people will receive this rose as a sign of happiness and joy.’ After this prayer, the Pope anoints it with a balsam, sprinkles on it some musk powder and holy water, incenses it, and deposits it on the altar, where it remains exposed during the holy sacrifice.

Certainly if any sovereign was worthy of the rose, it was Ferdinand II., who entirely devoted himself to the Pope during his residence in his kingdom. All that I remark upon is, the time which was devoted to the most puerile detail of the presentation, to the grave councils, which were held on this subject, and to the strange indifference to great events that were passing around him, which

permitted the Pope at such a moment to concentrate all his attention on these festivals; it is one other evidence of the perfect impossibility of discharging at the same time the functions of a temporal and spiritual sovereign; and I am sure that the Pope was far happier at Gaëta, regulating all these mysteries and ceremonies, than he can ever hope to be in the Vatican, carried along by the ever rolling and increasing stream of progressive reform.

OF THE TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY OF THE POPE.

IF, residing far from Rome, we were to have submitted to us an account of the charitable establishments which exist within the walls of the city,—if, too, a stranger perused all the benevolent edicts and expansive theories which emanate, from time to time, from the Vatican and the Quirinal, he could not fail to be satisfied that no government was better administered—the condition of the people nowhere so enviable as in Rome,—that there was no city in Christendom where the obligations of charity were so diligently and universally discharged ; in a word, he would have a very high opinion of the union of the ecclesiastical and temporal powers.

Let him come to Rome, examine into the real condition of the people, and he will soon find his mistake.

It is certainly true that Rome may vie in charitable and benevolent institutions with any city of

Europe, and bear the palm from all ; but when, unhappily, we come to inquire how these charities are administered, we find that the revenues are squandered on persons who are far above poverty, some even in felicitous circumstances. When we are told that so many people have been relieved, it frequently only means that the same person has been relieved several times. There is very little check in the distribution of this vast wealth. The theories of government are most beautiful, and yet the people are debased and degraded. The Pope addresses *motu proprio* after *motu proprio* to his beloved subjects ; and yet he well knows that the government of the priests is entirely opposed to the feelings of those who are peculiarly designated Roman citizens.

And if all these evils do exist, is it strange that we should attribute them to the ecclesiastical government ?—remember, it is not only that from the most distant point of the Campagna the great dome of St. Peter's is visible, that its shadow falls upon the whole city, but, that the influence of the high priest who sits in the Vatican is felt in the most obscure corner of the city, and penetrates into every room. Remember, again, that at Rome the church possesses everything. Public monuments, princely palaces, as well as every civil in-

stitution — all speak of the Papacy ; every history of every epoch bears its testimony or its tribute to the Catholic faith. Even on an Egyptian obelisk, the most prominent words which the curious traveller can discern inscribed, are ‘ Pontifex Maximus ;’ is there a heathen monument—the cross is engraved on its pedestal ; is there a wall, a bridge, a fountain, a palace, which does not recal the name and glory of some pontiff ?

But, after all, it is not so much the physical evils that are to be deplored in Rome ;—true, the first impression of a traveller, on arriving in the centre of the great city, is painfully struck by the sordid misery which infests the streets, and which lurks near every corner ; in some parts of Rome, it may truly be asserted the city is little more than an accumulation of miserable hovels ; as Wordsworth has beautifully remarked of Athens, the least ruined parts of the city are the ruins themselves ; dirty, half-naked children swarm around you ; from behind every palace-gate, and at the porch of every house, beggars of filthy aspect, and exhibiting the most disgusting maladies, claim a charity which their presence is calculated to destroy ; the common stair of many of the houses is too frequently the common drain ; there are districts in Rome which

lazzaroni at Naples, whether he will perform any commission at a time when he is basking almost naked in the sun, his reply will be, 'Non ho fame !' This is quite a sufficient reason for his idleness, and he will not move a muscle until he begins again to feel the qualms of hunger ; but, after a fair examination, we shall find that the evils existing in Rome are even more moral than physical, and arise from the absence of all education ; and that habits of indolence are inculcated even by the noblest charity which is administered according to the caprice of some body of men, and not as the payment of labour. We are compelled to assert, that the union of the ecclesiastical and temporal power is the source of much evil to the people, on the authority of no less a person than the Pope himself.

In a despatch of Lord Minto, written from Rome on January 23, 1848, he describes a conversation with the Pope, which, on Lord Minto's part, is a strange farrago of nonsense, but not without interest.

The Pope, after some observations of Lord Mintos', said :—

'There was a peculiarity in the nature of his government which did not admit of so free an expansion of liberal institutions as were admissible in others.' I said, 'that in one important feature

that this government was not only unlike, but the reverse of all others ; that elsewhere the church was subordinate to the state ; and that here the state was subject to the church : but that, after all, this need not necessarily affect the character or action of the government.

I said, moreover, ' that I looked on the church as represented by the Pope, as the sovereign of the country. It matters not who is, or what is the sovereign ; the duties of sovereignty are the same in whatever hands it may be ; in most countries, the civil and the ecclesiastical administrations are distinct, the state manages its affairs. Ecclesiastical affairs are managed by the ecclesiastics themselves ; and if the Queen interferes with them in England, it is only as head of the church. Why should not some such separation exist here ?'

If the Pope understood what Lord Minto meant, it is more than we can hope to do. But one important point was gained—the Pope admitted the great difficulties which such a form of government presented.

His Holiness might have added, that the nature of the government is not only opposed to liberal institutions, but also to liberal education. Now, without a sufficiently liberal education, the comfort and prosperity of a people can never be greatly advanced.

On another occasion, the Pope said to Mr. Petre, that every one must know the difficulty to be encountered by him who united, in his own person, two such exalted dignities.

The fact is, that the whole system of the Catholic Church of Rome is one of contradiction : when we are disposed to paint, in the liveliest colours, the gorgeous splendour of the Catholic hierarchy—its picturesque hues, its bright scarlet and purple, as of Tyrian dye ; its costly robes, which fall in graceful folds beneath the lace of exquisite texture, such as Vandyke loved to paint ; when we look around on the columns of marble and porphyry, its shrines adorned with stones of rarest virtue ; or monuments, the grandeur and elevation of whose character testify to the faith and piety of those who reared them, we cannot, at the same time, forget the moral ignorance of the thousands who draw near those shrines on their knees. When we look at the cardinals in the pompous equipages of purple and gold, we must glance, not without a deep interest and commiseration at the people who are standing by the way side. The abrupt contrasts of the Catholic church are at all times most remarkable : its benevolent theories and imperfect practice ; its doctrines of mercy, and severity of government ; the altar and the prison, ever side by side ; it passes at once

from the wild licence of the carnival to the most rigid abstinence; from the most solemn ceremonies of the holy week to the dissipation of Easter; from the awful consummation of the passion to a light and joyous strain; life and death, light and darkness, morning and night, are not more antagonistic; but nowhere, as we have already remarked, is the contrast more apparent, than between the magnificence of the temple and the squalid hovels which surround it; between the glory of the worship, and the physical degradation of too many a worshipper. The most striking features of the Catholic church are derived from these strange contrasts. Thus, we see pale, emaciated forms kneeling before the shrine of the beloved apostle. When his Holiness stretches forth his hand and blesses the people, his voice falls upon ears which are duller than the stones, and on hearts that are crushed as the forms which contain them.

In all honesty it must be repeated, that the union of the temporal and spiritual authority in the Papal government is opposed, even on the authority of the Pope himself, to liberal institutions, that is, to a liberal education, which fits men for liberal institutions.

Alas! why did not the Pope think of this when he first came to the throne? Why did he com-

mence at the wrong end of the chapter, wishing men to run before they were able to walk alone? Why did he not remember, if he ever had met with the profane writings of Monti,

Che l'amor di liberta, bello se stampa,
Ha in cor gentile, ma se in cor basso e lordo.
Non virtu ma furore e sceleranza.

The misfortune of the Roman government, alike spiritual and temporal, is its ridiculous attention to forms and dogmas. Thus, strange to say, in the very heart of the church, in the centre round which all Christianity lives, there is, perhaps, less religion than in any other part of Italy; thus it is that all the old ceremonies are so pertinaciously adhered to. The church is built upon dogmas; and, as every Pope thinks he must do something to immortalize his name, and there is very great danger in touching any of these ceremonies and forms, the only way in which he can be remembered is, by adding to them; and it is precisely the same thing in the civil government. Every idle form and officious interference is most carefully adhered to, and sensible improvements are stopped. The qualities necessary for great social ameliorations are always wanting to the papal government — time, patience, and experience. Meanwhile, every one, from the Pope to Mazzini, cries out lustily, invoking the sympathies of the

people. One person advises them one way, another the contrary ; to-day one doctrine is started, to be refuted by its opposite on the morrow ; and while each party is contending for the privilege of protecting them, the poor people, as too frequently happens, are torn in pieces.

It is not only those who, by their religious tenets, are opposed to Catholicism, who complain of its abuses ; there are the statements of others who cannot be prejudiced in their opinions. The best Catholics do not scruple to admit that the society is corrupt, the government ill administered and ill regulated ; that justice, such as we understand justice—that is, a system impartial in its administration and beneficent in its operation—has no existence ; that the government from first to last is based upon erroneous principles, and even these principles are injudiciously carried out. It is not only the Protestant who exclaims that the laws are powerless for good, and impede the progress of social life, instead of assisting its march. Only the other day, before the revolution, it cannot be denied that taxation overlooked the cardinal's couch, and fell on the indigent. Monopolies existed everywhere ; even the most princely families having monopolies of the sale of meal or milk for some particular district. The consequence of all

these evils are, that the character which St. Bernard gives of the Romans formerly, is applicable to them at the present day ; that ' they are seditious and cruel, intractable, and scorning to obey.'

What are we to think, then, if all this be universally admitted ; if even since the revolution the priestly government has returned improving in nothing, learning nothing, reforming nothing ; are we to believe that the Church of Rome contains within itself the seeds of all those evils whose existence we lament ?

This would be a very hasty and ill-founded judgment. At Rome it is not the heads of the church or the authorities who are corrupt. Take, for instance, the College of Cardinals ; it is in general composed of men of moral and religious lives ; they have only moderate incomes, and yet their private charities are comparatively very large ; the breath of slander is never blown upon them ; their intentions are excellent ; but then, alas ! it must be remembered that in general they are not men of any practical experience ; their very education is opposed to all intellectual development. Thus it is that they scarcely knew how to check the mal-administration of their subordinates ; men like Pio Nono, who would become great reformers, are like moles, who see very clearly within a short

distance, but nothing beyond ; that after the first blow is given to some abuse,

They start away as if afraid,
Even at the sound themselves have made.

They are like men who walk in the dark, and perceive in the distance a glimmering light; if they endeavour to reach it, they stumble at every obstacle, and risk doing much damage; so they remain inactive from the fear of moving, and even close their eyes to the light of conviction. The fact is, that the evil is not in the church; it is in the peculiarity of the papal form of government. Remove this evil, and the church would become greater and more powerful than ever.

And how can this, in the nature of things, be otherwise. The church is founded on absolute doctrines. Obedience, veneration, and unconditional submission are the chief virtues. The rock on which the church of St. Peter is built, well represents the deeply-seated convictions and unyielding substance of the Catholic church. This is as it should be; for obedience is the first of virtues, and convictions are wholly unworthy of the name, unless they are stoutly maintained; but these principles, which are admirable in the application to a church which cannot change, are totally at variance with the system upon which all civil government must be carried on. The spiritual

obligations and requirements of men never vary ; they are immutable, and as great now as they were when Christianity was first preached ; but it is not so with temporal obligations and requirements, which are constantly varying, and assuming new shapes. How, then, can it be expected that men whose education, habits, interests, faith, all turn in one direction, can possess two sets of ideas ? If they are well adapted to the government of the church, of course this fact must prevent them sympathising with the spirit of the age. The education of churchmen is based on every kind of restriction ; how, then, can they understand a system which is founded on concessions ?

The proof that it is not the religion, but the action of the civil government which is opposed to the welfare of the people, may be found in the circumstance, that, in the provinces, where the influence of the central administration is less felt, and where the municipal privileges have been warmly cherished, there the character of the people is entirely different to that of the Roman citizens. There the authority of parents is respected ; the people are civil and obliging, and by no means extortionate ; the forms of religion are fulfilled with decent and scrupulous attention, and crime is of rare occurrence. If this happy state of society exists in the very neighbourhood, in the immediate vicinity

of Rome, the influence of the church itself cannot be so pernicious as many would have us believe.

Then, if the government at present established in Rome, and combining these two exalted dignities, is incompatible with the social happiness and moral improvement of the people, does it possess any other advantages? Has it at least realized the object for which it was instituted? Has it added to the dignity of his government, or the independence of his spiritual authority?

It must be admitted that it has failed to realize both these objects. Since the primitive times, says Gibbon, the wealth of the Popes has been exposed to envy, their power to opposition, and their persons to violence. Gregory the Seventh, who may be adored or detested as the founder of the papal monarchy, was driven from Rome, and died in exile. Six-and-thirty of his successors, until their retreat to Avignon, maintained an unequal contest with the Romans. Their age and dignity were frequently violated; and the churches, even amid the performance of the most solemn rites of religion, were polluted by sedition and murder. A long list might be given of the Popes who have suffered martyrdom, not in the cause of religion, but in the cause of civil government. It is true, that for four centuries, since Eugenius IV., no Pope has been expelled by tumult from Rome, until this last sad

instance of successful rebellion; but they have had, nevertheless, to submit to every indignity, and to the extremes of violence. Hume has drawn a masterly, but, to the historical inquirer, no exaggerated picture of the condition of the Popes in the Vatican:—‘Though the name and authority,’ says he, ‘of the Court of Rome was so terrible in the remote countries of Europe, the Pope was so little revered at Rome, that his inveterate enemies surrounded the gates of Rome itself, and even controlled the government in that city; and the ambassadors, who, from a distant extremity of Europe, carried to him the humble, or, rather, the abject submission of the greatest potentates of the globe, found the utmost difficulty to make their way to him, and to throw themselves at his feet.’

But we say that his independence of action is essential for his position. Hear Fleury on this subject:—

Since Europe, says the great cardinal, has been divided amongst so many independent princes, if the Pope was the subject of one of them, there would be reason to fear that the others would not regard him as the common father of the faithful; we, therefore, believe that by the peculiar providence of God, the Pope is an independent prince, so that he cannot be easily opposed by other sovereigns.

It is not, however, difficult to prove that this object has never been attained; that Rome

has, for centuries, been the centre of political intrigues, the spiral round which all passions and interests wound; but forget the past, and merely confine our observations to the present time — the actual existing state of society — where is the independence of the Pope? Is it to be found in the occupation of the French army, or in Austrian intervention? Are the legations more Roman because they are garrisoned by the tribes beyond the Alps? The fact is, that the Pope, with forces insufficient to defend him even from domestic violence, is, more than any other prince, subject to foreign influences; sometimes not avowed and apparent, it is true, but influences which have affected every conclave, which direct the elections of every Pope, which animate his councils, and prescribe his policy.

But then we arrive at this difficult question, 'If the present system has universally failed, what is to supply its place?'

The visions of Italian unity and Italian independence which are conjured up by so many, are not without their grace and their charm. Italy free, and Italy enlightened, are ideas which gratify the imagination of the enlightened, and the ideal of the scholar. But is it practicable? assuredly not; for never were there an aggregation of provinces and countries, with less sympathies and

feelings, and more hostile prejudices—the Neapolitans hate the Romans, the Piedmontese the Lombards. These national, but unnatural antipathies extend to the inhabitants of every village situated among the same range of hills, even to the different tribes of the Abruzzi, and to the cottagers on opposite and rival banks of the snow-swollen torrents of the Apennines; even in Rome, these hatreds and animosities have their representatives; the population of the Transtevere have no common feeling with the inhabitants of Rome Proper. The rapid Tiber flows through a channel of prejudices and mistrusts; and even the small colony which inhabits the Isola Tiburina preserve their ancient customs, and with them their exclusive affections and traditional animosities. There is only one way in which Italy can be united in one common bond, that is, by one common conquest; it is only by the intervention and conquest of some great power that broken animosities can ever be consolidated. Our Norman conquest broke up the congestion of Saxon hatreds, and the petty rivalries of provincial princes; the conquest of the Moors was the foundation of Spanish greatness; the tyranny of Turkey the source of Greek independence. Why multiply examples? by judging from these examples, it is not irrational to believe, that if Austria once possessed the whole of Italy,

people who are now so entirely divided in feeling would be united in interests as they are geographically; and well does Austria know that she will one day possess the greater part of Italy: she is gradually creeping down from the smiling plains of Lombardy, and extending her influence over the whole of northern Italy. She already occupies, in the doubtful capacity of Protector, Tuscany, Parma, and the legations. The movement is slow and progressive, but it is continuous; there is no excitement, no impatience: the whole German nation are thoroughly imbued with the maxim of a great statesman, '*Que la plus grande qualité d'un homme d'état est de savoir attendre.*'

Nor is it surprising that Austria should look forward to such a result, or Italy anticipate its fulfilment; we must remember, that it is to Rome she owes her imperial title; and for some centuries the kings of Germany were crowned emperors at Rome. In Italy, the traditional claims of imperial dominion have never been lost sight of; and in Rome itself they have been sanctioned by the voice of the church, which mingled with the voice of the nation. It was in the Basilic of St. Peter's that the people exclaimed, 'Long life and victory to our lord the Pope!—long life and victory to our lord the Emperor!' The two titles of *Imperator* and *Pontifex Maximus*, long after

they ceased to be worn on the same august head, were long associated on the same triumphal arches, and proclaimed by the same heralds at the public festivities. When the emperors of Germany ceased to come to Rome, their privileges gradually withered away, still the memory of them exists rooted in the traditions of successive ages; and whatever may be asserted to the contrary, when the Austrian enters an Italian city he is welcomed by the many. There are thousands who have pondered on the language of Frederic Barbarossa in his camp at Sutri, when they prayed him to assume with the name the imperial character of Augustus.

‘Like all sublunary things, Rome has felt the vicissitudes of Time and Nature. Not the empire, naked and alone, but the ornaments and virtues of the empire have migrated beyond the Alps. You pretend that myself or my predecessors have been invited by the Romans; you mistake the word—they were not invited, they were implored. From its foreign and domestic tyrants the city was saved by Charlemagne and Otho, and their ashes were preserved in our country, and their dominion was the price of your deliverance. Under that dominion your ancestors lived and died. I claim by the right of inheritance and possession, and who shall dare extort you from

my hand? Is the hand of the Germans and of the Franks enfeebled by age? and will not my sword be unsheathed in defence of the capitol, when by that sword the northern kingdom of Denmark has been restored to the Roman empire?’

Mr. Whiteside, in his admirable work, quoting from Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, has recorded the times when the election of the Popes was insufficient until approved of by the emperor:—

‘The Pope was always chosen by the people, and confirmed by the emperor before consecration; and the other bishops of Italy were never consecrated until the emperor had first approved them. When the Pope wished to favour any man's pretensions to a neighbouring bishopric, he applied to the emperor, to desire his nomination; and if the Pope were applied to for the consecration of a person who had not received the imperial lessons of licence, he refused consecration until he obtained them; but the posterity of Charlemagne having been driven out of Italy, Pope Adrian advised that the Popes should, for the future, be appointed without consulting the emperor at all.’

It is an undeniable fact, which the history of the last three years has proved, that the Austrians are not unpopular in Northern Italy. Charles-Albert discovered that to his loss and chastise-

ment, when he committed his disgraceful aggression upon Lombardy. Machiavelli says, that '*Italia non habet amicos præter Venetos*;' and this assertion has been amply proved. In Tuscany the Austrian soldiers won the affections of the people, and were welcome in every house where people strove to assert freedom of thought and action.

But if we are to assume that the dominion of the House of Austria is entirely visionary, that it would never be congenial to the wishes of the people, then we have to repeat the same question, 'In what manner is the papal government to be carried on?'

Lord Minto thought that he had discovered a solution to the question, when he replied to the Pope in the terms which I have already quoted.

'Why should not ecclesiastical affairs be conducted by ecclesiastics, and civil affairs by civilians, as in England?' This is Lord Minto's language.

But when his lordship asks this question, he proves himself to be entirely ignorant of the principles on which the papal government is founded. He does not perceive that from the very nature of the papacy, as Pío Nono has wisely expressed it, 'Constitutional government' is next to impossible.

The papacy, it must be remembered, is not of France, or of Austria, or of Spain; it belongs to Catholic Europe. France, Austria, Spain, may

each exercise their influence there, and they will ever do so; but the freedom of the Pope is the freedom of the church. If the Pope ever becomes exclusively Austrian, French, or Spanish, he is no longer the head of the Catholic church. The object of making the Pope a temporal sovereign, was to insure his independence. We have seen that the object has miserably failed; but the failure would have been still more remarkable if the Pope had been intrusted with the powers of constitutional government; for, with a constitutional government, the liberty of the Church of Rome would have been lost for ever; for if the Pope should not be 'Austrian,' 'French,' or 'Spanish,' still, least of all, should he be Italian, and subservient to the will of the Roman people.

It is not necessary for the Pope to be in personal danger in order to destroy all his freedom of action, and the independence of the papacy; it is sufficient that there is any law superior to his. The sovereignty of the people is inconsistent with the supremacy of the Pope. Assume even the happiest and most successful form of constitutional government, the ablest ministers, and the most reasonable of representative chambers, still the difficulty would remain as great as ever, and the principle of Catholicity be equally violated.

'But,' says Lord Minto, and there are many to

be found who say with him, 'separate ecclesiastical and civil things.'

But would it not be a simple and easier process, instead of attempting to separate two jurisdictions comprised in the same person, to separate the same persons themselves? Might it not be far easier to take all temporal power from the Pope?

Lord MountEdgcumbe, in a very able pamphlet, which appeared early in the present year, has made the following suggestion :—

'I cannot see (says his lordship), why Avignon, Ancona, Viterbo, united to Tuscany, should not form a state whose power in Italy might be most useful; and I feel assured that the country south of the Sabine Hills, might be as well governed and as happy united to the kingdom of Naples, as it has ever been under the Popes.'

'I believe,' he continues, 'that Bologna and Ancona would willingly purchase their freedom by contributing largely towards the income, in which the Pope should have only a like interest.'

'Rome should be separated from all the territory with which she is not, by local circumstances, necessarily connected, and be formed into a state, so small that little more would be required from its government than a small police, and those few duties which a municipal body are found well able to perform.'

The sphere of the papal sovereignty might, as his lordship proposes, be circumscribed to a small space round Rome, in which, with the aid of a few Swiss troops, the Pope might rule in peace and tranquillity, and, schooled by adversity, might govern with a happier instinct than other pontiffs have manifested—or take away the temporal power altogether, do not allow the states to extend to the Sabine or Alban Hills. Give his Holiness a fixed income. Let Rome be governed, *de jure*, by one of the great powers, as she is now, *de facto*. Even then the Pope could not be less dependent than he is at the present moment; and, indeed, it is more than probable that Rome would not become the same focus of miserable sedition.

One thing only is clear, that the present system of government is not favourable either to the growth of popular institutions, neither does it possess the advantages of concentrated power; worst of all, there is no responsibility residing in any one. No government can be good which is not checked by some responsibility: it is not, for this, essential that a government should possess what is termed responsible government. Even despotic governments are responsible to public opinion and to history; and, at any rate, there is no mistake, no room for doubt as to who is the person who would be responsible if responsibility

existed anywhere ; but here the responsibility is thrown from one party to another, and no one will accept it. The French, at the present moment, accuse the cardinals of all the egregious errors which are daily committed—errors of judgment and errors of performance. The cardinals, in their turn, blame the French for impeding the march of the government, by their indiscreet interference with the internal economy of the country. Thus, there is no confidence on either side ; no forbearance, no discretion.

Never in former times, even before French bayonets occupied Rome, was the responsibility clearly defined ? The various officers of the state, and separate departments were in constant antagonism to each other, each asserting rights and privileges which had never been clearly ascertained and defined. While the church was supreme, and every question ultimately resolved itself into a church question, the responsibility of a false step was thrown upon the doctrines held by the church, and those doctrines were declared to be infallible ; but each Pope studied the sacred volume by the light of his own individual understanding ; and while always asserting the immutable decrees, suppressed some and asserted others, just as he found it most convenient. Gregory turned to Scripture as his authority for absolutism ; on the

other hand, Pio Nono on the same authority thought that all power should be temperately exercised and gently expressed ; but whatever the view, the church was made responsible for every error, if any one existed, while the merits of a judicious act was ascribed to pontifical virtue. If, by our fiction of government, the Queen can do no wrong, how much more may it not be supposed that the Pope may claim exemption from the responsibilities of sovereignty.

None can venture to deny that the prominent feature of a Christian church is, that while all the world is changing, its doctrines are immutable ; that it is a fixed spot toward which all eyes can turn amid the course of systems and the conflict of opinions. Science, arrogant in her pretensions, wherever she may vainly wander, still sees, although it may be in the faintest horizon, the shadow of the cross. The naturalist, who penetrates to the farthest poles ; the geologist, who in his pride breaks the rock in pieces with a hammer ; the antiquarian who, with learned look and abstruse lore, unites the shattered inscription ; all find themselves checked in the boldness of their assumptions, in the very moment of their triumph by the immutable doctrines of the church. So the statesman may frame laws, but they must be amenable to one law that cannot change, or they become suicidal, and destroy them-

selves. The visionary philanthropist may sketch out bombastic schemes of universal benevolence, but his egregious vanity is checked by the solemn language of Scripture, which denies the possibility of perfection upon earth. But this sustaining, controlling, while animating, power of the church, is opposed to the action of the world, its so-called progress and improvement, and does not sympathize with its development. As all progress whatever may possibly lead to error, the Catholic Church rejects it, and is abstractedly right in so doing; but, I repeat, the fault does not rest with the Church, it is found in the incompatibility of the two authorities exercised by the same persons; but as the Church overlooks the nice distinction between spiritual and temporal causes, or rather, finds it very difficult strictly to define it, in the same manner the people forget the distinction in the judgment which they pass upon the Church; thus while they launch out into the severest strictures against the government, they forget its compound nature. When they neglect its ordinances, they treat alike the civil and the ecclesiastical with the same contempt. When they rise in rebellion, they trample on the mitre while they strike the sovereign. A union of these two authorities presupposes a temperance on the part of the people, and a degree of experience on the part of the ecclesiastics, which neither are

likely to possess. The evil, I must again repeat it, is neither in the people nor in the Church ; it is in the system, which is opposed to the fair and consistent action of either ; and in the interests of religion, not less than in the interests of such government, it behoves the Catholic powers to consider what course of policy must be adopted to prevent the evils which must perpetually recur, if the present anomalous form of government is permitted to continue.

I have pointed out Lord Mount Edgecumbe's views ; and it is strange how entirely the minds of the people turn upon some such arrangement as he has suggested. There is throughout Italy one universal feeling that something must be done to remedy the defects of the present form of government.

M. Durando di Mendoni, has sketched out three different plans for the division of Italy, which have excited some attention.

1st. He proposes to give the islands of Sardinia and Elba to the Pope, limiting his territory, in the peninsula, to Rome and Civita Vecchia, and a small tract of country in the immediate vicinity of either ; then he goes on to bestow Sicily on Tuscany ; Savoy he gives to Lucca, and enumerates numberless other less important alterations.

2nd. By his second proposal, instead of Sardinia

and Elba, he would give Sicily to the Pope, Sardinia and Elba to Lucca, and Savoy to Tuscany.

8rd. The same arrangements, with the alteration of Savoy to Lucca, and Sardinia and Elba to Tuscany.

How all the smaller states of Italy would like to find themselves parcelled out in this manner, we must not stop to inquire. The Congress of Vienna set aside all partial affections and respect for nationalities, converting Europe into a mere geographical people, which any amateur may amuse himself with taking to pieces; or rather, it resembled one of those panoramic games in which slips of landscape are supposed to adapt themselves to every possible combination, and thus form an endless variety of scenery. Well may M. Durando remark, that much more unreasonable and fantastic combinations have been executed on a larger scale by the great king-makers and kingdom-founders of 1814: it only now remains for the congress to meet again, to set to work on the most difficult task which was ever submitted to any assemblage of great ministers; to reconcile differences of character—to remove prejudices—to reason with a strange, volatile, excitable people, and teach them wisdom—in fact, to avert from Europe the danger and difficulty with which she is threatened.

It is not only from France that the internal peace

of Europe is menaced. We look to France because she is at our doors, and we are familiarized with the names of her eminent men, and events which occur in Paris possess a reality to us which is wanting in Italy. Piedmont may be in insurrection—Naples in a state of siege—the Pope borne away on the wide ocean; and we should exclaim, it does not matter to us: but it does matter, and that most seriously, too. Independent of the certain re-action throughout all Europe of repeated movements in Italy, it matters, because the religious convictions of a great portion of Europe, are shocked and troubled by recurrence of such events in a country which, by the Catholic party, is supposed to possess all the privileges and blessings which should belong to the metropolis of the Faith. And it were most short-sighted in those who hold that peculiar and original form of Christianity in abhorrence, to suppose that the interests of their own religion are served by a blow which is dealt against the Roman Pontiff. No one form of a Christian creed, whatever that form may be, can suffer without all Christianity feeling the shock. It is true that the Romish Church has passed through most severe trials, and survived them: it has been held in disgraceful servitude by a long line of German emperors; the servitude has been transferred with the papal court from Rome to

Avignon. Prostitutes have sometimes named the Pope, and placed their most abandoned lover on the throne of St. Peter. Heresies of every hue, ambitions of every clime, have sprung up from time to time, and menaced her existence, but menaced it in vain. The keys of St. Peter have been hitherto guarded by the sword of St. Paul. The Church still lifts up her head, although, it must be owned, sometimes with too arrogant an expression. But now a danger worse than all others hangs over the Church—and that not the Church of Rome alone, but all Churches in Christendom—the gradual dissolution of constituted society; the slow but ever-advancing ideas of a low, and selfish, and degrading philosophy; a sense of materialism, and a disposition to rebel against all law and all authority. It will be well for the Church, while there is yet time, to set herself free from the trammels of a temporal sovereignty, which only gilds, but does not strengthen her position. Then, placed high above the contests, the factions, the bitternesses of party spirit, she will become greater than she has hitherto been, and, by the sacrifice of temporal objects, her sphere of utility will be greatly increased.

THE MURDER OF ROSSI.

MINISTERS have fallen by the hand of assassins, but there is no example in history of an assassination so brutal and cowardly, committed on the person of a minister, as that of M. Rossi's; the crime was exceptional, from the extent of its depravity, as the greatness of the victim's illustration. The most indisputable testimony to his ability and personal merit, is the fear with which he was regarded by the vicious and depraved. At all times gallant-hearted, he never bore himself more proudly than in moments of extreme danger. No man ever struggled so gallantly against difficulties, or fell so greatly; and no individual death was ever followed by more immediate and important consequences.

Of all acts that even infamy could commit, it was the blackest; it stands alone, pre-eminent in its guilt, amid the wreck, the ruin, and the foul deeds of the Roman republic. The atrocity of the crime would have illustrated the sufferer, even had his name not been rendered illustrious by the nobility of his life. The memory which he has

left behind him is his noblest monument; the traditions of his acts of disinterestedness, of generous self-devotion, will be for ever cherished amid that social circle which he so loved, and wherein he was so beloved. His private life was a succession of acts of self denial and charity, combining an intuitive appreciation of the excellent, with infinite toleration of error, and integrity with indulgence. His public career recalls the great and honoured names of the heroes of old, such as the pen of Plutarch was worthy to record. In the pages of the philosophic historian, he would have obtained, as he merited, the foremost place. In contemplating his life, it is hard to decide which most to admire,—the stern, uncompromising love of duty, which the whole tenor of his career evinced, or the firm courage with which he braved the dangers which were the consequences of his unflinching rectitude. Few men have ever led so eventful a life as M. Rossi—a life which must have been interesting from the variety of its incidents—even had these incidents not been associated with great public events, and the history of a strong mind working towards one great end, against apparently insuperable difficulties. No man was a better reader of his fellow men, nor a shrewder observer of passing events; no one better knew how to manœuvre in troubled waters—when to

strike out with success—when to fold his arms, and allow the wave to sweep over him ; each succeeding year brought some fresh change to him, when his whole habits and preconceived opinions had to undergo some modification ; and yet, throughout all these various phases of existence and variety of being, he never lost his self-command ; for he knew that, however the application of a principle may be affected by the peculiar circumstances of any country, a fixed principle can itself never vary ; that justice, free institutions, and, above all, a moral and religious education, are principles which must be applicable to every civilized community in the world.

Pellegrino Rossi was born, 1787, at the beautiful and now famous village of Carrara, in the gulf of Spezia. His parents were in a humble sphere of life, but gratified that least selfish of all ambitions, which never deserts even the lowliest hearth, by sending their son to college, at Corregio. From Corregio he went to Pisa, to study the law ; and in 1807, when only twenty years of age, he was appointed to the honourable post of secretary of the bar, at Bologna. In 1809, he resigned this office to commence his successful career as a pleader. He was distinguished by his clear and vigorous eloquence ; without ever attaining to the highest flights of oratory, he possessed

the happy faculty of convincing his audience ; there was a total absence of all abrupt or brilliant effects ; there are but few passages of his speeches, indeed, which could be quoted, or which are likely to be transmitted to posterity ; but no one could so readily elucidate an abstruse subject, or defeat a sophistical opponent. The great feature of his oratory was its simple earnestness and truth ; the lips of the man caught the expression of his heart, and he achieved that most difficult achievement at any bar—he invariably convinced his audience of his own confirmed belief in the merits of the cause which he was advocating. In 1814, he had attained the highest honours of the Italian bar, and was making a rapid fortune, when he unfortunately, in an evil moment, listened to the magic words of Napoleon, ‘ *L’Italie veut être libre, et elle le sera.*’ Filled with all kinds of vague notions of unity and independence, he joined the standard of Murat, encountered, with his kindred knight-errants, the triumphs and reverses of the war ; and, when finally defeated at Tolentino and Macerata, Rossi fled into Switzerland.

Switzerland, that rusty hinge of European diplomacy, ‘the spoiled offspring of diplomatic necessities, the Mecca of all political refugees, the asylum for broken statesmen, enjoying that perpetual neutrality on account of its geographical position,

which the people of Elis owed to their holy character—to Switzerland Rossi turned, for that peace which Italy could not afford. In a beautiful valley at the foot of the Jura, he sought that calm philosophic repose, which philosophic minds ever crave for with an ardour which effectually prevents their ever attaining to it.

At Geneva he was at once thrown into a society so highly intellectual, that men like Sismondi only found in it a place equal to the greatest, but without pre-eminence. There he spent some years in the sternest solitude, forming himself for that struggle with the world in which he felt a presentiment he should play so great a part: at this time he mixed very little in general society, and all his leisure hours were devoted to poetry. In 1819, after an admirable course of public lectures, he was appointed professor of the law at Geneva, having been first naturalized. He was elected a member of the Academy; for the first time for three hundred years a catholic was admitted into the foundation of Calvin—it was a great exception, justified by pre-eminent merit; in a few months, those who, in the first instance, had questioned the propriety of the innovation, most applauded it. In the language of a writer of that day—as legislator, statesman, and orator, he was equally incomparable. His annals of legislation and juris-

prudence placed him very high as a philosophic writer, and would have insured him a great reputation, even had he not already achieved one. In 1832, the greatest tribute was paid to M. Rossi's merit when he was named chief of the commission to revise the federal constitution, and the present system of government was based on his report. The principal features of the new constitution were the greater force given to the unity of government, by the complete federation of the states, on all matters of sovereign interest; instead of being what Montesquieu called a *Société des Sociétés*, composed of twenty-two small petty interested governments, it became a society one and indivisible; instead of an executive, composed from time to time of members selected from some particular canton, and which selection was generally ultimately determined by force, he proposed that the best men, irrespective of all party, should be chosen from the whole of the cantons; and instead of changing the seat of government, year after year, from town to town, he fixed it at Berne, the scene of the triumph of Swiss liberties, and of the oaths which consecrated them.

The constitution, as drawn up by M. Rossi, was accepted, but not universally so: some of the cantons, at that time called the coalition of Sarnen, and more recently the *Sonderbund*, rejected it; this

gave rise to fifteen years of incessant agitation, which at last terminated, in 1848, in the triumph of extreme radicalism.

M. Rossi was disheartened—like all sanguine men, he had never anticipated the defeat of a measure which the best men, backed by a large majority, had pronounced excellent; by a set of misérables petits rhéteurs, representing a weak, though pitiless minority. In addition to his public annoyances, he had at this moment to struggle with his private difficulties, which began to look very serious: he was now induced, by his pecuniary necessities, to leave his beautiful valley of Jura, and accept the office of minister in Paris; there he was welcomed and appreciated by all who were the most eminent and esteemed; and soon after his arrival, M. de Broglie and M. Guizot made him high offers to induce him to abandon his adopted country, and to reside in France, but M. Rossi steadily declined them. On his return to Switzerland, after his affections had been put to this severe test, he clung with renewed interest to his sweet retirement—the spot of his choice, of his love, and of his triumphs. Walking with a friend one evening on a terrace which overlooked the still deep waters of the lake, he pointed to the hanging woods which climb from the broken rocks to the water's edge; to the purple outline of waving mountains

which form the horizon of the happy valley, where they blend with the blue atmosphere which unites them with the eternal glaciers beyond: 'I am accused of ambition,' he exclaimed; 'well, I understand that men who live all their lives in town, who walk in nothing but formal streets, and whose view is intercepted by successive house-tops; I say that I can understand that those who live in such an artificial atmosphere may consider me ambitious, but, if they stood here on such a night as the present, with such a prospect lying before them, they would believe me, when I assure them that, if I could only obtain bread for my family, I never again would desert this solitude.' Alas! how strangely the circumstances of a man's life invariably place his actions in contradiction to his intentions, and render him, in spite of himself, a hypocrite to the world. Only a few days after this remark, Rossi and his family were on the road to Paris: the condition of his remaining had not been fulfilled—they had not bread to eat.

A few lines will suffice to relate the rapid advancement of M. Rossi; it would take many chapters fully and adequately to appreciate his merit. Immediately after his arrival at Paris, he was appointed Professor of Political Economy in the College of France; he was soon after elected member of the greatest European Society, the

Institute of France, in the place of the Abbé Sièyes ; he was then named Councillor of the University, and President of the *École de Droit* ; five years after his arrival, but only a few days after his naturalization, he was created a peer, and in 1845 was appointed Ambassador at Rome.

Pope Gregory, like the system which he pursued, was worn out ; it is unnecessary to recal the state of Rome at his death in 1846. Pio Nono having owed his election mainly to Rossi's exertions, (who, in his quality of Ambassador from France, visited every Cardinal during the Conclave,) naturally listened to the voice of his advocate and councillor—but, unfortunately, like many weak men, who seek advice from every one, he adopted it so far only as it coincided with his own views ; for instance, M. Rossi counselled his Holiness, ‘ *d’opérer les reformes nécessaires avec décision, de les circonscrire avec fermeté, et de former un parti moyen, qui, satisfait de ses nouveaux droits, l’aidât à gouverner avec modération, et avec justice ;* ’ how little these views were frankly adopted by the Pope, the preceding history will have shown ; the weakness of the Papal government may be summed up in the admirable language of M. Rossi : ‘ *on persévère dans les bonnes résolutions, mais on nagit pas ce n’est pas l’idéal du*

gouvernement, mais c'est le gouvernement à l'état d'idée.'

Undoubtedly M. Rossi's advice was too much in favour of progress; he had not sufficiently studied the characters of the Papal government or of the Roman population; he excited the Pope to grant a liberal constitution—'Le Pape,' he writes, 'donnera sous peu la constitution; il s'en occupe sérieusement; il est dans la bonne voie.' M. Rossi lived long enough to regret this opinion, and yet he survived but a few months.

M. Rossi had one weakness in his character; he had the misfortune to be born with that exquisite sensitive disposition which militates against all success and happiness in private life, and is a great stumbling block in the path of any public men, because a too refined sense of the beautiful and perfect, is very apt to render a man discontented with the existing order of things, whatever it may be, and to betray him into Utopian plans and impossible pledges; but this original error in M. Rossi was even nurtured by him with every habit of his life. Poetry was his delight; he translated, or rather imitated, Byron; and even his law papers sometimes pretended to an Alexandrian symmetry; amid the green valleys which separate the Jura from the Alps, he had

learned to prefer his researches after the ideal to the pursuit of the more material objects of life; the years that he passed in Paris had for a time subdued his fancy; but at this unfortunate moment, when Piedmont rose in arms, when Charles Albert, having driven the great Marshal beyond the Adige, placed his hand upon the iron crown; the universal enthusiasm which for a moment thrilled through Italy, found an echo in the too susceptible breast of M. Rossi. Was his dream of Italian regeneration to be realized? He, too, would have his name associated with the revival of the golden age. He was standing one night with his young son and a friend, near the cross which surmounts the beautiful Tusculum; where the magnificent ruins of the villa of the greatest of Roman orators testifies to the luxury which can subsist under a nominal republic; from this spot a magnificent view of the wide and desolate Campagna opens upon the spectator, the horizon being bounded by the long waving line of the ever broken Apennines, conspicuous amongst which stands the ever famous Soracte. 'Beyond these mountains,' said M. Rossi, to his son, 'men are fighting for Italian independence—go and join them, my son, the cause is a great one.' He could see everything to dread and to blame in a republic at Paris, in a republic at Vienna—

but, alas, he was indulgent, far too indulgent to republicanism in Italy. 'Do you remember,' he wrote at this period, to an illustrious English lady, to whom he was slightly related, but deeply attached, 'Do you remember the lines of your great poet over prostrate Greece; to you, to me, to all who love poetry, science, and civilization, Greece and Italy are two sisters of equal beauty and equal glory. Both of them were alike withered and dead; but since a new life dawned upon the first, you never were able to recite to me those beautiful verses without both our hearts reverting to that other sister, who still lay there, beautiful, but weak and inanimate; at last we have lived to see it, the colour returns to her cheeks, her bosom heaves, her arms are raised. God be praised, her first movement is a combat, a victory, a prodigy. You, the woman, have wept with admiration and joy—I, the man, let them mock who please, I have wept also.'

But the glorious dream soon passed away, and left nothing but the fever and the excitement of a disturbed brain. Italy was not free, but she was in convulsions. Rossi saw his error; the generous enthusiasm of his own mind had misled him in his appreciation of the views of others—he thought the leaders of the movement were patriotic, when they were only selfish, and the movement itself

universal, when it was of the most partial character. Charles Albert defeated at Novara—Naples in a state of siege—the Pope trembling in the Quirinal : these were the results of the vain dreams of independence and unity, as though nations could rid themselves of that dependence on others, which all individuals must submit to, and that obedience to authority, which should be the first element of all instruction. Rossi saw the error he had committed, and bitterly lamented it ; he regretted that his mature judgment should have been unable to resist the wild fancies of a still glowing imagination ; he felt that the moment of supreme danger was at hand, and while he was contending with these conflicting feelings, the Pope sent for him, pressed upon him the office of minister ; then all the poetry of his nature was enlisted on the side of his reason. He beheld the head of the church supplicating him to stretch forth a hand to save him. He, the humble Italian, the man of many fortunes and strange vicissitudes, was selected in the moment of greatest difficulty, to rescue a falling kingdom, and that kingdom the patrimony of St. Peter. He could not hesitate at such a moment ; with all the energy of youth, he accepted the office, and welcomed all its responsibilities—alas ! all its perils.

Perhaps, if we could read all his heart, there was an element of vanity in his decision ; so weakly

are our best purposes constituted. He fondly believed that his known attachment to liberal opinions would place his policy above all suspicion ; that men would not suddenly mistrust one whom they had hitherto admired as the partisan of constitutional government ; but, alas ! he did not sufficiently consider the interested motives which impel men forward into the excesses of a revolutionary career, or how great crimes may be baptized by patriotic names. He did not feel that when vain disordered brains are once excited, no man can say, So far, and no farther. He thought that honesty of purpose, courage, indomitable industry, patient habits of business, and sound principles, could avail much, even in the decline of a commonwealth ; that if but ten good men and true could be found, the city might be saved. But to his sorrow—we may add, to his bitter repentance—he found that these qualities did not avail, and could not avail anything. Accomplished, able, and devoted men, like Prince Teano, had failed, when the country was only on the brink of the descent. Who could arrest it now, when it was rolling down in its impetuous course.

But having once put his hand to the plough, Rossi was not a man to look back. He took office on the 16th of September, and, once installed, all his antecedents were cast aside, and he was heart and soul in the cause of the Pope. Nor is this re-

markable, for no one could have been drawn near the good old man, and not have loved even his weakness, for his greatest had its origin in virtue ; and his motives were always excellent, even when his conduct was most injudicious. For a short time after the commencement of the energetic administration of Rossi, the sanguine deluded themselves into the hope that, even in this last hour, one man would be able to redeem the faults of the many. He laboured night and day to put the finances in order : called in *in extremis*, he obtained what no minister ever accomplished before him—a large, and almost a willing, loan from the clergy. Not only did he direct his attention to the social reorganization of the Roman states, but, with indomitable industry, he found time to deliberate on the possibility of forming a confederation of the Italian nationalities, which, instead of wasting their resources and energies in perpetual disputes and hereditary jealousies, and through unity of purpose, might gradually lead to greater unity of character. A noble, but most visionary idea, worthy of the man who could hail from Tusculum the new birth of Italy. His worst enemies, and their name is Legion, must admit, that, after six weeks of his administration, the whole aspect of Rome underwent a change. By his resolution, tempered with prudence, the mob-

meetings were checked, without any appeal to arms ; the demagogues soon felt that there was a man at the head of affairs, of a courage and capacity far superior to their own. Suddenly they found an opposition from the quarter they least expected it,—from the government. Hitherto, the executive had merely registered all their edicts, and seemed rather anxious to carry out their views, than to assert their own ; but now there was a total change : a firm hand, directed by a firm will, arrested them in their course. Already, the prize was melting away, and they even began to tremble for the future. The life of one man stood between them and the accomplishment of all their hopes.

It was resolved that life should be sacrificed.

On the night of the 14th November, in one of the lowest and least frequented quarters of Rome, at an hour when the streets were quite deserted, men, evidently bent on some sinister and dangerous design, from the caution with which they walked and the timid glances which they cast around them, were seen to approach the door of one of those half-decayed, black-looking buildings, which seem the natural abodes of low, reeking vice, and foul conspiracy. Sometimes these men came alone—at others, in groups of two or three ; but all,

before they attempted to open the door, gave a significant tap at the shutter, when a low bell was heard, the latch of the door was raised, and the conspirators—for no one can doubt the character and purpose of these men—were shown into a small room, where many others, all disguised alike, with slouched hats, and large cloaks, were collected. A most mysterious silence was preserved; but when the number, thirty-six, was completed, the names, written on separate pieces of paper, were thrown into a hat, and drawn out by lot, and each man held his breath while he examined the slip of paper which was to decide his fate and that of the great minister. This fearful lottery ended, one of the leaders showed them into another room, where, to the ill-suppressed horror of the less daring, a corpse was lying, with the damps of death still clinging to the brow. One of the heartless assassins, well skilled in surgery, took a knife, and pointed to the precise spot in the neck where a vital blow might be struck with instantaneous effect. The selected murderer, recoiling, not from horror of the crime, but from terror at the revolting spectacle of this body, newly dead, exposed to view in the dimness of the night, with the pale light flickering over the pale countenance, was dragged to the table—his finger was guided by the more experienced hand to the vital part—the exact place in

which he was to stand in relation to his victim, was shown him—those who were to group themselves in his more immediate vicinity, and to divert his attention, were selected. Never was murder rehearsed for the stage with a more perfect composure.

Let us change the scene.

At this same hour, in a palace of the Corso, a minister is employed in preparing for a great scene to be enacted on the morrow, in which he plays the principal part. He had parted from his wife and family on that evening with feelings of greater satisfaction than he had experienced for some time. He had brought the country and his master through great difficulties, to the eve of the meeting of the Chambers; and from this assembly he fondly, but foolishly, thought there was everything to hope. He sat preparing that speech, the fragments of which were found next morning on his desk; in which, while he thanked Providence for all that had been effected, he prayed that the same protection might still be bestowed on the people. Thus, at the same moment, and within a few paces of each other, sat the assassins and the victim—the great minister, whose last thought was for the welfare of the people, and the ruffians, who, in their foul den, were rehearsing the deed of blood.

‘History,’ wrote that eminent man, on this supreme occasion, as it were in anticipation of the classic interest which will ever be attached to his name—‘history, in transmitting to posterity the acts of this government, will testify how men of firm purpose can battle with adversity; she will testify, also, that the church, on her everlasting foundations, comprehends, and ever advocates, those ameliorations which Providence designs as blessings for the nation.’

The last morning of M. Rossi’s eventful life dawned, and again, early in the morning, he was seated at his desk. He was employed in answering a letter, which he had just received from a lady, in which she expressed her dread at the possibility of his falling a victim of a conspiracy. His reply, which is written in a light style, half in French and half in Italian, expresses a perfect sense of security. Like Cæsar, he drew his mantle round him, and despised every warning. As he left the palace, a porter, who was in the habit of loitering about the place, came to him, and told him, in a trembling voice, that a crowd was collecting about the Palais of the Cancellaria, where the Assembly were to meet: ‘If they go so early, they will have some time to wait,’ replied M. Rossi, smiling incredulously at the implied danger. He drove up to the Quirinal to receive his sovereign’s orders, and

here one of the Pope's chamberlains assured him that he was experienced in the workings of the passions of the people—that he had been to the Cancellaria—and that there was danger in their attitude. Rossi only raised his head more proudly, and his steps became firmer ; but as he was on the point of stepping into his carriage, at the Monte Cavallo, after his interview with his Holiness, a priest approached the door, and touched Rossi's arm significantly ; he bent his head, and then he related to him with a faltering voice, a confession which had been made to him on the preceding night, of which his assassination was the prominent feature. This time Rossi seemed suddenly struck with a presentiment of evil ; for a moment his countenance grew paler than usual, and he hesitated ; but it was only for a moment. ' Go,' he replied to him, who, in order to save his life, had violated the sanctuary of the confessional ; ' go ; I thank you for your warning, but I am strong in my sense of right ; the cause of the Pope is the cause of God. God will aid me.'

He entered the carriage ; it drove rapidly through the crowd that had collected to see the minister down the steep descent of the Monte Cavallo into the Piazza di Venezia. As it rolled under the windows of his house, Rossi was seen to turn with a glance of mingled affection, resignation, and

resolution, towards her who had borne all his privations, and shared all his wanderings, and with whose affection every path through the green valley of his beloved Genouiller was associated. She was most anxiously expecting the appearance of the carriage, for she also had since the morning heard all those reports, the more terrible, because they were communicated to her with pale and trembling lips. Happy would it have been if she could have transmitted to him some portion of her fears!—but that love of action which sometimes impels men to brave their fate—those firm convictions which so frequently beget a false confidence that betrays; that faith in some star which is frequently the wild delirium of a generous fancy—all were against him.

The carriage swept by, and turned the corner of the square leading to the palace of the Cancellaria.

The porter who told Rossi that at an early hour in the morning a crowd of ill-omened, sinister-looking men, were collecting in the square and courts of the Cancellaria, had not exaggerated in his report; the inner court soon became crowded with a set of most resolute and brutal-looking characters, amongst whom the thirty-six conspirators of the preceding evening were moving

stealthily. One by one the members of the chamber arrived, and walked up the great stairs with timid steps, while they cast frightened glances around them; they felt that there was peril—the very atmosphere was ominous and still. Last of all came the famous Sterbini; he was lame, and was assisted by his friend M. Placidi, who smiled ironically on the crowd, as, with loud cheers, they opened their ranks to allow the popular member to enter. Meanwhile, not only the court-yard, but the great staircase, were thronged with a dense mass of people, but the place itself was comparatively deserted, two or three men being stationed at the corners of the streets, whose duty it apparently was to prevent any person entering, unless he could give some particular sign. At last, Rossi's carriage might be seen approaching at a rapid pace. Two children of twelve or thirteen, who had been loitering about for some hours, ran into the court, as though to desire the people to be ready. Immediately a voice exclaimed, 'Remember your oath.' The words were distinctly heard; the people in the square made way as the carriage drove rapidly under the arch; there was a low whistle, and then an universal 'Hush! Hush!'

All this time, it must be remembered, there was not a soldier to be seen near the chamber. The Parione battalion of the civic guard was drawn up

in the inner court of the palace, quite out of sight ; but of the carabinieri under Colonel Calderari, who were ordered on duty that day, not a man made his appearance.

When the carriage door was opened, and Rossi appeared, the same whistling recommenced.

The few people outside the court, hearing the noise, pressed in to see what was happening, when immediately two or three men appeared, and drove them back, assuring them that there was nothing—at that moment, Rossi was no more.

When the carriage drew up at the foot of the stairs, Rossi descended with a slow and measured step, and was followed by M. Righetti, who accompanied him in the carriage. At the sound of the ominous whistle he felt all his danger ; but it was too late to recede, and the only effect which danger had upon him was to give increased firmness to his march, and still greater haughtiness to his attitude. The mob, whose coarse savage features gleamed with hatred, were awed for a moment by the stern glance and proud bearing ; but the cowards, who were awed by a look, could stab from behind. As he moved forward, the crowd closed in behind him ; at a preconcerted signal M. Righetti was separated from his friend, and a forest of hands was raised, so that no one without the circle could discover what was passing within it. The leaders of the

band of assassins turned towards the man who was to give the blow. Probably his hand trembled at the supreme moment: even now it was possible that Rossi might escape—a few paces more and he was saved, for within the doors was a strong guard, who, although the hirelings of rebellion, could not have permitted men in broad day to commit such a crime in their presence. In this moment of suspense, one of the leaders gave Rossi a severe blow on his head: he turned round involuntarily, and the next moment the knife was struck into the artery which was developed by the movement. He struggled forward a few steps, and then, without uttering a word or giving a sign, lay dead on the pavement.

Immediately the crowd began to disperse—vengeance was satiated and licence victorious. Then the Parione battalion came forth from the inner court, where they had been stationed, to look at the victim of their own heartless cowardice; then the carabinieri marched to the scene of blood, and affected to keep back the crowd—miserable wretches, dead to every sense of humanity, who only applauded, but dared not commit memorable crimes.

And the Assembly—did they approve of the murder? For the credit of human nature, we wish that they had—even the bloody gratification of

base and brutal passions is less revolting than the contemptible cowardice, which could induce men to affect an approval of a foul assassination, which in their hearts they detested. To their diseased imaginations it seemed to require but one word of remonstrance to induce the mob to rush in, and they thought that the same dagger that struck the noble and the generous was ready for them. Happy would it have been for some of them if this had occurred; for, confounded in the same martyrdom, their names would for once have been associated with the great and the good.

‘What matter!’ exclaimed Canino; ‘continue the debate. Was he your king?’ Good God!—and these are the men whom some writers desire to honour.

The distressing scene is not yet quite closed. To realize the combination of every possible iniquity, one thing was wanting to add to the blood of the victim—insult to the survivor. Surely Rossi’s broken-hearted family might have hoped that, when the corpse of one so esteemed and loved was lain at his hearth, that from them the bitterness of death had passed; but the sanctity of grief and the solemn stillness of the night, were disturbed by the tramp of many feet. A great mob, on that very evening, when sorrow had fallen upon the mighty city, filled the air with ribald

songs and loathsome jests in celebration of the foul crime. When this crowd arrived under Madame Rossi's windows, they formed into something like order, and suddenly a wild chorus of voices burst forth in a song written to celebrate this glorious occasion :—

Benedetta quella mano,
Che il ministro pugnalo.

The song ended, a man was raised up from the crowd, holding a dagger in his hand ; this he waved triumphantly, while the people rapturously applauded.

For the honour of the Roman name—for the sake of the glorious memories which cling to that city, it were well to draw a veil over deeds which, throughout the dark and blood-stained records of her Republic, are without a parallel. But it is not only Rome that must bear the guilt of the crime, for it was approved of in other towns, and applauded at public banquets, which, for the sake of security, were frequently held on board ships lying in small harbours. The promoters of the cowardly crime are well known, although policy prevents the mention of their names ; but it may be well for them to remember, that in the opinion of all the generous, the approvers of a crime are worse than the actors.

So perished the minister, in the full tide of his

triumph, the victim of incontestable merit, of unimpeachable honesty, and a courage superior to every misfortune. He had faults, and those grave ones—if I have touched slightly upon them, it is not that I judge them lightly, but that I would not remember them now ; and even those faults originated in that same noble and the mistaken feeling of patriotism, that led him to Macareta, and sent his son to Novara ; but even in his most visionary moments, he was capable of every sacrifice, but demanded none ; he never made agitation a trade, and speculated in reform : he erred—he greatly erred—but history will forgive his errors, so amply redeemed were they by illustrious qualities. ‘Rossi,’ thus wrote one who had the rare good fortune to be honoured by the minister’s friendship, ‘Rossi avait une expression que l’on voit rarement dans la figure moderne ; on trouve cette physionomie dans les portraits des anciens maîtres : il avait quelque ressemblance avec les bustes de Napoleon—les yeux clairs, et doués d’une grande vivacité d’expression, qui indiquait l’esprit et la bonté ; il parlait peu, et il s’exprimait lentement—mais tout ce qu’il disait était admirable ; il portait dans la vie publique, la générosité qui le caractérisait dans la vie privée : tel fut Rossi !’

But it is idle to cite authorities ; the character of Rossi is now widely known, and as widely esteemed :

he died as most men would like to die, in the performance of a great duty. The seeds of the Christian religion were nurtured with the blood of martyrs; the blood of Rossi has left an indelible stain on the city of the church; but we must hope that from his blood may spring men fit and able to guide its destinies. At all events, Rossi has left to posterity a bright example of self sacrifice, and his memory must be cherished by all those who love a Christian church, and would redeem the errors of a Christian people.

MONTE CASINO.

THE road to Rome by St. Germano, Monte Casino, Frosinone, Valmontone, branches from the main road, a few miles beyond Capua. It is not much frequented, from that spirit of impatience which induces all people to press forward in a journey; and as the lower road, by Mola and the Pontine marshes, is admirably supplied with post-horses, there are few people who can submit to three or four days of veturino travelling. I was so fortunate, however, to find, at Naples, a veturino far superior to the ordinary run of that fraternity, who, the last day, into Rome, drove me the almost incredible distance of eighty miles.

But those who have time and patience at their disposal, may rest assured that they will be amply repaid by such a detour. The contrast between the abrupt, wild, mountain scenery, and the green, fresh, flowery, fruit-laden valleys which enclose the bay of Mola, is very striking. The people, also, are very primitive in all their habits. Nowhere do

you see the Italian character to so great advantage as in some of the villages, which are scattered about among the rocks and steppes of the Apennines. Like all mountain people, they are warmly attached to their habits, their traditions, and their ties of kindred ; neither have they discarded the rich picturesque costume of each province for the universal simplicity of conventional Europe. The Pope selected this road on his return to Rome, because he felt assured that the people had retained their primitive affections and their faith unshaken. Nor was he disappointed in his anticipations : never was sovereign welcomed to his country, after a prolonged absence, by such frantic demonstrations, carried, in some instances, to such an excess that they bordered on fanaticism. For instance, at Frosinone the people lay down on the road, and defied the progress of the carriage ; they clung to the carriage-wheels, and kissed the ground on which he trod. In our cold climate, where every character is controlled by the dread of the world's ridicule, we cannot comprehend, and somewhat despise, such expansive emotions ; but it must be remembered that the occasion was great, as it was unique : that this was the first time the people had ever seen the Head of the church—that he had been driven from his throne and his city under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity—and that

he selected these provinces from the attachment which they had ever shown to his person and to his government.

Monte Casino is situated on one of the highest pinnacles of the Apennines, which towers over the small town of St. Germano. Half way up the hill, are the remains of a vast baronial castle, which reminds the traveller of the romances of the middle ages. If the knights of old possessed no other qualities, we must grant them good judgment in the selection of their sites for their habitations. In the whole of central Italy, there is no view more picturesque and remarkable than the approach to St. Germano. You wind through a succession of valleys formed by these bold, savage, and sometimes perpendicular hills; and upon the top of most of them is perched either a small village, or the ruins of a feudal castle. Monte Casino rises above all the rest, crowned with what appears, at that distance, but a small church; and below it roll masses of clouds, which sometimes spread themselves over the whole mountain, where, fringed with light, they are dissipated into light vapour, and melt into the blue atmosphere.

The Pagans always built their temples on solitary mountain-tops, far, as they hoped, above the contagion of the world; they loved the '*severa religio loci, quâ pinus ingens, alba que populus,*' murmur-

ing through the stillness of the night, disposed the heart to devotion. On Monte Casino, as at Andrizzana in Greece, where the loftiest and most lonely peak was selected for the pagan worship, was a temple dedicated to Apollo, of which, even now, some partial remains may be found. Pope St. Gregory says, 'The mountain, rising for a space of three miles, stretches its top towards the sky, where was a very ancient temple, in which, after the manner of the old heathens, Apollo was worshipped by the foolish rustics; on every side groves had sprung up in honour of the false gods, and in these the mad multitude of unbelievers still tended on their unhallowed sacrifices. There then the man of God (St. Benedict) arriving, beat in pieces the idols, overturned the altars, cut down the groves, and, in the very temple of Apollo, built the shrine of St. Martin, placing that of St. John where the altar of Apollo had stood, and, by his continual preaching, called the multitude that dwelt round about to the true Faith.'

Dante, in his twenty-second chapter of the *Paradiso*, says:—

Quel monte, a cui Casino e nella costa
Fu frequentato già in su la cima
Da la gente ingannata, e mal disposta.
Ed io son quel, che su vi portai prima
Lo nome di colui, che in Terra adusse
La verità, che tanto ci sublima

*E tanta grazia sovra mi rilusse
 Ch'io ritrasse le ville circostanti
 Dall'empio culto, che'l mondo sedusse.*

Upon the mountain where Casino rests,
 In ancient days an evil race reposed,
 Deceived, abandoned all, and ill-disposed.
 And I am he, who at the Lord's behest,
 Preached His great name who governs all the world,
 And teaches truth in soul-subliming word.
 In this sweet toil I was so greatly blest,
 My word was heard, in every neighbouring town—
 I cast the impious heathen altars down.

Even at the very foot of the hill on which the convent is situated, no adequate idea can be formed of its immense dimensions; the road which leads from St. Germano winds up a steep hill, by the means of galleries, and the distance is not less than three miles and a half; and up this steep ascent, at all times of the day, some hundred of pilgrims may be found creeping, old and young, rich and poor, all mingled together; but the poor predominate far. The charities of the convent were at one time unbounded as its wealth, and although the revenues—thanks to repeated confiscations—have dwindled away from £200,000 a year, to something like £15,000, yet the whole of this sum is expended on good works, and, in the true spirit of Christian charity, no poor person is ever turned away from the gate unrelieved. There are some who entirely live on these alms, and who make it their daily pilgrimage. I was struck with one old man,

partially blind, led by a gentle blue-eyed girl, who had for some twenty years taken this daily walk ; to use his own expressive phrase, the hill-side was his home ; he certainly did not hurry himself in the ascent, for having started early in the morning, about eleven o'clock he had only achieved the half-way repose ; but it was touching to see him sitting on the rock, holding the child's hand in his own, while he appeared to be scanning the horizon, and well he knew the hoary Apennines from memory. I marvelled to reflect that within these twenty years, how many changes had taken place in Europe—how great men and great works had perished ; how many great words had been spoken, perhaps forgotten ; how many evil and unkind words had brought forth bitterest fruits, for the

Evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

And yet here had been this old man, through all these changes and vicissitudes, toiling up the dreary ascent, and loving its very ruggedness. Twenty summers and winters had passed over him, and here was every mountain-peak the same as when he first gazed upon them. And as I sat near him, lightly whistling, passed a boy with bright chesnut hair, and the elasticity of happy twenty. When he was born, I thought this old patriarch commenced these journeys. What affections, what hopes, what joyous dreams, or sad conclusions,

have passed through the heart of this one type of youth. Worlds could not realize, or volumes contain, the thoughts which his life has suggested, while this old man has been toiling, toiling, toiling, in one monotonous progress. I sat down by his side, and, with the exclusive garrulity of old age, he told me all his life. It were idle to repeat it, for there was little matter of interest in it; the interest was derived from the naïveté of his manner, his earnestness, and child-like simplicity. As they sat together, himself and the young girl on the same seat, and her head reposed on his lap, one knew not which was the most single-hearted and childlike of the two; when he spoke of nature, he warmed into enthusiasm. In his youth he had been a great sportsman, and he raised his stick and pointed to some crag where he had braved a glacier, or a valley in which he had been nearly lost in a snow-drift; sometimes he mistook the valley for the mountain, and pointed entirely in the wrong direction; then the child would, with a sweet, sad smile, touch his arm, and point it in the right direction—for, like many of the old, he did not like to be reminded of his infirmities—one slight weakness. But do not weaknesses of character, like broken lines in nature, sometimes form the beauties of character?

We walked on together, and he gave me a great

deal of most interesting information respecting the monastery. No poet or enthusiast could have expressed himself in more glowing language: 'The holy men chose the high ground,' said the old man, 'that, like angels, they might look down upon us, and see as far as possible. I have been offered charity,' he continued, 'from several chateaux, but I am sure that the bread I receive here does me more good.'

'Yes,' interrupted the young girl, 'and don't you remember that, when you took away a loaf in your wallet and gave it to a poor man that same evening, when you told him that the bread had been blessed by the prayers of these good men, he rose up quite strong, although he had been almost fainting, and said that he had never felt so well for many days.'

The old man crossed himself, when this circumstance was recalled to his recollection: 'It is quite true,' he replied; 'I am sure that all their charity possesses some wonderful quality, for I have never felt so strong as I do now.'

'But,' I asked, 'how happens it that they allow you to walk up so far, instead of sending you something to the village?'

'When it is bad weather,' he replied, 'they do send down one of the brothers, who attend upon all the poor people in St. Germans; but in general

they like them to walk up the hill, if they are young and healthy.' And the old man drew himself up, and put out his foot, as if to assert his right of being classed in that number. As he talked, we reached the wood which crowns the top of the hill up to the gates of the monastery.

It is on a sudden, and when quite near the top, that the immense extent of the monastery, and its beautiful architecture, bursts upon you. It has often been remarked, that it resembles a palace much more than a convent. When we drew near, the bell was commencing ringing for some service, and its deep tones rang through the stillness of this mountain range. We approached the end of a long corridor, which led, by a steep ascent, through a covered way into a large and handsome court. There we were met by the guest-master, who welcomed my poorer companion as well as myself with all that courtesy for which the order is so famous. We sat down on some steps, and then, for the first time, I remarked that my aged companion looked faint and ill. I noticed it to the brother, who immediately sent for the physician ; and true it was that the heat of the weather had brought on a sudden attack of illness. The distress of the poor little girl was extreme. She sobbed and cried ; but a cup of strong coffee brought him so far round, that he was able to

undergo the fatigue of removing him to Saint Germans, which they did with every attention, and where, before I left, I was happy to learn he was going on very well.

The convent of Monte Casino is a kind of town of the most graceful architecture, consecrated to charity. Until you draw near it, no one would believe its wondrous size and extreme beauty; it is divided into three different establishments—the original members of the fraternity; a regular collegiate establishment; and an occasional school for the neighbourhood. Altogether, there are not less than from three hundred to four hundred persons congregated together on the top of that hill. To describe its various buildings, its richness of decoration, its points of view, its terraces and galleries, I should have to exceed the limits of the chapter, and to trespass upon the patience of the reader; but if this slight allusion to its great beauty can induce any person to leave the beaten road, to creep to Naples by the passes of the Apennines, they will be amply repaid for their trouble and delay by seeing Monte Casino.

It is curious to observe the real (not affected) interest with which they refer to Saint Benedict; and one of the brothers gave me as a present, ‘*La Descrizione Istorica del sacro real Monistero di*

Monte Casino, per uso e comodo de Forestieri, from which I extract the following sketch of the life of the patron saint.

However great a saint St. Benedict may have been, his family have not been above recording—that he was of very noble lineage, that his arms were quartered with those of several illustrious families—in a word, that if he had not been a saint, he would have been a senator. At the age of thirteen, he was so decidedly in favour of following a religious life, that he retired from Rome to Subiaco, where he was known by the name of the religiosus et pius Puer. Arrived at Subiaco, he lived in a cave for three years, entirely absorbed in contemplation. After that time, the notion went abroad that great miracles had been performed by him ; in consequence, Subiaco became a very fashionable spot ; young Romans of illustrious race crowded there to pick up some crumbs of information from a man who had passed three years in absolute seclusion.

The ancients must have placed all their oracles in solitary places, from a knowledge of human nature, that nothing so imposes on the world's respect, as finding a man who can live alone, and do without it. So Numa would not consult Egeria in his palace, but sought the silence and mystery of the Campagna. The moment it

was known that Saint Benedict was a recluse, his society was courted; the cave in which he was supposed to have resided at Subiaco still exists. It was formerly famous for an oracle of Faunus; there is now a statue of Saint Benedict by Bermini, and there is a garden of roses, said to have been planted by him; the legend tells us, that it was formerly a bed of thorns, on which Saint Benedict used to lie to extinguish his passions, and that it was converted into a bed of roses by Saint Francis, in 1223. After twelve years of pains and penalties, Saint Benedict thought himself in a fit state to lay the foundations of those monasteries which are renowned through Europe. He commenced with twelve, amongst the principal of which are the Sacro Speco, near Subiaco; Saint Angiolo, Santa Maria, Saint Lorenzo, Saint Andrea, detta La Santa Valle—it was after the foundation of the Sacro Speco, that one night a vision appeared to Saint Benedict, desiring him to rise, and proceed to the Monte Casino; he obeyed the command, with Maurus and Placidus, two of his disciples; and presently, as they were on the point of starting, two angels appeared, who guided them from hill to hill, to show them the way, and these were followed by three black crows, which flew round and round the holy man. In the course of the night, the whole party—the angels, the saint, the disciples, and the

—AT THE MOUNTAIN, and there at
the MOUNTAIN was founded, which took its
name from the MOUNT. And strange to say, the
MOUNTS are still preserved in the convent, the
MOUNTS of the great MOUNT. I saw two there stalk
in with a most dignified composure, and
were received with the evident respect with which
they were treated until the reason was explained
to me.

In whatever the history of the foundation of
the MOUNTAIN establishment, no one can approach
it without respect or leave its walls without affec-
tion. In these days it is something to find a
community whose large wealth is wholly devoted
to charity and to the service of God, and whose
members are busy in its good. There may be
many stories in the legends attached to it by
the credulity of affection—the histories of those
good men who have presided over the doctrines
of this great institution; but these legends are
without their grace or their purpose. I can
speak of the extreme courtesy, the kindly hospi-
tality of those who welcomed me, and pressed me
to remain long among them. They have rooms
appropriated for strangers, and in summer it is
not an uncommon thing for people to spend two
or three months there in this glorious retirement.
The ascetic habits and rules do not even exclude

ladies, who may pass the whole day there in the library, only they must return to St. Germano to sleep. Let us differ from the Roman Catholics as we like, we must not, and we cannot, with any justice, refuse them the tribute of our admiration for those foundations which are based on self-denial, and fulfil the elementary doctrines of all churches—charity and devotion.

Sovereign princes in Italy may not grant constitutions to the people, but they may do better. They may, like the universally beloved and esteemed Duchess of Parma, pass their lives in the active superintendence of such admirable charities; and none can make a pilgrimage to Monte Casino without being impressed with the conviction, that one such establishment does more for the happiness and welfare of the people, than all the thousand-and-one schemes of universal benevolence which are propounded by the political agitators of the day.

THE PRISONS OF NAPLES.

THOROUGHLY tired with the dull monotony of Rome, I left it for Naples. There can be no change greater than from the deep solemnity, the sternness, the comparative silence of decaying Rome, and the bustle, excitement, glare and movement, of joyful Naples—from deserted to crowded streets—from questionable toilettes to elaborate Parisian fashions; from lumbering, broken-down coaches to well-appointed carriages. The change is, in all respects, great, and for a time it gratifies, but in time it palls. The Chiaja, notwithstanding all its appurtenances of beauty and grace, is one perpetual treadmill; you miss the Campagna. The lights and shadows of the Alban hills—even the sadness and gloom of Rome, calm and soften the mind, which is distracted with the brightness and clamour of Naples.

At Naples everything is brighter than at Rome; the sun, the water, the landscape—the people are constitutionally as light and elastic as the climate—happy, I was about to write, but I fear the word

would be misplaced. They were happy until they were talked into meddling with matters very far above their comprehension, and became the victims of intriguing politicians and itinerant demagogues.

One thing must be admitted by every one who visits Naples, and at all mixes in political society, that every one he meets with is very ignorant and very mysterious. If truth in general lies at the bottom of a well, at Naples even the bottom of the well has never yet been discovered. There are two parties at Naples, as much opposed to each other as ever Guelph to Ghibelline—old Whig to old Tory—Catholic to Puritan. Enter one house, and you are told that the prisons are choked with 15,000 prisoners (an assertion, by-the-bye, made by Lord Palmerston); that spies await the unwary at the corner of every street; that the King rivals the imperial tyrants of old in ignorance and cruelty; in a word, that the kingdom of Naples can boast a people more miserable, rulers more tyrannical, and middle classes more selfish, than any other state within the limits of Europe.

Walk up the Chiaja; enter another palace, decorated with all the refinements of Parisian art, where the masterpieces of each Italian school hang on the walls, and elaborate gilding, and costly furniture, arranged with exquisite taste, prove that the owner has cultivated and appreciated the refine-

ments and comforts of England and the Continent; there mention the name of Ferdinand II., and the language of praise, from the earnestness of its expression, loses the semblance of exaggeration; in the fair lady's opinion, the only error of the King is an over-refinement of sensibility—the lazzaroni are contented, the people happy, the judges upright, the government humane, and the kingdom universally prosperous.

Still in search of truth, I continue my walk up the Chiaja.

I meet another gentleman—one of high character, universally respected and beloved, well able to form a judgment. He expresses himself in the following terms:—

‘The middle and most ambitious classes led to the revolution.

‘The Neapolitans are not fit for a constitution, the education of the people is so backward. The fact is, that they can do nothing in a straightforward—in what I may only call—not in complimentary phrase—an English manner. They will pick your mind of your opinion, just as they will pick your pocket of your handkerchief. If they wish to know your feelings on any particular point, they cannot come to you, and ask it frankly and fairly; they must intrigue to find it out. They will ask who influences you? your wife! Who

influences your wife? her maid! Who influences the maid? her lover! Having arrived at this result, they will commence with the lover, and work their way up to you.

‘On the other hand, the king, having guaranteed a constitution, he is, as a man of honour, bound to grant it. It is reported that he incites the authorities to get up petitions praying him to revoke his promise—I do not believe it, for I know him to be an honourable man. Left to himself, he would act admirably; but, unhappily, he is ill-advised, and no one knows who is his adviser.’

‘Is it M. Fortunatos?’

‘No, I cannot think that he has more influence than must naturally appertain to the office of premier. M. Fortunatos is a man of strong will, of great energy, who could at any time say ‘No’ to any request—a great quality in a statesman. He was at one time at the head of the commission to investigate petitions, and most unpopular in that capacity; but it is very unfortunate for the country that his tendencies are so despotic. On the other hand, he is a man of an enlarged experience, of quick intellect, far in advance of the king in some respects.

‘If you should chance,’ he continued, ‘to see the king, and he speaks to you on political subjects, the points to insist on are the frequent arrests, the

infamous judicial system, the petitions supposed to be originated by the court against the constitution, and the miserable state of the prisons.'

Having the good fortune to meet M. Fortunatos, the prime minister, soon after this conversation, I did not scruple, without citing any authority, to repeat the reports I had heard, and to inveigh against a system which was dangerous to none more than to the sovereign himself.

'I am not surprised at what you tell me,' said M. Fortunatos. 'I know the calumnies which are spread abroad in Naples. I know the falsehoods to which the characters of the sovereign and his servants are sacrificed.'

'But do you deny the number of prisoners?' I asked.

'Undoubtedly I do,' said M. Fortunatos; 'it is the most ludicrous exaggeration I ever heard—such an exaggeration as I should have thought no rational person could have given belief to.'

'But how many prisoners do you say there are?'

'From four to five hundred.'

'Can you give me a written authority for this?'

'I can; and, further, you shall, if you like, see the prisons yourself.'

'That is exactly what I wish; when shall I see them?'

'To-morrow,' was the answer.

‘No,’ I said; ‘I will see them to-day—at this moment—or not at all.’

‘Well, you shall; I will send for the director of the police—he will accompany you.’

The order was soon given and obeyed. The first prison I visited was Santa Maria Apparente, situated at the top of the hill behind the Chiaja. It was at one time a convent, and has only recently been converted into a prison. Here I found ninety-seven political prisoners, and from two hundred to three hundred general criminals. This prison was not so bad as might have been expected. The classification of prisoners was in some measure preserved; and although the mass of prisoners, in order to reach their exercising-yard, had to pass through the passage where the political offenders were accustomed to walk, they were quickly driven through it, and rarely allowed to mingle with them. There was a number of not very uncomfortable rooms off a long corridor, and five or six prisoners were quartered in each.

‘How long have you been confined here?’ I asked of a prisoner, whom, for obvious reasons, I refrain from naming.

‘Eight months,’ was the reply.

‘Have you been tried?’

‘No.’

‘Have you passed through any examination?’

‘No.’

‘Do you know why you are committed?’

‘Because I was accused of conspiring against the government.’

‘Do you expect to be tried soon?’

‘I hope so.’

The same questions I put to different other prisoners, who, in general, returned similar answers, the periods of detention varying from two weeks to eight or nine months. After the prison had been examined, and the register of the prisoners, the number of political prisoners was found to be, as stated, ninety-seven.

But the most important prison of all is the Vicaria, so called from having been formerly the residence of the Spanish viceroys. It is situated in the worst part of Naples, near the filthy, debauched quarter called the Porta Capuana. When we arrived there a sleety rain was falling, and the outside, with its massive walls, treble bars, and dirty aspect, conveyed most painful sensations of misery and wretchedness. From the upper stories, where the prisoners were confined for minor offences, they were leaning, with distorted features, against the bars, indulging in foul and brutal observations. On entering, we were met by the authorities, who at once proceeded to open those tiers of dungeons where, up to this time, no

Englishman had ever penetrated. The large court into which we drove was surrounded by a portico, which must, at one time, have been handsome; but it all seemed to have caught the contagion of vice and infamy; it smelt of crime. The staircase was wide, but reeking with dirt—a fitting approach to the apartments we were about to enter. At the top of the stairs a mob of tattered, decrepit, loathsome figures were collected; they were the relations of some of the prisoners, who were permitted to see them from time to time, and were admitted, one by one, through a small wicket, a man sitting at the desk, and calling out their names; the man, wicket, desk and all being in momentary danger of being carried away, from the struggles of the mob. It was with difficulty that the officers cleared a way for us; but at last the huge bars were withdrawn, and we entered the outer room, which was separated from the long gallery in which the prisoners were confined by iron gates, to which they all pressed with eager curiosity; some of them with a vicious expression of countenance, which made me rather wish to remain on the outside of the bars. The officers, by driving the men back, were at last able to open the gates. We entered, and they were carefully locked and barred behind us. It was a gallery perhaps some two hundred feet long by twenty wide, with small rooms branch-

ing off it, and in this gallery from two hundred to three hundred were lodged. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the horrors of the place. A damp, fetid, noxious vapour filled every cell; many of the windows by which the light entered had no glass in, and the wet mist penetrated through the close bars. The mass of the prisoners were dressed in the most filthy rags, and their features were fearfully degraded. But, mingling with these, were men of far different character and appearance. Hustled by the crowd of vagrants and scoundrels, might be seen men who, at one time, swayed the destinies of the kingdom, and were honoured by the royal confidence. These men withdrew into their rooms, where some ten or twelve slept together, and there they told me the tales of their misery. Most of them, as at the Santa Maria, had been eight months in prison, without the least appearance of trial; and some did not know of what they were accused. It was distressing beyond expression, to see gentlemen of education compelled to mix with the refuse, the foul refuse of the galleys. As we moved from cell to cell, the crowd moved on, and pressed around us. They could not at all comprehend the cause of this sudden and unexpected visit. After we had walked down the whole length of the gallery, the officers inquired whether we

wished to see the lower part of the prisons, in which the worst description of offenders were confined. I thought it was almost impossible that anything could well be worse than what I had seen; but, anxious to have a clear knowledge of the actual state of the prisons, I assented. When we approached the gates, the people pressed on so roughly, that it was with great difficulty the officers could compel them to retire; and when they saw that we were going without giving them any hope that their condition would be ameliorated, their looks of regret and disappointment would have touched any heart. We passed again through the crowd waiting outside, and then went down a steep flight of filthy steps, till we came to the lower range of the building, which was below the level of the ground, where we had to pass through two or three gates before we entered the place where some four to five hundred were confined. A much greater number of officers were here in attendance, as some of the prisoners were very dangerous. The moment the last gate was unbarred, we found ourselves in a place which it would require the imagination of a Dante to paint. I could understand, that if this had been visited first, I should have considered the upper floor a comfortable residence. Some were lying on the floor; others crowded together on the miserable

truckle beds, howling and blaspheming, and evidently always addressed and treated as brutes. Some had climbed up to the open bars, and were jeering at the people in the street. It was vice in all its degradation and horror; human life in a living tomb, assisting at the spectacle of its own decay, its own rottenness. The atmosphere was thick as a London fog, from the horrible exhalations. The men here were wild to tell me their stories; some caught hold of my clothes, others scribbled their names on pieces of paper, and thrust them into my hand, which they seized and covered with their pestilential kisses. I spoke to one old man, who had been confined there twenty-five years—twenty-five years in such a place!—and he pretended, I know not with what truth, that to that day he had never been tried. I asked the officers if this was the case, but it was so long since his arrival, that they could not give me any definite information. When the wretched beings were told that I could do nothing for them, their expressions of sorrow were loud and bitter. I was not sorry when, after quite forcing a way through the crowd, we reached the gates, and I heard the last bar drawn, which shut the poor creatures out from all hope. Before leaving the Vicaria, I examined the ecrou of the prison, and also received the report of the hospital. The result of the

whole examination was, that at that time there were six hundred and fourteen political prisoners in the city of Naples. Before I leave the prisons, it is only just to mention, that I found the officers most anxious to give me every possible information; that so far from wishing to conceal the abuses, they pointed them out to me, and appeared, throughout, to be acting with the most perfect frankness; in order that, in the event of my being honoured with an interview with the King, I might be able to inform him of the exact truth of the case.

Having been thus accidentally thrown into a favourable position for expressing my opinion of the state of the prisons, I was naturally most desirous to be of some service to these unfortunate men, and to urge upon the government the fact, that its policy was clearly suicidal. What course could I take? If I addressed myself to the minister, Mr. Temple, I knew that highly-honoured, loved, and esteemed as he universally is, still, that all suggestions in favour of a better administration coming from him are regarded with suspicion, as dictated by Downing-street. The very connexion which subsists between himself and the Noble Viscount at the head of Foreign Affairs, renders him an object of mistrust. Should I speak to M. Fortunatus again? Was it likely that all I said would be fairly reported to the King? or, if

reported, would it be expressed with the same energy and earnestness by the supporter of a system as by its denouncer. I thought that the wisest course was to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by an invitation with which I had been honoured, to Caserta, and to tell the King frankly and fairly my opinion of a system which, at his own desire, had been submitted to my examination.

The next morning I went out to Caserta with General S——. It was one of those cold, harsh, bitter days, which are not uncommon at Naples at any time of the year. The palace at Caserta is an immense pile, consisting of four vast quadrangles, which reverberate at the incessant roll of the carriages passing through them ; it is, however, a gloomy building—not distinguished by the least architecture. The King was engaged with that most eminent and justly-celebrated man, General Filangeri, and could not see me until later in the day,—in the meanwhile, I was permitted to stroll through the long, mournful, spacious galleries, which extend almost for miles, in various directions, and which compose the palace ; the furniture of some of the apartments is rich, but they possess no appearance of comfort. The King lives at Caserta in a very retired manner ; the evenings are entirely occupied with business ; he dines with

a large circle of officers at eight, and retires very early. The universal impression is favourable to his industry, conduct, and anxiety to do what is right.

When I had the honour of seeing him, he at once came to the point by remarking, that I had discovered the injustice of the accusations brought against him, for I had not found fifteen thousand prisoners.

'True, sir,' I answered, 'but I found six hundred and fourteen; and, permit me to say, it is six hundred and fourteen too many.'

'How is this?' said his majesty; 'we have not had one execution for political offences!'

I took the liberty of suggesting, that, to many people, years of imprisonment is even a greater evil than death; that, at any rate, the state of the prisons, and the mixture of all classes of prisoners, could never be justified. I took the liberty of observing, that, as his majesty had been the first of sovereigns to arrest the republican movement, so he should be the first to pardon its excesses; that no constitutional party in Europe could support the principle of imprisoning men without any pretence at a trial, and sometimes on the most unfounded accusations; that it was unworthy of a government to lend itself to petitions against the constitution, which the king had sworn to main-

tain. Nothing could be more noble, more generous, more sensible than the King's language. He explained the fact of the prisoners of state being thrown into the same prisons with the ordinary offenders, by the circumstance that, until 1848, there was not one political prisoner, and that the government never contemplated such a terrible necessity; but, at the same time, his majesty admitted the evil, and promised that it should be immediately remedied. He declared, that nothing could be further from the intention of the government than to promote the petitions against the constitution, and promised that official assurance of this fact which has since appeared in the government organs; above all, he held out strong hopes that a partial amnesty might be soon conceded.

I do but justice to the King's character in mentioning, that when, on leaving, I expressed my acknowledgments to him for his condescension, and apologized for the frankness with which I had spoken, he said, 'I am delighted to have heard the truth—I wish to hear it; no one is more anxious than I am, to do what is right. I have been shamefully traduced and calumniated—most unjustly so; but you have spoken from your heart bravely and honourably, and I thank you for it!'

The result of this interview was, that in a few

days the political prisoners were separated from the general mass. Some few, I believe, were released; and an article appeared, by government authority, severely blaming the petitions which were signing against the constitution. So far, so well; but to my very deep regret, I have heard from Naples that the political prisoners have been only removed to a much worse place, that their communications with their families have been still more restricted; that the few who were released were men quite unimportant, and would have been discharged at any rate; and what does give countenance to several other reports is, that within the last few weeks, I see by the papers that the constitution has been virtually abolished.

I have endeavoured shortly to explain, as far as lies in my power, the position of the political parties at Naples; and I must repeat, that a town never existed in which so much exaggeration exists on all sides; the truth, as is generally found to be the case, lies between the two extremes,—the government is not so bad as it has been described; the number of prisoners, and the state of fear in which some people pretend to live, are quite ludicrous; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to deny that the first rules of justice have been grossly violated, and that the same power which, when exercised by a good man, may not be productive

of great evil, becomes a fearful instrument in the hands of the unscrupulous and tyrannical.

I am glad of having had this opportunity of repeating the language both of the sovereign and the ministers, in order that others may be able to judge between them and the people. It will be a matter of grave accusation against the King, if he should—through evil counsels—be induced to violate all his assurances, and to justify, by a harsh and unconstitutional policy, the heavy charges which have been brought against him; it is almost impossible to imagine that one who could talk with such admirable sense and propriety, can be wanting in the fulfilment of those obligations which he voluntarily undertook to discharge. But without presuming to interfere in the internal economy of another country, we may be permitted to say, that so long as principles of ordinary justice are violated, there can be no safety for the sovereign; and that the surest way of provoking danger is to dread it too much.

On the other hand, is it wise in the Foreign Office to endeavour to force constitutional government upon the King, by intrusive advice expressed in insulting language?

The system is bad enough, but men are not to be driven and menaced into social ameliorations. Toleration and temper are two qualities most

essential in a foreign secretary of state. A great deal may be done with persons like the King of Naples, by tact and judgment. Nothing can be accomplished by those who start with denying him every good quality, and who, while they are advocating the rights of a foreign people, show a perfect contempt or ignorance of the rights of nations.

THE POPE'S RETURN TO ROME.

Velletri, April 11.

AT last the suspense of these three months is terminated ; all the numerous reports which have occupied, if not men's minds, at all events their attention, are now fairly set at rest—the most important stage of the Papal progress has been made—the Pope has arrived in this town.

From the moment it was fairly known that the Pope was positively on his way to Rome, the whole aspect of the city changed ; from being the dullest of all possible residences, it became comparatively animated and gay ; people were running backwards and forwards in the wildest excitement ; but ever and anon were heard mysterious rumours that after all his Holiness would not enter Rome, but stop at Velletri, and thence take the road to Bologna. However, this did not prevent carriages being hired at most ridiculous prices for the next week ; every tax, or rather under-tax cart, was engaged ; national guards furbished up their old uniforms ; every one pretended to look gay, and the extreme republicans had to hide their sorrows

and their countenances in the purlieus of the city.

I determined to proceed to Velletri, in order to see his reception in the agricultural districts ; after a prolonged search, a small pony-carriage was induced to go the thirty miles, at a price thirty times its value ; and such a pony as it was—it never could have been blessed with the rest of the Roman quadrupeds. He had the strangest disinclination to go in a direct line ; the consequence was, that we must have traversed nearly twice the ground before we arrived at Albano, where, after endless negotiations, we managed to change him, and then galloped over the long, weary, hilly, miserable stage, which separates Albano from Velletri.

Velletri is well known as the last stage before entering the Pontine Marshes, and is interesting to all travellers as having been the residence of the Cardinal of York. The town is situated on the eminence at the end of the long chain of the Albano hills, the large half-ruined palace of the municipality crowning the whole ; the view from this spot, on a fine day, is strikingly magnificent, extending almost from the Maremma (that wide, dull, sandy plain, which separates the Roman from the Tuscan territories, and explains why Tuscany is always called the happy and Florence the beautiful) to Terracina, at the very entrance of the

Pontine Marshes, and these marshes so full of pestilential vapours, that criminals are sent to the Campo Morto instead of undergoing capital punishment; these marshes are still beautiful in their tints as the clouds sail over them, and the lights and shadows diversify the almost unbroken landscape; on the extreme right the blue waves mingle with the blue sky, and in the far distance a slight column of smoke shows the traveller the spot where Vesuvius looks on Naples.

The Pope was expected at three o'clock, but very early in the morning every one in the town, whether they had business to execute or not, thought it necessary to rush about here, there, and everywhere. I endeavoured to emulate this activity, and to make myself as ubiquitous as the nature of the place, which is built on an ascent, and my own disposition, which is not partial to ascents, would allow me. At one moment I stood in admiration at the skill with which sundry sheets and napkins were wound round a wooden figure, to give it a chaste and classic appearance, which figure, supposed to represent Charity, Fortitude, Prudence, or Plenty—was placed as a basso relievo on the triumphal arch, where it might have done for any goddess or virtue in the mythology or calendar. At another moment I stood on the Grande Place, marvelling at the arch and dry

manner in which half a dozen painters were inscribing to Pio Nono, over the doors of the Municipality, every possible quality which could have belonged to the whole family of saints—one man, in despair at giving adequate expression to his enthusiasm, having satisfied himself with writing ‘Pio Nono Immortale! Immortale! Immortale! Vero Angelo!’

But, to say the truth, there was something very touching in the enthusiasm of this rustic and mountain people, although it was sometimes absurdly and quaintly expressed; for instance, in one window there was a picture, or rather a kind of transparency, representing little angels, which a scroll underneath indicated as the children of his Holiness. Whether the Velletrians intended to represent their own innocence, or to question that of his Holiness, I did not choose to inquire. Then there were other pictures of the Pope in every possible variety of dress; sometimes as a young officer, at another as a cardinal; again, a corner shop had him as a benevolent man in a black coat and dingy neckcloth; but, most curious of all, he at one place took the shape of a female angel placing her foot on the demon of rebellion. The circumstance of his Protean quality arose from each family having turned their pictures from the inside outside the houses, and printed Pio Nono under

each ; but if the features of each picture differed, not so the feelings that placed them there ; and it was a touching and graceful sight to see the people as they greeted each other that morning.

As the day drew on, the preparations were completed, and the material of which every house was built was lost under a mass of scarlet and green. Bands of peasants in the picturesque costumes of the different villages, preceded by music, might be seen trooping down the glens and wild valleys of the Sabine hills ; those beautiful dresses, so well known to all artists, gave those touches of colour which render the dulllest landscape beautiful ; the light, sweet bodice, embroidered in gold, the snowy white head-dress, with the long handkerchief hanging down below the neck, and the hair braided with beads, or interwoven with wreaths of wild flowers ; on they came, happy and joyous in their youth, simple in heart as in all their actions ; and gazing on each blooming maiden with the health and love sparkling in her eye and glowing on her cheek, for the first time I could fully appreciate the Roman apology for the Sabine Rape.

But, alas ! about three o'clock, a change in the weather was apparent : the clouds gathered upon Alba ; Monte Calvi was enveloped in mists, which sailed over the top of Artemisio—the weather turned cold—and the whole appearance of the day

became threatening. The figure of the Pope on the top of the triumphal arch, to compose which sundry beds must have been stripped of their sheets—for it was of colossal dimensions—quivered in the breeze; and at every blast I expected to see the worst possible omen—the mitre, which was only fastened by a string to the sacred head, falling down headless; but having pointed this out to some persons who were too excited themselves to see anything practical, a boy was sent up, and with two long nails secured the mitre more firmly on the sacred head than even Lord Minto's counsels could do. At three o'clock the Municipality passed down the lines of troops, amid every demonstration of noisy joy. There were half-a-dozen very respectable gentlemen in evening dress, all looking wonderfully alike, and remarkably pale, either from excitement or the important functions which they had to perform; but I ought to speak well of them, for they invited me to the reserved part of the small entrance square, where I had the good fortune to shelter myself from the gusts of wind which drove down from the hills. From three to six we all waited: the people very patient, and, fortunately, so crowded that they could not well feel cold. The cardinal's servants—strange grotesque-looking fellows, in patchwork liveries—were running up and down the portico, and the

soldiers on duty began to give evident signs of a diminution of ardour. Some persons were just beginning to croak, 'Well, I told you he would not come,' when the cannon opened from the heights, the troops fell in—a carriage is seen coming down the hill, but it is the wrong road. Who can it be? The troops seem to know; for the chasseurs draw their swords, the whole line present arms, the band strikes up, and the French General, Baraguay d'Hilliers, dashes through the gates.

Again roar the cannon — another carriage is seen, and this time in the right direction; it is preceded by the Pope's courier, covered with scarlet and gold. The people cheered loudly, although they could not have known whom it contained; but they cheered the magnificent arms and the reeking horses. It was the Vice-Legate of Velletri, Monsignore Beraldi. The Municipality rushed to the door of the carriage, and a little energetic-looking man, in lace and purple, descended, and was almost smothered in the embraces of the half-dozen municipal officers, who confused him with questions: 'Dove e la sua Santita?' 'Vicino! Vicino!' 'E a Frosinone, e a Valomontone?' 'Bellissimo, bellissimo, ricevimento! sorprendente! Tanto bello! tanto bello!' was all the poor little man could jerk out, and at each word

he was stifled with fresh embraces ; but he was soon set aside and forgotten, when half-a-dozen of the Papal couriers galloped up, splashed from head to foot. They were followed by several carriages, with four or six horses, the postillions in their new liveries ; then came a large squadron of Neapolitan cavalry, and immediately afterwards the Pope. It was a touching sight. While the women cried, the men shouted ; but however absurd a description of enthusiasm may be, in its action it was very fine. As he passed on, the troops presented arms, and every one knelt. He drew up in front of the Municipality, who were so affected, or so frightened, that their speech ended in nothing. The carriage door was opened, and then the scene which ensued was without parallel ; every one rushed forward to kiss the foot which he put out. My excellent, esteemed and universally-beloved friend, the little Abbate, Don Pietro Metranga, amused me excessively. Nothing could keep him back ; he caught hold of the sacred foot, he hugged it, he sighed, he wept over it. I was standing on the steps of the entrance, when his Holiness did me the honour to beckon me forward, and put out his hand for me to kiss. Again, the carriages would have moved on, for it was late, and a *Te Deum* had to be sung ; but for some time it was quite impossible to shake off the crowd at the door.

At last the procession moved, and I, at the peril of my life—for the crowd of couriers and chasseurs rode like lunatics—ran down to the cathedral. To my surprise, the Pope had anticipated me, and the door was shut.

I was about to retire in despair, when I saw a little man creeping silently up to a small gate, followed by a very tall and ungainly prince in a red uniform, which put me very much in mind of Ducrow in his worst days. I looked again, and I knew it was my friend, the Abbé, and if I followed him I must go right. It was as I expected. While we had been abusing the arrangements, he had gone and asked for the key of the sacristy, by which way we entered the church. It was densely crowded in all parts, and principally by troops, who had preoccupied it. When the host was raised, the effect was grand in the extreme. The Pope, with all his subjects, bowed their heads to the pavement, and the crash of arms was succeeded by the most perfect silence. The next ceremony was the benediction of the people from the palace, which is situate on the extreme height of the town. Nerving myself for this last effort, I struggled and stumbled up the hill. There the thousands from the country and neighbourhood were assembled, and in a few minutes the Pope arrived. In the interval all the façades of the

houses had been illuminated, and the effects of the light on the various picturesque groups and gay uniforms was very striking. A burst of music and fresh cannon announced the arrival of his Holiness. He went straight into the palace, and in a few minutes the priests with the torches entered the small chapel which was erected on the balcony. The Pope followed, and then arose one shout, such as I never remember to have heard : another and another, and all knelt, and not a whisper was heard. As the old man stretched out his hands to bless the people, his voice rang clear and full in the night.

Sit nomen Dei benedictum.

And the people, with one voice, replied—

Ex hoc et nunc et in seculum.

Then the Pope—

Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini.

The people—

Qui fecit cælum et terram.

His Holiness—

*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus Pater, Filius, et
Spiritus Sanctus.*

And the people, with one voice—

Amen !

Thursday Evening.

The Velletri fireworks were certainly a failure; the population understand genuflections better than squibs and crackers; but the illumination, which consisted of large pots of grease placed on posts at intervals of a yard down every street, had really a very good effect, and might afford a good hint for cheap illuminations in England. What is most remarkable to an Englishman on such occasions is, the total absence of drunkenness, and the admirable and courteous conduct of the people to each other. It seemed to me that the population never slept; they were perambulating the streets chanting 'Viva Pio Nono' all night; and, at eight o'clock this morning, there was the same crowd, with the same excitement.

I went early to the Papal palace to witness the reception of the different deputations; but, notwithstanding my activity, I arrived one of the last; and on being shown into a waiting room found myself standing in a motley group of generals of every clime, priests in every variety of costume, judges, ambassadors, and noble guards. A long suite of ten rooms was thrown open, and probably the old and tapestried walls had never witnessed so strange a sight before as the gallery presented. There was a kind of order and degree preserved in the distribution of the visitors. The first room

mostly contained priests of the lower ranks, in the second were gentlemen in violet-coloured dresses, looking proud and inflated; then came a room full of officers; then distinguished strangers, among whom might be seen General Baraguay d'Hilliers, Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan Ambassador, the Princes Massimo, Corsini Ruspoli, Cesareni, all covered with stars, ribands, and embroidery. The door of each room was kept by the municipal troops, who were evidently very new to the work, for the pages in their pink silk dresses might be seen occasionally instructing them in the salute. Presently there was a move, every one drew back for Cardinal Macchi; he is the doyen of the college, and, as archbishop of Velletri, appeared in his brightest scarlet robes—a fit subject for the pencil of the great masters. He was followed by Cardinals Asquini and Dupont in more modest garb, and each, as he passed, received and gracefully acknowledged the homage of the crowd.

While we were standing waiting, two priests in full canonicals marched by with stately steps, preceded by the cross, and bearing the consecrated elements which they were to administer to the Pope; they remained with him about twenty minutes, and again the doors were thrown open, and they came out with the same forms. The sacrament was succeeded by the breakfast-service

of gold, which it would have made any amateurs of Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship envious to see. At last the breakfast was ended, and I began to hope there was some chance of our suspense terminating, when there was a great movement among the crowd at one end of the gallery, the pages rushed to their posts, flung back the two doors, and the prime minister, Cardinal Antonelli, entered. Standing in that old palace, and gazing on the priest premier, I could realize the times of Mazarin and Richelieu. Neither of these could have possessed a haughtier eye than Antonelli, or carried themselves more proudly: every action spoke the man self-possessed, and confident in the greatness of his position. He is tall, thin, about forty-four or forty-five, of a dark and somewhat sallow complexion, distinguished, not by the regularity or beauty of his features, but by the calmness and dignity of their expression.

He is the son of a certain Dominique Antonelli, who resided at the village of Sonnino, near the mountains which border the Neapolitan states. It is unfortunate for the character of the genealogy of the present cardinal and premier, that the whole of the inhabitants of this district are reputed to be a set of brigands. Pius VII. had ordered the whole nest to be turned out, but they were saved by the tact and talent of the unflinching Dominione.

and for these eminent services Don Gasperoni, the captain of the brigands, gave him the hand of his daughter, and afterwards left him all his vast honest accumulations, which the present cardinal and his brothers inherit.

It would appear, however, that during the former occupation of the French, Dominique was not looked upon with much favour; he was arrested on grave charges. Ravioli, the famous advocate, defended him with ability, but, on the whole, he thought it wiser not to await his trial, and escaped from prison. Cardinal Salusso then took him by the hand; he was appointed director-general of the prefecture, and minister of public works, in which situation he managed to realize an enormous fortune.

No honours are thought sufficient for this fortunate family. In addition to all those stars and ribbons, places and pensions, which the King of Naples has showered upon them, is the privilege of travelling without a passport, or having any of his carriages, even the carts belonging to his farms, examined; the result is, according to the malicious, an enormous increase of smuggling.

‘How does it happen,’ said Cardinal R— S—, ‘his Holiness has made a cardinal of the son of Dominique Antonelli?’

‘It is your eminence,’ said Cardinal A—, ‘who is the cause of our having him as our colleague.’

‘It is true,’ said another cardinal, ‘but it was on the recommendation of my old friend ——, that I ever made Jaques Antonelli a clerk. Then he looked so modest and humble-minded, that I did not scruple to promote him immediately; and I shall never forget my regret when I saw the pasquinade on the statue, after his nomination.’ ‘Ah, gentlemen,’ exclaimed a voice from behind, ‘forget all these miserable details—it is time to occupy ourselves with the destinies of our country, which are even now imperilled.’

There never was a man about whom opinions are so divided as Cardinal Antonelli; he is highly esteemed and considered by some, if only as the cause of the conferences of the four great Catholic powers, and as the author of all those protocols which led to the intervention of France. Some rank his genius as even higher than Richelieu; others speak of him as an intriguer. I can only judge of his appearance, which is highly striking, commanding, and noble. On the present occasion, as the mass moved to let him pass to the Papal apartments at the other extremity of the gallery, there was nothing flurried in his manner or hurried in his step,—he knew to a nicety the precise mode of courtesy which he should show to each of his worshippers; for instance, when the French General—ay, the rough

soldier of the camp—bent to kiss his hand, he drew it back and spoke a few low complimentary words as he bowed low to him, always graciously, almost condescendingly. When the Roman princes wished to perform the same salute, his hand met their lips half-way. When the crowd of abbés, monks, priests, and deacons, seized it, it passed on unresistingly from mouth to mouth, as though he knew that blessing was passing out of him, but that he found sufficient for all.

I was beginning to marvel what had become of my little friend of the preceding evening, Don Pietro, when I observed a slight stoppage, occasioned by some one falling at the cardinal's feet. It was Don Pietro. He had knelt down to get a better hold of the hanging fringes, and no power could withdraw them from his lips; he appeared determined to exhaust their valuable savour, and, for the first time, I saw a smile on Antonelli's countenance, which soon changed into a look of severity, which so frightened the little abbate, that he gave up his prey. Cardinal Antonelli went in to the Pope, and expectation and patience had to be renewed. Then came all the deputations in succession—men with long parchments and long faces of anxiety. There could not have been less than eight or ten of these, who all returned from the interview looking very bright and contented,

ejaculating, 'Quanto e buono! quanto buono!' To my great disappointment, a very officious little gentleman, who, it appears, is a nephew of Cardinal Borromeo's, and who, only two days since, had been appointed a kind of deputy master of the ceremonies, informed me that it was very unlikely his Holiness could receive any more people, as he had to go out at eleven, which fact was confirmed by the Papal couriers, who marched, booted and spurred, whip in hand, into the anteroom. This announcement had scarcely been made, when Cardinal Antonelli appeared, and informed us that the Pope would receive two or three at a time, but that they must not stop long. The first batch consisted of that most able, eloquent, and universally-esteemed gentleman, 'our own correspondent,' myself, Don Flavio Ghigi—I looked round to see who was the fourth; it was the little abbate. As we entered the presence-chamber, I made an inclination, but, to my surprise, both Don Flavio and Don Pietro fell forward on both their knees. The Ghigi gracefully, and with emotion, kissed the Sovereign's foot, and then his hand, which was extended to him. His Holiness had evidently been greatly excited. He took Don Flavio by the hand, saying, 'Rise up, my son; our sorrows are over.' Meanwhile, Don Pietro had embraced, not merely

the foot, but the ankle. Vainly the Pope bade him rise. At last, he exclaimed, looking at the little man with wonder, 'Eh! Ché Don Pietro con una barba!' 'Ah,' said the unclerical priest, not in any degree taken by surprise, 'since our misfortunes, your Holiness, I never had the heart to shave.' 'Then, now that happier times are come, we shall see your face quite clean,' was the Pope's reply. More genuflexions, more embracings, and away we went.

After a few minutes' delay, the gentlemen of the chamber gave notice that his Holiness was about to pass; he was preceded by priests bearing the crucifix, and this time bore a rich embroidered stole; his benevolent face lighted up as he blessed all his servants, who knelt on his passage. He has a striking countenance, full of paternal goodness; nor does his tendency to obesity interfere with the dignity of his movements. Some half-dozen capuchins fell down before him, and the guards had some difficulty in making them move out of the way. As the Pope moved, he dispensed his blessing to the right and to the left. Meanwhile, a great crowd had collected outside. When he appeared he was enthusiastically cheered. He entered his carriage, the scarlet couriers kicked, cracked, and spurred; the troops all knelt; the band played

some strange anthem, for he has become rather tired of 'Viva Pio Nono,' with which he has no agreeable associations, and the pageant passed away.

I was compelled to decline the invitation from the Council of State; and soon after his Holiness's departure, I started for Rome, in order to arrive before the gates were shut, for the passport system was in the strictest operation. All along the road, fortunately, the preparations took the turn of cleanliness—whitewash was at a premium. At Genzano and Albano the woods of Dunsinane seemed to be moving through the towns. At the former place I saw General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had to send to Albano for two outlets and bread, the supplies of Genzano being exhausted.

Rome, Friday Evening, April 12.

The history of the last two years has taught us to set very little reliance on any demonstrations of public opinion. But for this sad experience, I should have warmly congratulated the Pope and his French advisers on the success of their experiment, and augured well of the new Roman era, from the enthusiasm which has ushered it in. It is true that there was wanting the delirious excite-

ment which greeted our Second Charles on his return from a sixteen years' exile; nor were the forms of courtly etiquette broken through as on that memorable 21st of March, when Napoleon, accompanied by Cambronne and Bertrand, dashed into the court of the Tuileries, and was borne on the shoulders of his troops into the Salles des Maréchaux. Even the genuine heartiness, the uncalculating expression of emotion, which delighted the Pope at Frosinone and Velletri, were not found in Rome; but then it must be remembered that it was from Rome the Pope was driven forth as an exile—that shame and silence are the natural expressions of regret and repentance; so, considering everything, the Pope was very well received. Bright banners waved over his head, bright flowers were strewn on his path, the day was warm and sunny—in all respects it was a morning *albâ notanda cretâ*, one of the *Dies Fasti* of the reformed Papacy.

And yet the thoughts which the gorgeous scene suggested were not of unmixed gratification. French troops formed the Papal escort; French troops lined the streets and thronged St. Peter's. At first, the mind was carried back to the times when Pepin, as the eldest son of the Catholic church, restored the Pope to the throne of the Apostle, and for the moment we were disposed to feel that the event and the instrument were happily

associated; but a moment's glance at the tricolour standard, at the free and easy manner of the General-in-Chief when he met the Pope at the gate of the Lateran, recalled the mind back to the French Republic, with all its long train of intrigue, oppression, and infatuated folly.

But, whatever the change of scene may be, it must be admitted that the drama was full of interest, and the decorations magnificent. When the sun shone on the masses collected in the Piazza of St. Giovanni, and the great gates of the Lateran being thrown open, the gorgeous hierarchy of Rome, with the banners of the various Basilicæ, the insignia and costume of every office, issued forth, the effect was beyond measure imposing. An artist must have failed in painting, as he must have failed in composing, such a picture. Precisely at four o'clock, the batteries on the Place announced that the cortège was in view, and presently the clouds of dust blown before it gave a less agreeable assurance of its approach. The procession was headed by a strong detachment of cavalry; then followed the tribe of couriers, outriders, and officials, whom I described from Velletri—more troops, and then the Pope. As he passed, the drums beat the générale, and the soldiers knelt; those who were near them, told me that they all appeared to be deeply affected. Certainly, with the

Italians, church ceremonies are an instinct—the colouring and the grouping are so seemingly accidentally but artistically arranged; the bright scarlet of the numerous Cardinals mingling with the solemn black of the Conservatori, the ermine of the senate, the golden vestments of the high-priests, and the soberer hues of the inferior order of the clergy.

When the Pope descended from the carriage, a loud cheer was raised, and handkerchiefs were waved in abundance; but, alas! the enthusiasm that is valuable is that which does not boast of such a luxury as handkerchiefs. Very few people seemed to think it necessary to kneel, and, on the whole, the mass were more interested in the pageant itself than in the circumstances in which it originated. The excitement of curiosity was, however, at its height; for many people, in defiance of horse and foot, broke into the square, where they afforded excellent sport to the Chasseurs, who amused themselves in knocking off their hats, and then in preventing them from picking them up.

I ran down in time to see his Holiness march in procession up the centre of the magnificent St. Giovanni. This religious part of the ceremony was, perhaps, more imposing than that outside the church. The dead silence while the Pope prayed, the solemn strains when he rose from his

knees, the rich draperies which covered the walls and cast an atmosphere of purple light around, the black dresses and the veils which the ladies wore, mingling with every variety of uniform, stars, and ribands, produced an admirable effect. The great object, when this ceremony was half finished, was to reach St. Peter's before the Pope could arrive there, everybody of course starting at the same moment, and each party thinking they were going to do a very clever thing in taking a narrow round-about way by the Ponte Sisto, so choking it up, and leaving the main road by the Coliseum and the Foro Trajano quite deserted. In the palmiest days of the circus, Rome could never have witnessed such chariot racing. All ideas of courtesy and solemnity befitting the occasion were banished. The only thing was, who could arrive first at the bridge. The streets, as we passed through, were quite deserted—it looked like a city of the dead. As we drew near that admirable institution, the Hospital St. Giovanni Colabita, which is always open to public view, the officiating priests and soldiers were standing in wonder at the entrance, and the sick men raised themselves on their arms, and looked with interest on the excitement occasioned by the return of the Head of that church, to which they owed the foundation where they sought repose, and the faith that taught them

hope. By the time we arrived at St. Peter's, the immense space was already crowded; but I soon elbowed myself into a foremost place at the head of the steps. Here I had to wait for about an hour, admiring the untiring energy of the mob, who resisted all the attempts of the troops to keep them back, the gentle expostulations of the officers, and sometimes the less gentle persuasion of the bayonet. At six o'clock the banners flew from the top of Adrian's Tomb, and the roar of cannon recommenced; but again the acclamations were very partial, and, but for the invaluable pocket-handkerchiefs of the ever-sympathising ladies, the affair must have passed off rather coldly.

It was, however, very different in St. Peter's. When his Holiness trod that magnificent temple, the thousands collected within its walls appeared truly impressed with the grandeur—the almost awful grandeur—of the scene. The man, the occasion, and the splendour, all so striking—never was the host celebrated under a more remarkable combination of circumstances. The word of command given to the troops rang through the immense edifice, then the crash of arms, and every man knelt for some moments amid a breathless silence, only broken by the drums, which rolled at intervals. The mass was ended. St. Peter's sent forth the tens of thousands, the soldiers fell in, the

pageantry was at an end. Then came the illumination, which was very beautiful, not from the brilliancy of the lights, but from its being so universal. St. Peter's was only lighted *en demi-toilette*, but, as the wind played among the lamps, and the flames flickered and brightened in the breeze, the effect from the Pincian was singularly graceful. The Campodoglio, that centre of triumph, was in a blaze of glory, and the statues of the mighty dead stood forth, like dark and solemn witnesses of the past, in the sea of light. But one by one the lamps died out, the silence and the darkness of the night resumed their sway, and the glory of the day became the history of the past.

Thus far prognostications have been defeated. The Pope is in the Vatican. Let us hope the prophets of evil may again find their predictions falsified; but, alas! it is impossible to be blind to the fact, that within the last few days the happiness of many homes has been destroyed, and that the triumph of the one has been purchased by the sorrows of the many. True, some 80,000 scudi have been given in charity, of which the Pope granted 25,000; but there is that which is even more blessed than food—it is liberty! There were conspiracies, it is true. An attempt was made to set fire to the Quirinal; a small *machine infernale*

was exploded near the Palazzo Teodoli. There was the excuse for some arrests, but not for so many. But if the hand of the administration is to press too heavily on the people, the absence of prudence and intelligence on the part of the church cannot be compensated for by the presence of its head. In former days of clerical ignorance and religious bigotry, the master-writings of antiquity, which were found inscribed on old parchments, were obliterated to make way for missals, homilies, and golden legends, gorgeously illuminated, but ignorantly expressed. Let not the church fall into the same error in these days, by effacing from its record the stern but solemn lessons of the past, to replace them by illiberal, ungenerous, and therefore erroneous views, clothed although they may be with all the pride and pomp of papal supremacy. Doubtless some time will elapse before any particular course of policy will be laid down. The Pope will for the moment bide his time, and observe. No one questions his good intentions, no man puts his benevolence in doubt. Let him only follow the dictates of his own kindness of heart, chastened by his bitter experience, which will teach him alike to avoid the extremes of indulgence and the excesses of severity.

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Rome, April 16.

No division of a French army was ever more elated than that of Baraguay d'Hilliers. The feeling of every soldier is, not that the whole military force brought back the Pope, but that he, each in his own person, performed the great feat. 'L'Etat c'est moi,' exclaimed Louis XIV. ; 'La bénédiction c'est pour moi,' is the impression of every private in the ranks. Strange it cannot be considered, but it is a very peculiar instance of the effect produced by authority and moral conviction : before the arrival of his Holiness, the army were very little impressed with the solemnity of the ceremonial in which they were to play so pre-eminent a part ; but since they have had an opportunity of observing the respect, amounting to awe, with which the Pontiff was received by the prelates, the ministers, and great officers of state, there has been a visible re-action. The men used to pass the carriages of the Cardinals without any signs of respect ; now all salute as they pass, and pass they do in numbers ; the streets are alive with the old-fashioned, massive, Gothic structures in which the princes of the church take the air. Outside the gates—for when did a dignitary of the church ever degrade himself by walking within the walls of Rome ?—the causeway is blocked up with venerable

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men in red stockings, supported on either side by a secretary and a chaplain, and followed by two servants, in time-hallowed liveries and tarnished cocked hats.

The enthusiasm for the Pope which has sprung up among the French will be increased on Thursday, when he blesses them. It was at first intended that they should be drawn up for this ceremony in one of the courts of the Vatican, from the desire of his Holiness to confine the blessing to them, and that no part of it should be extended to his ungrateful people. He had enough of blessing them at the Quirinal, when he used to be called for every evening, like a favourite actor; for if a half-intoxicated, riotous band of conspirators had nothing else to do, they passed the evening on their knees under the Pontiff's windows. However, the stern resolution of the Pope has given way, and the soldiers are to be collected in the magnificent Place of St. Peter's, at twelve o'clock. They will march by the Pope, and any civil aspirants for papal benediction will thus have an opportunity of indirectly obtaining a part of the holy favour.

There never were a people so susceptible as the French to every impulse, and this is at once the secret of the former greatness and present troubles of France. We should think it strange to see the

First Life Guards all in tears, but it is a fact, that at Gensano, when the Neapolitan escort filed off, and the French took their place, the scene was so exciting that that admirable soldier, Colonel de Non, and the veterans of the Chasseurs, all cried. The 32d regiment, which has been for some time quartered at Albano, Frescati, and the neighbourhood, broke through their lines to touch the Pope. General des Villiers, who is likely to succeed General Baraguay d'Hilliers in his command, fell down on his knees before his Holiness on the steps of the Lateran, and kissed his feet with rapture.

The first impression in the city certainly was, that the reception of the Pope was very respectful, but cold. Now there is a change in public opinion, and men augur well from the absence of boisterous demonstrations and wild excitement; they remember that every act of spoliation was committed to the music of *Viva Pio Nono*—that as Fairfax made war against the king in the royal name, and the Girondists printed all their rascally ordinances '*au nom du Roi*,' so the miserable imitators of the Roman republic affected to love the sovereign, while they planted a dagger in the breast of his minister, and shot his chaplain by his side. Certainly, everything considered, the Pope may congratulate himself on his triumph, and this appears

to be the universal feeling ; and most especially is he justified in doing so, for it appears that a very formidable move of the republican party was intended. Everything depended on the attitude of the French army. The conspirators were disconcerted at the interest expressed in every countenance, and judged it wiser not to risk the chance at that moment, but to live, and hatch more treason.

Certainly, the number of arrests is very much to be lamented ; but, in the face of these facts, what is to be done ? The people will not be free ; that is, they will not enjoy, or permit other people to enjoy, a rational amount of freedom. In this way, the happiness of the masses is interfered with. It was the knowledge of these conspiracies that prevented the grand illumination of the cupola of St. Peter's, the high mass on Sunday, at which his Holiness was to have assisted, and, some persons assert, the blessing of the people. All this has been put off sine die, and it is evidently the intention of the government to prevent as much as possible all public festivities and rejoicings. It was, however, gratifying to perceive, on the three nights succeeding his return, that the only buildings not illuminated were the public offices. Every house in every street had its candle in the window. As seen from the walls round Rome,

the effect was beautiful, the very irregularity of the illumination lending a great charm to the scene.

When the Pope went to the Vatican, after the ceremony of St. Peter's, he sent for all the ambassadors and foreign ministers. They had already been presented to his Holiness on the threshold of the Lateran, but the Pope wished to express again his acknowledgments for the consideration which had been shown him by the great powers. He was affected to tears when the corps diplomatique entered, and thanked them warmly and with courtesy. '*L'arc en ciel*,' was his phrase, '*l'arc en ciel a chassé les nuages*.' M. Martinez de la Rosa, as the doyen of the diplomatic corps, replied, in the name of his colleagues, 'They had done their duty, and no more than their duty. The protection of the Catholic powers would never be wanting to the head of the church. When all other ties were broken, that of religion remained.' They kissed the Pope's hand, and retired, to make way for the chamberlains and other members of the household. These were headed by a Monsignére in the picturesque dress of his high office—the black velvet vest, with slashed sleeves and doublet, the richly embroidered sash thrown over his shoulders, the uncompromising frills and ruffles,

the bonnet with the black plume, and the insignia of knighthood round his neck and on his breast.

'Oh! my companions in exile,' exclaimed his Holiness, as they entered, 'we meet now on a glorious day.'

'We loved your Holiness in exile,' was the reply; 'we cannot love you more in your good fortune.'

'My children,' said the venerable Pontiff, 'up, up!' and he raised them affectionately from their knees. They were followed by the *guardia nobile*. To each of these successively his Holiness said some kind words—those words which are never forgotten when uttered by a sovereign to a subject. 'And now, gentlemen,' said his Holiness, in conclusion, 'I confide myself to your hands. You will do your duty towards your God and towards your sovereign. I confide myself to you.'

After these several interviews, his Holiness retired, much fatigued; and, on the Saturday morning, a line of carriages extended from the Vatican to the Corso, containing anxious inquirers after his health.

Saturday and Sunday passed off quietly. On the Sunday morning there were great crowds at St. Peter's, expecting a high mass, but they were all disappointed. The Sistine chapel also had its

crowd of curiosity-hunters, who waited there in vain. In the afternoon there were *Te Deums* in every church—the finest was at the Ara Coeli, on the Campodoglio, the scene of all Pagan, profane, and Christian ceremonies. To that spot the white oxen of Clitumnus dragged the triumphal car; there Rienzi, unsheathing his sword, thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, proudly exclaiming, ‘And this, too, is mine;’ on that spot, the great poet of Italy was thrice crowned with ivy, myrtle, and laurel; and on that spot Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, celebrated the inauguration of their Triumvirate; to that spot the mob marched, with banners waving, when the Pope fled from the Quirinal, chanting with dull monotony, ‘Andiremo al Campodoglio’—and on that spot the return of Pio Nono is blessed. Singular association of ideas and events—of ages and actors.

The city has resumed its festive appearance; two lines of carriages drive up and down the Corso from four to six o'clock, full of those beautiful Roman countenances which dazzle foreigners. Balls are also commencing. The Princess Borghese to-night opens her palace, for a concert and ball combined. The ambassadors intend giving great *fêtes*. Rome is what she was. What she was! must I not correct the expression? Can she ever forget

the history of the last two years? And, remembering it, can she ever be what she was?

Ah! if religious ceremonies could produce the peace they breathe—if benedictions could ensure the blessings they crave—if festivities could bring joy to every heart, and illuminations light the darkness of the human mind, all were indeed well; but, standing on the Ponte St. Angelo, and looking at the church, the prison, and the palace, there is much to make us pause—the church and the prison are so nearly joined together, and the palace unites them; it stands between the altar of mercy and the dungeons of sorrow. Better let his Holiness open the great gates of St. Peter's than the wicket of St. Angelo.

THE END.

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